MEMOIR OF GOLDSMITH.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Oliver Goldsmith was one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne, at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate, and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas, Oliver Goldsmith was born in November, 1728. That spot was then, for all prac

tical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed, as any clearing in Upper Canada, or any sheep-walk in Australasia, now is. Even at this day, those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet, are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child, his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of Westmeath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was

of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged, that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George the Third was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier, Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The smallpox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill put together. Among boys, little tenderness is shown to personal de-

fects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance, was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him, ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the Vicar of Wakefield and the Deserted Village.

In his seventeenth year, Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services, from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court; they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets, many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the

place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time, the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired, was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with thirty pounds in his pocket

But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced fifty pounds. With this sum, Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year, he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh, he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed, that the stories which he told

about this part of his life, ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration, is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith, indeed, was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now, it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the continent.

In 1756, the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had, indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the University of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England, his flute was not in request: there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs, and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly, that he thought it a promotion to be per

mitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked, we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster, whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed, was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared; but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years, he sent to the press some *things* which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous woodcuts, appeared in the window of the once far-famed shop at the corner of Saint [illegible]

Churchyard; An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a Life of Beau Nash, which is not reprinted,[1] though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, History of England, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing Sketches of London Society, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For accurate research or grave disquisition, he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more

[1] [See Cunningham's edition of the Works of Goldsmith, vol. iv.]

uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About every thing that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men, Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763, he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of The Club.

By this time, Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still

often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764, his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a *bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's* officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world, was the Vicar of Wakefield.

But before the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in print, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week, 1764, he published a poem, entitled the Traveller. It was the first work to which he had put his name, and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate Eng-

lish classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was, that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the Dunciad. In one respect, the Traveller differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general, his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the Traveller, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble, and at the same time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the Traveller was on the counters of the booksellers, the Vicar of Wakefield appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have

all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr. Burdock's verses, and Mr. Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker; and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist, emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the Good-natured Man, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the Traveller and the Vicar of Wakefield together. The plot of the Good-natured Man is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are ex-

quisitely ludicrous; much more ludicrous, indeed, than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled False Delicacy had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to any thing more than a grave smile, was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the Good-natured Man, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the Deserted Village. In mere diction and versification, this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior to the Traveller; and it is generally preferred to the Traveller by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean, is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false; but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language, indeed the finest

didactic poem in any language, was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly, that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the wagons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads, were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the Deserted Village bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days, is a true English village. The village in its decay, is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together, belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn

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He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773, Goldsmith tried his chance at Coven Garden with a second play, She Stoops to Conquer. The manager was not without great difficulty induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The Good-natured Man had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the Good-natured Man was sober when compared with the rich drollery of She Stoops to Conquer, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "turn him out," or "throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the Deserted Village and She Stoops to Conquer, he was employed on works of a very different kind, works from which he derived little reputation, but much

profit. He compiled for the use of schools a History of Rome, by which he made £300, a History of England, by which he made £600, a History of Greece, for which he received £250, a Natural History, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders; for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus, in his History of England, he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the History of Greece an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his Animated Nature, he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to write about the physical sciences, is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Mau

pertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion, he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects, his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general, nothing is less attractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children, not as a task, but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks, must have been luxury. His fame was great, and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was culti-

rated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown; but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace, should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattler. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Pol." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the Traveller. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers, the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water, when first drawn, is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the

taste if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote, they had that time; and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked, he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness; he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily, that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars, that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But

there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is, that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent than his neighbours. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters, who is also a man of the world, does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray, do not talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell, "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character, was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villany. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and

doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done any thing considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the Traveller, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple, with £400 a year, might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families, who were studying the law there, had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the

lay of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still, his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the

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spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news, that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen; and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenessess which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers hon-

oured him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor; and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces, ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773 The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years, his life has been written by Mr. Prior, by Mr. Washington Irving, and by Mr. Forster. The diligence of Mr. Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr. Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must, in justice, be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr. Forster.

ANECDOTES OF GOLDSMITH,

FROM

I. NORTHCOTE'S LIFE OF REYNOLDS
II. CRADOCK'S MEMOIRS
III. DAVIES'S LIFE OF GARRICK
IV. BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON
V. MISS HAWKINS'S ANECDOTES
VI. COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS
VII. CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.
VIII. NORTHCOTE'S CONVERSATIONS
IX. HAWKINS'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

ANECDOTES OF GOLDSMITH.

NORTHCOTE'S LIFE OF REYNOLDS.

In the course of this year, Sir Joshua took another trip to Paris, from which he had scarcely returned when Mr. Bennet Langton renewed, in a very pressing manner, an invitation which he had given to him and Goldsmith to spend some part of the autumn with him and his lady, the Countess of Rothes, at their seat in Lincolnshire. With this obliging request, however, he was unable to comply; and Goldsmith, in a letter to Mr. Langton, declining the invitation on the part of both, says, 'Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant, that must make up for his idle time by diligence: we have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer.'

In fact, at this period Sir Joshua may be said to have been at the zenith of his eminence, as we see him now employed in portraying the most illustrious personages in every different department, whilst his intimacy was sedulously sought after by all degrees of persons.

Much of the attention which even Goldsmith personally met with was undoubtedly owing to the patronage of his admired friend; yet Sir Joshua used to say that Goldsmith looked at or considered public notoriety or fame as one great parcel, to the whole of which he laid claim, and whoever partook of any part of it, whether dancer, singer, sleight-of-hand man, or tumbler, deprived him of his right, and drew off the attention of the world from himself, and which he was striving to gain.

Notwithstanding this, he lamented that whenever he entered into a mixed company, he struck a kind of awe on them, which

deprived him of the enjoyment and freedom of society, and which he then made it his endeavour to dispel by playing wanton and childish pranks in order to bring himself to the wished-for level.

It was very soon after my first arrival in London, where every thing appeared new and wonderful to me, that I expressed to Sir Joshua my impatient curiosity to see Dr. Goldsmith, and he promised I should do so on the first opportunity. Soon afterwards Goldsmith came to dine with him, and immediately on my entering the room, Sir Joshua, with a *designed* abruptness, said to me, 'This is Dr. Goldsmith: pray, why did you wish to see him?' I was much confused by the suddenness of the question, and answered, in my hurry, 'Because he is a *notable* man.' This, in one sense of the word, was so very contrary to the character and conduct of Goldsmith, that Sir Joshua burst into a hearty laugh, and said that Goldsmith should in future always be called the notable man.

What I meant, however, to say was, that he was a man of note or eminence.

He appeared to me to be very unaffected and good-natured; but he was totally ignorant of the art of painting, and this he often confessed with much gaiety.

It has been often said of Goldsmith, that he was ever desirous of being the object of attention in all companies where he was present, which the following anecdote may serve to prove:—

On a summer's excursion to the continent, he accompanied a lady and her two beautiful daughters into France and Flanders, and often expressed a little displeasure at *perceiving* that more attention was paid to them than to himself. On their entering a town, I think Antwerp, the populace *surrounded* the door of the *hotel* at which they alighted, and testified a desire to see those beautiful young women; and the ladies, willing to gratify them, came into a balcony at the *front* of the house, and Goldsmith with them; but perceiving that it was not himself who was the object of admiration, he presently withdrew, with evident *signs* of mortification, saying, as he went out, 'There are places where I am the object of *admiration* also.'

One day when Drs. Goldsmith and Johnson were at dinner with Sir Joshua, a poem, by a poet already alluded to, was presented to Sir Joshua, by his servant, from the author. Goldsmith immediately laid hold of it and began to read it, and at every line cut almost through the paper with his finger-nail, crying out, 'What d—d nonsense is this!' when Sir Joshua caught it out of his hands, saying, 'No, no, don't do so; you shall not spoil my book, neither;' for the Doctor could not bear to hear of another's fame.

Sir Joshua was always cautious to preserve an unblemished character, and careful not to make any man his enemy. I remember, when he was told of some very indiscreet speech or action of Goldsmith, he quickly said, 'What a fool he is thus to commit himself, when he has so much more cause to be careful of his reputation than I have of mine!' well recollecting that even the most trivial circumstance which tells against an eminent person will be remembered as well as those in his favour, and that the world watches those who are distinguished for their abilities with a jealous eye.

To Goldsmith, in particular, he was always attentive; a man of whom it has been not unaptly said, that his carelessness of conduct and frivolity of manners obscured the goodness of his heart. Mr. Cumberland, in his own Memoirs, has a passage peculiarly illustrative of this, where he says that 'Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes, and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He well knew how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the Muse of Poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino: what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.'

Mr. Cumberland, however, is perhaps rather inaccurate in his assertion respecting the painting of 'Ugolino,' which was finished in this year (1773), and begun, not long before, as an historical subject

The fact is, that this painting may be said to have been produced as an historical picture by an accident; for the head of the Count had been painted previous to the year 1771, and finished on what we painters call 'a half-length canvas,' and was, in point of expression, exactly as it now stands, but without any intention, on the part of Sir Joshua, of making it the subject of an historical composition, or having the story of Count Ugolino in his thoughts. Being exposed in the picture-gallery, along with his other works, it was seen either by Mr. Edmund Burke or Dr. Goldsmith, I am not certain which, who immediately exclaimed, that it struck him as being the precise person, countenance, and expression of the Count Ugolino, as described by Dante in his 'Inferno.'

When Goldsmith's comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer' was to be brought out on the stage, on the 15th of March, in this year, he was at a loss what name to give it, till the very last moment, and then, in great haste, called it, 'She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night.' Sir Joshua, who disliked this name for a play, offered a much better to him, saying, 'You ought to call it the Belle's Stratagem; and if you do not, I will damn it.' However, Goldsmith chose to name it himself, as above; and Mrs. Cowley has since given that name to one of her comedies.

Goldsmith was in great anxiety about its success; he was much distressed in his finances at the time, and all his hopes hung on the event; and at the dinner preceding the representation of his play, his mouth became so parched and dry, from the agitation of his mind, that he was unable to swallow a single mouthful. The actors themselves had great doubts of its success; but, contrary to their expectations, the play was received with great applause; Sir Joshua and a large party of friends going for the purpose of supporting it if necessary. The dinner-party, which took place at the Shakespeare, is humorously described by Cumberland. Dr. Johnson took the head of the table, and there were present the Burkes, Caleb Whiteford, Major Mills, &c. &c.

I remember Dr. Goldsmith gave me an order soon after this

with which I went to see this comedy; and the next time I saw him, he inquired of me what my opinion was of it. I told him that I would not presume to be a judge of its merits; he then said, 'Did it make you laugh?' I answered, 'Exceedingly.' 'Then,' said the Doctor, 'that is all I require.'

One day Dr. Johnson and Dr Goldsmith meeting at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, the conversation turned on the merits of that well-known tragedy, Otway's Venice Preserved, which Goldsmith highly extolled, asserting that of all tragedies it was the one nearest in excellence to Shakespeare; when Johnson, in his peremptory manner, contradicted him, and pronounced that there were not forty good lines to be found in the whole play; adding, 'Pooh! what stuff are these lines:—

'What feminine tales hast thou been listening to, of unaired shirts, catarrhs, and toothache, got by thin-soled shoes?'

'True,' replied Goldsmith, 'to be sure that is very like Shakespeare.'

Of this subject, however, I presume my readers will think I have given them enough: I shall, therefore, revert to another friend of Sir Joshua's, poor Goldsmith, who left this world on the 4th of April, 1774; the first, too, of those on whom the epitaphs had been so playfully written, as I have before alluded to in another place.

Just before his death, he had nearly completed a design for the execution of a 'Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences.' Of this he had published the Prospectus, or, at least, had distributed copies of it amongst his friends and acquaintances. It did not meet with any warm encouragement, however, from the booksellers, although Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Garrick, and several others of his literary connexions, had promised him their assistance on various subjects; and the design was, I believe, entirely given up even previous to his demise.

In the Dedication of his 'Deserted Village' to Sir Joshua Reynolds, already noticed, Goldsmith alludes to the death of his eldest brother, Henry, the clergyman; and his various biographers record another, Maurice, who was a younger bro-

ther, and of whom it is stated by Bishop Percy, that, having been bred to no business, he, upon some occasion, complained to Oliver that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman. To this Oliver wrote him an answer, begging that he would, without delay, quit so unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. Maurice wisely, as the Bishop adds, took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinetmaker, and when out of his indentures set up in business for himself, in which he was engaged during the viceroyalty of the late Duke of Rutland; and his shop being in Dublin, he was noticed by Mr. Orde, since Lord Bolton, the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, who recommended him to the patronage of the duke, out of regard to the memory of his brother.

In consequence of this, he received the appointment of inspector of licences in that metropolis, and was also employed as macebearer by the Royal Irish Academy, then just established. Both of these places were compatible with his business; and in the former he gave proof of great integrity by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department, and one by which he himself might have profited, if he had not been a man of principle. He has now been dead not more than fifteen years. I enter more particularly into his history, from having seen the following passage in one of Oliver's letters to him: 'You talked of being my only brother,—I don't understand you. Where is Charles?'

This, indeed, was a question which Maurice could not answer then, nor for many years afterwards; but as the anecdote is curious, and I have it from a friend on whose authority I can rely, I shall give it a place here nearly in his own words.

My friend informed me, that whilst travelling in the stagecoach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, he was joined at Oswestry by a venerable-looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was Goldsmith, when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, that name would be a passport for him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason why; to which the other replied, that the memory of Oliver was embalmed amongst his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who immediately

answered, 'I am his brother.' The gentleman who had first made the observation on the name looked doubtingly, and said, 'He has but one brother living. I know him well.' 'True,' replied the stranger, 'for it may be said that I am risen from the dead, having been for many years supposed to be no longer in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. Oliver, I know, is dead; but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing.'

On being informed of various particulars of his family, the stranger then told his simple tale; which was, that, having heard of his brother Noll mixing in the first society in London, he took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make a brother's also; he therefore left home without notice, but soon found, on his arrival in London, that the picture he had formed of his brother's situation was too highly coloured; that Noll would not introduce him to his great friends, and, in fact, that although out of a jail, he was also often out of a lodging.

Disgusted with this entrance into high life, and ashamed to return home, the young man left London without acquainting his brother with his intentions, or even writing to his friends in Ireland; and proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica, where he lived for many years without ever renewing an intercourse with his friends, and by whom he was, of course, supposed to be dead; though Oliver may at first have imagined that he had returned to Ireland. Years now passed on, and young Charles, by industry and perseverance, began to save some property; soon after which, he married a widow lady of some fortune; when, his young family requiring the advantages of further education, he determined to return to England, to examine into the state of society, and into the propriety of bringing over his wife and family: on this project he was then engaged, and was proceeding to Ireland to visit his native home, and with the intention of making himself known to such of his relatives as might still be living. His plan, however was to conceal his good fortune until he should ascertain their affection and esteem for him.

On arriving at Dublin, the party separated, and my friend,

a few weeks afterwards, returning from the north, called at the Hotel where he knew Mr. Goldsmith intended to reside. There he met him; when the amiable old man, for such he really was, told him that he had put his plan in execution; had given himself as much of the appearance of poverty as he could with propriety, and thus proceeded to the shop of his brother Maurice, where he inquired for several articles, and then noticed the name over the door, asking if it had any connexion with the famous Dr. Goldsmith.

I am his brother, his sole surviving brother,' said Maurice.

'What, then,' replied the stranger, 'is become of the others?'

'Henry has long been dead; and poor Charles has not been heard of for many years.'

'But suppose Charles were alive,' said the stranger, 'would his friends acknowledge him?' 'Oh, yes!' replied Maurice, 'gladly indeed!' 'He lives, then; but as poor as when he left you.'

Maurice instantly leaped over his counter, hugged him in his arms, and, weeping with pleasure, cried, 'Welcome, welcome! here you shall find a home and a brother.'

It is needless to add, that this denouement was perfectly agreeable to the stranger, who was then preparing to return to Jamaica to make his proposed family arrangement; but my friend having been engaged for the next twenty years in traversing the four quarters of the globe,—being himself a wanderer,—has never, since that period, had an opportunity of making inquiries into the welfare of the stranger, for whom he had, indeed, formed a great esteem, even on a few days' acquaintance.

Sir Joshua was much affected by the death of Goldsmith, to whom he had been a very sincere friend. He did not touch the pencil for that day; a circumstance most extraordinary for him, who passed no day without a line. He acted as executor, and managed in the best manner the confused state of the Doctor's affairs. At first he intended, as I have already stated, to have made a grand funeral for him, assisted by several subscriptions to that intent, and to have buried him in the Abbey

his pallbearers to have been Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua himself, Burke, Garrick, &c.; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to have him buried in the plainest and most private manner possible, observing that the most pompous funerals are soon past and forgotten, and that it would be much more prudent to apply what money could be procured to the purpose of a more substantial and more lasting memorial of his departed friend, by a monument; and he was accordingly privately interred in the Temple burying-ground.

Sir Joshua went himself to Westminster Abbey, and fixed upon a place where Goldsmith's monument now stands, over a door in the Poet's Corner. He thought himself lucky in being able to find so conspicuous a situation for it, as there scarcely remained another so good.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was employed to make the monument, and Dr. Johnson composed the epitaph.

There is a very fine portrait, which is the only original one of Dr. Goldsmith, now at Knowle, the seat of the Duke of Dorset, painted by Sir Joshua.

A lady, who was a great friend of Dr. Goldsmith, earnestly desired to have a lock of his hair to keep as a memorial of him; and his coffin was opened again, after it had been closed up, to procure this lock of hair from his head. This relic is still in the possession of the family, and is the only one of the kind which has been preserved of the Doctor.

An observation of Dr. Beattie, respecting the deceased Poet, in a letter to Mr. Montagu, must not be passed over.— "I am sorry for poor Goldsmith. There were some things in his temper which I did not like, but I liked many things in his genius; and I was sorry to find, last summer, that he looked upon me as a person who seemed to stand between him and his interest. However, when next we meet, all this will be forgotten; and the jealousy of authors, which, Dr. Gregory used to say, was next to that of physicians, will be no more."

Soon after Goldsmith's death, some people dining with Sir Joshua were commenting rather freely on some part of his works, which, in their opinion, neither discovered talent nor originality. To this Dr. Johnson listened in his usual growling

manner for some time; when, at length, his patience being exhausted, he rose with great dignity, looked them full in the face, and exclaimed, 'If nobody was suffered to abuse poor Goldy but those who could write as well, he would have few censors.'

Yet, on another occasion, soon after the death of Goldsmith, a lady of his acquaintance was condoling with Dr. Johnson on their loss, saying, 'Poor Goldsmith! I am exceedingly sorry for him; he was every man's friend!'

'No, madam,' answered Johnson, 'he was no man's friend.

In this seemingly harsh sentence, however, he merely alluded to the careless and imprudent conduct of Goldsmith, as being no friend even to himself; and, when that is the case, a man is rendered incapable of being of any essential service to any one else.

It has been generally circulated, and believed by many, that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated by such as were really fools. In allusion to this notion, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was an 'inspired idiot;' and Garrick described him as one,

> ——— 'for shortness call'd *Noll*,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor poll.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds mentioned to Boswell that he frequently had heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. This, in my own opinion, was really the case; and I also think Sir Joshua was so sensible of the advantage of it, that he, yet in a much less degree, followed the same idea, as he never had a wish to impress his company with any awe of the great abilities with which he was endowed, especially when in the society of those high in rank.

I have heard Sir Joshua say that he has frequently seen the whole company struck with an awful silence at the entrance of Goldsmith, but that Goldsmith has quickly dispelled the charm by his boyish and social manners, and he then has soon become the plaything and favourite of the company.

Mr. Boswell in this year records an opinion of Sir Joshua's on the subject of conversation, which may be noticed in this place. When it had been proposed to add some members to the Literary Club (during Goldsmith's life), that writer had said in favour of it, that it would give the club an agreeable variety, that there could then be nothing new among the members, and that they had travelled over each other's minds; to which Johnson answered, 'Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you.' When Sir Joshua was afterwards told of this, he agreed with Goldsmith, saying, that, 'when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on the subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable; because, though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring, and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting.'

The mention of Goldsmith calls to my recollection a circumstance related to me by Miss Reynolds.

About the year 1770, Dr. Goldsmith lost his mother, who died in Ireland. On this occasion he immediately dressed himself in a suit of clothes of gray cloth, trimmed with black, such as commonly is worn for second mourning. When he appeared the first time after this at Sir Joshua Reynolds's house, Miss F Reynolds, the sister of Sir Joshua, asked him whom he had lost, as she saw he wore mourning; when he answered, a distant relation only; being shy, as I conjecture, to own that he wore such slight mourning for so near a relative. This appears in him an unaccountable blunder, in wearing such a dress, as all those who did not know his mother, or of her death, would not expect or require him to wear mourning at all, and to all

those who knew of his mother's death, it would appear to be not the proper dress of mourning for so near a relative: so that he satisfied nobody, and displeased some; for Miss Reynolds, who afterwards heard of her death, thought it unfeeling in him to call his mother a distant relation.

CRADOCK'S MISCELLANEOUS MEMOIRS.

I THINK my acquaintance with Dr. Goldsmith must have commenced at Mr. Yates's house. My introduction to Mr. Murphy certainly took place there. The Doctor afterwards favoured me with a Prologue for my tragedy of Zobeide, probably in consequence of some application made by the Yates family, and he sent it to me with the following note:—

'Mr. Goldsmith presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock; has sent him the Prologue, such as it is. He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the public.'

'For the Right Hon. Lord Clare,
(Mr. Cradock,) Gosfield, Essex.'

This Prologue was evidently intended to be spoken by Mr. Yates, but it was forwarded to Mr. Quick; a comic Prologue, by the husband, in the character of a sailor, would have ill suited with the lofty dignity of the first tragic actress; indeed their names rarely appeared in the same play-bill, they were not calculated for the same meridian.

The following note seems to refer to one of his earlier productions; but I retain neither letter nor written document of any kind from him with a date.

'Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Cradock: when he asked him to-day, he quite forgot an engagement of above a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his

instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday; when, if Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton chop, it would add to his other obligations.

'Sunday morning,
'To J. Cradock, Esq., at the Hotel in Pall Mall.

The first letter I ever received from Dr. Goldsmith was sent to me in Leicestershire, where I had previously altered his Comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

'My Dear Sir, — The Play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your Epilogue, which, however, could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed. The story, in short, is this: Murphy sent me rather the outline of an Epilogue than an Epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved. Mrs. Bulkley, hearing this, insisted on throwing up her part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the Epilogue. In this embarrassment, I thought of making a quarrelling Epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the Epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out. I was then at a loss indeed: an Epilogue was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkley. I made one, and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken: I was obliged, therefore, to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing, as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with.

'I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage; and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, upon the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light: my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation.

'I am, my dear Cradock,
'Your obliged and obedient Servant,
'Oliver Goldsmith.'

'P.S. Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock.'

ADDRESS, IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY LUMPKIN

Well, the Play ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of mother's n'only son?
A hopeful blade! in town I'll fix my station,
And cut a dashing figure through the nation;
Turn Author, Actor, Statesman, Wit, or Beau,
And stalk the Hero of the 'Puppetshow.'
Could I but gain some present firm support,
I'd quickly barter Country Ale for Port.
No 'Piety in Pattens,' I renounce her,
Off in a crack, and carry big Bet Bouncer.
Bill Bullet now can drive a roaring trade,
And picks up Countesses in Masquerade;
Walks round the new Great room * with Dukes and Peers,
And swears he'll never balk his country jeers;
Nay, more, they much admires his lounging gait,
And talks to him as to the Lords of State.
And there's my Comrade, too, that lived o' th' hill,
Odzooks! he quite forgets his father's mill,
Says he was born to figure high in life,
And gets in keeping by a Nabob's wife.
Why should not I, then, in the world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
What signifies below what men inherit?
In London, there they've some regard for merit.
Mother still talks 'of larning, modes refin'd;'
They're all for making mince-meat of my mind.
I'll no such stuff; for, after all their strife,
'Tis best, what haps in lottery and in life.
I'm off,—the horses scamper through the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
To every Race, to Pastimes every night,
Not to the Plays (they say), it been't polite;
To Sadler's Wells, perhaps, or Operas go;
And once, perchance, to th' Roratorio.
Then Bet herself shall sit at top o' th' table;
She manages the house, and I the stable;
The rest o' th' time we'll scamper up and down,
And set the fashions, too, to half the town;
Frequent all auctions, money ne'er regard;
Buy pictures, like the great, ten pounds a yard
Odzooks! we'll make these London gentry say,
We know what's high genteel as well as they.

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* Pantheon.

Though I was inattentive to my own productions of every sort, I hope I was always careful as to those of others. Dr. Goldsmith presented to me his Threnodia Augustalis, written on the Princess Dowager's death; I gave it up to Mr. Nichols, and have since seen the following extract from Mr. Chalmers's Life of Goldsmith, in the collection of English Poets, published in 1810:—

'The present edition of his poems is copied from the octavo principally, with the addition of the Threnodia Augustalis, a piece which has hitherto escaped the researches of his editors. It is now printed from a copy given by the author to his friend Joseph Cradock, Esq. of Gumley, author of Zobeide, and obligingly lent to me by Mr. Nichols. If it add little to his fame, it exhibits a curious instance of the facility with which he gratified his employers on a very short notice.'

Dr. Percy very kindly introduced me to dine at the Literary Club, at the bottom of St. James's-street, where we met Dr Goldsmith. The table that day was crowded, and I sat next Mr. Burke; but as Mr. Richard Burke talked much, and the great orator said very little, I was not aware at first who was my neighbour. One of the party near us remarked that there was an offensive smell in the room, and thought it must proceed from some dog that was under the table; but Mr. Burke, with a smile, turned to me, and said, 'I rather fear it is from the beef-steak pie that is opposite to us, the crust of which is made with some very bad butter, that comes from my country.' Just at that moment Dr. Johnson sent his plate for some of it, and Burke helped him to very little, which he soon dispatched, and returned his plate for more. Burke, without thought, exclaimed, 'I am glad that you are able so well to relish this beef-steak pie.' Johnson, not at all pleased that what he eat should ever be noticed, immediately retorted, 'There is a time of life, sir, when a man requires the repairs of a table.'

Before dinner was finished, Mr. Garrick came in, full dressed, made many apologies for being so much later than he intended, but he had been unexpectedly detained at the House of Lords, and Lord Camden had absolutely insisted upon setting him

down at the door of the hotel in his own carriage Johnson said nothing, but he looked a volume.

During the afternoon, some literary dispute arose; but Johnson sat silent, till the Dean of Derry very respectfully said, 'We all wish, sir, for your opinion on the subject.' Johnson inclined his head, and never shone more in his life than at that period: he replied without any pomp; he was perfectly clear and explicit, full of the subject, and left nothing undetermined. There was a pause, and he was then hailed with astonishment by all the company. The evening in general passed off very pleasantly: some talked perhaps for amusement, and others for victory. We sat very late; and the conversation that at last ensued was the direct cause of my friend Goldsmith's poem, called 'Retaliation.'

Dr. Goldsmith and I never quarrelled, for he was convinced that I had a real regard for him; but a kind of civil sparring continually took place between us. 'You are so attached,' says he, 'to Hurd, Gray, and Mason, that you think nothing good can proceed but out of that formal school. Now I'll mend Gray's Elegy, by leaving out an idle word in every line,'—'And for me, Doctor, completely spoil it.'

'The curfew tolls the knell of day,
The lowing herd winds o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his way,
And ——'

'Enough, enough! I have no ear for more.'

'Cradock (after a pause), I am determined to come down into the country, and make some stay with you, and I will build you an ice-house.'—'Indeed, my dear Doctor,' I replied, 'you will not; you have got the strangest notion in the world of making amends to your friends, wherever you go; I hope, if you favour me with a visit, that you will consider your own company is the best recompense.'—'Well,' says Goldsmith, 'that is civilly enough expressed; but I should like to build you an ice-house: I have built two already, they are perfect, and this should be a pattern to all your country.'

'I dined yesterday,' says he, laying down his papers, 'in

company with three of your friends, and I talked at every thing.'—'And they would spare you in nothing.'—'I cared not for that, I persisted, but I declare solemnly to you, that, though I angled the whole evening, I never once obtained a bite.'

'You are all of you,' continued he, 'absolutely afraid of Johnson: now I attack him boldly, and without the least reserve.'—'You do, Doctor, and sometimes catch a Tartar.'—'If it were not for me, he would be insufferable: if you remember the last time we ever supped together, he sat sulky and growling, but I resolved to fetch him out.'—'You did, and at last he told you that he would have no more of your fooleries.'

It was always thought fair by some persons to make what stories they pleased of Dr. Goldsmith, and the following was freely circulated in ridicule of him 'That he attended the Fantoccini in Penton-street, and that from envy he wished to excel the dexterity of one of the puppets' I was of the party, and remember no more than that the Doctor, the Rev. Mr. Ludlam of St. John's College, and some others, went together to see the puppetshow there we were all greatly entertained, and many idle remarks might possibly be made by all of us during the evening. Mr Ludlam afterwards laughingly declared, that he believed he must shut up all his experiments at Cambridge and Leicester in future, and take lectures only during the winter from Fantoccinis, and the expert mechanists of both the royal theatres.

The greatest real fault of Dr. Goldsmith was, that, if he had thirty pounds in his pocket, he would go into certain companies in the country, and, in hopes of doubling the sum, would generally return to town without any part of it

One of the worst affrays that Dr. Goldsmith ever engaged in was with Evans the bookseller, of Paternoster Row. Evans was the editor of the Universal Magazine, and had suffered a most offensive article to be inserted therein, which turned to ridicule not only the Doctor, but some ladies of the highest respectability The Doctor unfortunately went to dine with the family in Westminster, just after they had read this in

sulting article, and they were all most highly indignant at it. The Doctor, agonized all dinner-time, but, as soon as possible afterwards, he stole away, set off in great haste for Paternoster Row, and caned Evans in his own shop. This was every way a terrible affair, and I privately consulted with Dr. Johnson concerning it. He said, 'that this at any time would have been highly prejudicial to Goldsmith, but particularly now;' and he advised me, as I was intimate with both, that I should call upon Evans, and endeavour to get the matter adjusted. I followed his advice, and Evans really behaved very kindly to me on the occasion. I truly urged, 'that this publication had cut off Dr. Goldsmith from the society of one of the most friendly houses that he had ever frequented, and that he could not have tortured him in a more tender point.' Evans calmly attended to me; and, after much negotiation, and the interference of several discreet friends, this vexatious affair was at last finally got rid of. The name of Johnson on such an affray will perhaps remind the reader, that he himself once knocked down a very worthy bookseller in his own shop, at Gray's Inn (as related by Boswell). The story was currently reported, and caused the following extempore, which has never extended before beyond a private circulation:—

'When Johnson, with tremendous step and slow,
Fully determin'd, deigns to fell the foe,
E'en the earth trembles, thunders roll around,
And mighty Osborne's self lies levell'd with the ground.'

'Lie still, sir,' said Johnson, 'that you may not give me a second trouble.' Mr. Nichols once asked Dr. Johnson, 'if the story was true.'—'No, sir, it was not in his shop, it was in my own house.'

I had not seen or heard from Dr. Goldsmith for a very considerable time, till I came to town with my wife, who was to place herself under the care of Mr. Parkinson, dentist, in Fleet-street, for rather a dangerous operation; and we took lodgings in Norfolk-street, that we might be in his neighbourhood Goldsmith I found much altered, and at times very low; and I devoted almost all my mornings to his immediate service He wished me to look over and revise some of his works; but

with a select friend or two, I was most pressing that he should publish, by subscription, his two celebrated poems of 'The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village,' with notes; for he was well aware that I was no stranger to Johnson's having made some little addition to the one, and possibly had suggested some corrections at least for the other; but the real meaning was to give some great persons an opportunity of delicately conveying pecuniary relief, of which the Doctor at that time was particularly in need. Goldsmith readily gave up to me his private copies, and said, 'Pray, do what you please with them.' But, whilst he sat near me, he rather submitted to than encouraged my zealous proceedings.

I one morning called upon him, however, and found him infinitely better than I expected, and in a kind of exulting style he exclaimed, 'Here are some of the best of my prose writings: I have been hard at work ever since midnight, and I desire you to examine them.' 'These,' said I, 'are excellent indeed.' 'They are,' replied he, 'intended as an introduction to a body of arts and sciences.' 'If so, Dr. Goldsmith, let me most seriously entreat, that, as your name is to be prefixed, more care may be taken by those who are to compile the work than has formerly been the case, when Knaresborough was printed for Naseby, and Yorkshire for Northamptonshire; and you know what was the consequence with Mr. Cadell.'

We entered on various topics, and I left him that morning seemingly much relieved.

The day before I was to set out from town for Leicestershire, I insisted upon his dining with us. He replied, 'I will; but on one condition, that you will not ask me to eat any thing.' 'Nay,' said I, 'this answer, Goldsmith, is absolutely unkind; for I had hoped, as we are entirely served from the Crown and Anchor, that you would have named something that you might have relished.' 'Well,' says he, 'if you will but explain it to Mrs. Cradock, I will certainly wait upon you.'

The Doctor found, as usual, at my apartments, newspapers and pamphlets, and with a pen and ink he amused himself as well as he could. I had ordered from the tavern some fish, a roasted joint of lamb, and a tart; and the Doctor either sat

down or walked about, just as he liked. After dinner he took some wine with biscuits; but I was soon obliged to leave him for a while, as I had matters to settle for our next day's journey. On my return, coffee was ready; and the Doctor appeared more cheerful (for Mrs. Cradock was always rather a favourite with him), and in the course of the evening he endeavoured to talk and remark as usual, but all was force. He stayed till midnight, and I insisted on seeing him safe home; and we most cordially shook hands at the Temple gate.

Dr. Goldsmith did not live long after our return into Leicestershire, and I have often since regretted that I did not remain longer in town at every inconvenience. Yet, alas! what could I have done? With one or two select friends, I might have stood by his bedside, deeply lamenting his most unfortunate fate, till he, in a last agony, would have exclaimed,—

——' Dear friends, adieu!
For, see. the hounds are full in view.'

DR. GOLDSMITH.

I AM aware that what I am about to relate will somewhat subject myself to ridicule. It was the fashion of some authors frequently to retail poor Goldsmith's absurdities; but they, at times, misrepresented or exaggerated. I recollect one evening he had launched out unboundedly, and next morning I ventured to say to him, that 'I was surprised that in that company he would lay himself so open.' His answer was, I believe I did; I fired at them all; I angled all the night, but I caught nothing.' When he was scheming some essay perhaps, he would force the subject on every body, till Johnson has been quite provoked, and at last did say, 'My dear Doctor, let us have no more of your fooleries to-night.' Mr. Boswell and others have given some account of these particular absurdities of Goldsmith relative to the Fantoccini, then exhibiting in London; and as I was present at the greater part of what then passed, I will beg to trespass with all the truth I know. Dr Goldsmith spoke most highly of the performance in Panton street, and talked about bringing out a comedy of his own ther

in ridicule. When the Rev Wm. Ludlam, the great mechanic, of Leicester, came to town, I often talked about Goldsmith to him, and persuaded him to go and see the puppetshow. He was quite surprised and entertained, and declared that, at the conclusion of the little comedy, the puppets acted so naturally, that, though he placed himself close to the stage, he could scarce detect either string or wire. I was with Goldsmith there; but whether that night or not I cannot specify. Goldsmith merely was made known to Ludlam by me, and his low humour was not ill adapted to Ludlam's own style of conversation; however, I will add Mr. Ludlam's own remark: 'I have caught many a cold by examining the dock-yards; however, in future, I believe, I must come to London, and instead of attending our mechanical societies, and rummaging for improvements afterwards, I must only visit Fantoccinis, and frequent the harlequin farces. I cannot guess where the managers collect all these able mechanists' Ludlam was likewise excessively fond of music, and I introduced Mrs. Barthelemon to him at Leicester. She was a great favourite; and many of my musical friends very kindly entertained him in town with particular performances, and he was offered to take an interior view of both the great theatres. Ludlam occasionally entertained his friends at Leicester with some Chinese tumblers, which he had made They were dressed puppets, with quicksilver in the veins, and surprised even at Cambridge. However, on leaving London this time, he turned to me, and slily said, 'The first thing I shall do at my return will be to burn my Chinese tumblers'

'Polly Pattens in the Puppetshow,* meant Mrs. Yates; but when Foote mentioned the names of Kelly, Cumberland, and Cradock on the stage, the audience would not permit him to proceed. The scene was printed in the Bon Ton Magazine, and illustrated by a good print, representing Foote, a strong likeness, the Devil, Polly Pattens, Harlequin, Punch, and Stevens.

Goldsmith at that time greatly wished to bring out a comedy;

* This made its first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, Feb. 15, 1763, under the title of the 'Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens' — Ed

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but he had powerful rivals to contend with, who were in full possession of the town. Goldsmith's turn was for very low humour, always dangerous; but when some authors hinted to him, that, for a man to write genteel comedy, it was necessary that he should be well acquainted with high life himself, 'True,' says Goldsmith; 'and if any of you have a character of a truly elegant lady in high life, who is neither a coquette nor a prude, I hope you will favour me with it.' Some one observed that Millament* was the most refined character he recollected in any comedy, neither a prude nor a coquette; and I then ventured to say, that, 'however refined Millament might be, I thought no very delicate lady would now venture upon her raillery of Mirabel, who declares, 'When I'm married to you, I'll positively get up in a morning as *early* as I please;' and the refined and delicate lady replies, 'Oh, to be sure; get up, idle creature!' The cry was, 'Goldsmith is envious; but surely it was a little irritating to hear the town ring with applause of Garrick, and see him courted everywhere, and in the height of splendour, whilst he perhaps had only to retire impransus to the Temple.

About the time that I think Boswell wrote a prologue in compliment to Johnson at Lichfield, a proposal was made for the play of the Beaux Stratagem to be acted there, by a party of friends, in honour of Johnson and Garrick. Mr. Yates offered all assistance from Birmingham, where he was then manager, and, if required, to play Scrub. 'No,' says Goldsmith, 'I should of all things like to try my hand at that character.' Several smiled, thinking perhaps of his assuming such a part, who frequently, with his gold-headed cane, assumed the ref character of doctor of physic. However, the thought amust Goldsmith at the time. It was the fashion to say, that Gold smith's turn was merely for low humour; and that his Vicar, his Moses, and his Tony Lumpkin, were characters now obsolete However, Goldsmith often retaliated with good effect. Dick Yates at that time was much admired in old Fondlewife, and Goldsmith said he 'was surprised, in this refined age, to see Lord

* In the comedy of 'The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubi ee,' by George Farquhar, acted at Drury Lane, 1700. — Ed.

North and all his family in the stage-box: to be sure, Mr. Yates being admonished not to sing "The Soldier and the Sailor," in another refined comedy, was a good sign of delicacy.' I was, however, with Mr. Yates at his house just after he had received this order; and he expressed himself in violent terms against it, insomuch that I doubted whether he would play the part of Ben, unless permitted as for forty years past. At last he complied.

I wrote an epilogue in the character of Tony Lumpkin, for 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and likewise the following song:—

TALLY-HO!

A SONG, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG BY MR. QUICK, IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY LUMPKIN, IN GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY OF 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

Mine alone is the age
When all pleasures engage
    That horses and hounds can bestow;
Among the great folks,
What their whims and their jokes,
    Compar'd with a good Tally-ho!

To learn the soft airs
Of your opera-players,
    For ever the fine ladies —
Ah! what are such joys
But low trifles and toys,
    Compar'd with a good Tally-ho

They say that in time
I should marry — refine,
    If to courts and their balls I would go;
But when tied up for life
To a termagant wife,
    In vain I might cry Tally-ho!

The epilogue and song were intended for Mr. Quick. He would, if any one, have carried them both through. The epilogue was thought too personal, and occasioned some dissension, though not with my friend Goldsmith. That curtailed and

printed at the end of the comedy was without either my knowledge or consent. Some of the allusions might be rather *trop libre*, but it had reference to Foote's Puppetshow, which certainly was not expected to be strictly correct; nor was the character of Tony Lumpkin too refined. No comic prologue was ever more admired than Garrick's to 'Barbarossa;' but what is a part of it?

I particularly recollect, that when Goldsmith was near completing his 'Natural History,' he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor, I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds. and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know any thing about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he; 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Some time after the work appeared, we compared notes, but could not either of us recognize our own share.

I come now to the last day but one I passed with poor Goldsmith (see vol. i. p. 234), whose loss (with whatever faults he might have) I shall ever lament whilst 'memory of him holds its seat.' At his breakfast in the Temple, as usual, I offered every aid in my power as to his works; some amendments had been agreed upon in his 'Deserted Village.' Some of the bad lines in the latter I have by me marked. 'As to my "Hermit," that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended.' I knew he had been offered ten pounds for the copy, and it was introduced into the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' to which he applied himself entirely for a fortnight, to pay a journey to Wakefield. 'As my business then lay there,' said he, 'that was my reason for fixing on Wakefield as the field of action. I never took more pains than in the first volume of my "Natural History," surely that was good, and I was handsomely paid for the whole.

'My "Roman History," Johnson says, is well abridged indeed. I could have added, that Johnson (when Goldsmith

was absent) would frequently say, 'Why, sir, whatever that man touches he adorns;' for, like Garrick, when not present, he considered him as a kind of sacred character. After a general review of papers lying before him, I took leave; when, turning to his study table, he pointed to an article I had procured for him, and said, 'You are kindest to me.' I only replied, 'You mean more rude and saucy than some others.' However, much of the conversation took a more melancholy tone than usual, and I became very uneasy about him.

When I returned to town after his death (see vol. i. p. 236), I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman-street, and the two sisters milliners, the Miss Gunns, who resided at a house at the corner of Temple Lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me most feelingly, 'Oh! sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him gratis, than suffer him to apply to any other. We are sure that he will pay us if he can.' Circumstanced as he was, I know not what more could have been done for him. It was said he improperly took laudanum, but all was inwardly disturbed. Had the Doctor freely laid open all the debts he had contracted, I am certain that his zealous friends were so numerous that they would freely have contributed to his relief. I mean here explicitly to assert only, that I believe he died miserably, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress.

Where the Doctor thought there was a sincere regard, he was not fastidious, but would listen with attention to the remonstrance of one whom he believed to be his friend, and when he assented to give his name, for a mere trifle, to a new publication, about which he never meant to give himself much trouble, I more than once spoke freely to him.

Goldsmith and I (with great satisfaction I now speak it) never had a serious dispute in our lives, we freely gave and took. He rallied me on my Cambridge pedantry, and I hinted at illegitimate education, for, to speak on my mended judgment, Johnson, he, Garrick, and some others, had convinced me 'that all literature was not confined to our own academical

world.' Goldsmith truly said, I was nibbling about elegant phrases, whilst he was obliged to write half a volume.

DAVIES'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

Dr. Goldsmith having tried his genius in several modes of writing, in essays, descriptive poetry, and history, was advised to apply himself to that species of composition which is said to have been long the most fruitful in the courts of Parnassus. The writer of plays has been ever supposed to pursue the quickest road to the temple of Plutus.

The Doctor was a perfect heteroclite, an inexplicable existence in creation; such a compound of absurdity, envy, and malice, contrasted with the opposite virtues of kindness, generosity, and benevolence, that he might be said to consist of two distinct souls, and influenced by the agency of a good and bad spirit.

The first knowledge Mr. Garrick had of his abilities was from an attack upon him by Goldsmith, when he was but a very young author, in a book called 'The Present State of Learning.' Amongst other abuses of the times (for the Doctor loved to dwell upon grievances), he took notice of the behaviour of managers to authors. This must surely have proceeded from the most generous principles of reforming what was amiss for the benefit of others, for the Doctor at that time had not the most distant view of commencing dramatic author.

Little did Goldsmith imagine he should one day be obliged to ask a favour from the director of a playhouse; however, when the office of secretary to the Society of Arts and Sciences became vacant, the Doctor was persuaded to offer himself a candidate. He was told that Mr. Garrick was a leading member of that learned body, and his interest and recommendation would be of consequence to enforce his pretensions.

He waited upon the manager, and, in few words, requested his vote and interest. Mr. Garrick could not avoid observing to him, that it was impossible he could lay claim to any recommendation from him, as he had taken pains to deprive himself of his assistance by an unprovoked attack upon his management of the theatre, in his State of Learning. Goldsmith, instead of making an apology for his conduct, either from misinformation or misconception, bluntly replied, 'In truth he had spoken his mind, and believed what he said was very right.' The manager dismissed him with civility; and Goldsmith lost the office by a very great majority, who voted in favour of Dr. Templeman.

The Doctor's reputation, which was daily increasing from a variety of successful labours, was at length lifted so high that he escaped from indigence and obscurity to competence and fame.

The first man of the age, one who, from the extensiveness of his genius and benevolence of his mind, is superior to the little envy and mean jealousy which adhere so closely to most authors, and especially to those of equivocal merit, took pleasure in introducing Dr Goldsmith to his intimate friends, persons of eminent rank and distinguished abilities. The Doctor's conversation by no means corresponded with the idea formed of him from his writings.

The Duchess of Rambouillet, who was charmed with the tragedies of Corneille, wished to have so great an author amongst her constant visitors, expecting infinite entertainment from the writer of the Cid, the Horace, and Cinna. But the poet lost himself in society; he held no rank with the beaux esprits who met at the hotel of this celebrated lady, his conversation was dry, unpleasant, and what the French call distrait. So Dr. Goldsmith appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his writings; his address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished, his elocution was continually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation, and he was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself

To manifest his intrepidity in argument, he would generously espouse the worst side of the question, and almost always left it weaker than he found it. His jealousy fixed a perpetual ridicule on his character, for he was emulous of every thing and everybody. He went with some friends to see the entertainment of the Fantoccini, whose uncommon agility and quick evolutions were much celebrated. The Doctor was asked how he liked these automatons. He replied, he was surprised at the applause bestowed on the little insignificant creatures, for he could have performed their exercises much better himself. When his great literary friend was commended in his hearing, he could not restrain his uneasiness, but exclaimed, in a kind of agony, 'No more, I desire you; you harrow up my soul!' More absurd stories may be recorded of Goldsmith than of any man: his absence of mind would not permit him to attend to time, place, or company When at the table of a nobleman of high rank and great accomplishments, one to whom England stands indebted in many obligations, and it is hoped that he will more and more increase the debt by his continual and vigorous efforts to secure her happiness,—to this great man Goldsmith observed, that he was called by the name of Malagrida; 'but I protest and vow to your lordship, I can't conceive for what reason; for Malagrida* was an honest man.'

In short, his absurdities were so glaring, and his whole conduct so contradictory to common sense, and so opposite to what was expected from a man of his admirable genius, that a gentleman of strong discernment characterised him by the name of the Inspired Idiot.

When the Doctor had finished his comedy of The Good-natured Man, he was advised to offer it to Mr. Garrick. The manager was fully conscious of his merit, and perhaps more ostentatious of his abilities to serve a dramatic author

* A Portuguese Jesuit, put to the stake by the Inquisition under the charge of heresy, his real offence being his intimacy with certain political offenders. The nobleman alluded to was Lord Shelburne

than became a man of his prudence. Goldsmith was, on his side, as fully persuaded of his own importance and independent greatness. Mr Garrick, who had been so long treated with the complimentary language paid to a successful patentee and admired actor, expected that the writer would esteem the patronage of his play as a favour. Goldsmith rejected all ideas of kindness in a bargain that was intended to be of mutual advantage to both parties, and in this he was certainly justifiable. Mr Garrick could reasonably expect no thanks for the acting a new play, which he would have rejected if he had not been convinced it would have amply rewarded his pains and expense. I believe the manager was willing to accept the play; but he wished to be courted to it, and the Doctor was not disposed to purchase his friendship by the resignation of his sincerity. He then applied to Mr Colman, who accepted his comedy without any hesitation.

The Good-natured Man bears strong marks of that happy originality which distinguishes the writings of Dr. Goldsmith Two characters in this comedy were absolutely unknown before to the English stage; a man who boasts an intimacy with persons of high rank whom he never saw, and another who is almost always lamenting misfortunes he never knew. Croaker is as strongly designed and as highly finished a portrait of a discontented man, of one who disturbs every happiness he possesses, from apprehension of distant evil, as any character of Congreve, or any other of our English dramatists. Shuter acted Croaker with that warm glee of fancy, and genuine flow of humour, that always accompanied his best and most animated performance. The great applause and profit which attended the acting of this comedy contributed to render the author more important in his own eyes, and in the opinion of the public. But no good fortune could make Goldsmith discreet, nor any increase of fame diminish his envy, or cure the intractability of his temper. John Home was taught by experience, that his connexions with the great were of no avail with the public, and that courtly approbation was no protection from popular dislike, he therefore veiled him-

self in obscurity, and prevailed upon a young gentleman, his friend, to adopt his play of The Fatal Discovery; but the foster-father performed his assumed character so awkwardly at the rehearsal of this tragedy, that it was soon discovered that the child was not his own; for he submitted to have the piece altered, lopped, and corrected, with such tranquillity of temper as the real parent could not have assumed. Of the true author Goldsmith by chance found out the knowledge; and when the play was announced to the public, it will hardly be credited, that this man of benevolence, for such he really was, endeavoured to muster a party to condemn it; alleging this cogent reason for the proceeding, that such 'fellows ought not to be encouraged.'

> Wits are game-cocks to one another;
> No author ever lov'd a brother.

The tragedy of The Countess of Salisbury, a play in which Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer displayed great powers of acting, was in a good degree of favour with the town. This was a crime sufficient to rouse the indignation of Goldsmith, who issued forth to see it, and with a determined resolution to consign the play to perdition. He sat out four acts of The Countess of Salisbury with great calmness and seeming temper; but, as the plot thickened, and his apprehension began to be terrified with the ideas of blood and slaughter, he got up in a great hurry, saying, loud enough to be heard, 'Brownrig! Brownrig! by G—.'

Goldsmith never wanted literary employment. The booksellers understood the value of his name, and did all they could to excite his industry; and it cannot be denied, that they rewarded his labours generously. In a few years he wrote three histories of England; the first in two pocket volumes in letters, and another in four volumes octavo: the first an elegant summary of British transactions, and the other an excellent abridgment of Hume, and other copious historians. These books are in everybody's hands. The last is a short contraction of four volumes into one duo

facimo. For writing these books he obtained £750 or £800.

His squabbles with booksellers and publishers were innumerable; his appetites and passions were craving and violent; he loved variety of pleasures, but could not devote himself to industry long enough to purchase them by his writings. Upon every emergency, half a dozen projects would present themselves to his mind; these he communicated to the men who were to advance money on the reputation of the author, but the money was generally spent long before the new work was half finished, or perhaps before it was commenced. This circumstance naturally produced expostulation and reproach from one side, which was often returned with anger and vehemence on the other. After much and disagreeable altercation, one bookseller desired to refer the matter in dispute to the Doctor's learned friend, a man of known integrity, and one who would favour no cause but that of justice and truth. Goldsmith consented, and was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage, in favour of a tradesman.

His love of play involved him in many perplexing difficulties, and a thousand anxieties; and yet he had not the resolution to abandon a practice for which his impatience of temper and great unskilfulness rendered him totally unqualified.

Though Mr. Garrick did not act his comedy of She Stoops to Conquer, yet, as he was then upon very friendly terms with the author, he presented him with a very humorous prologue, well accommodated to the author's intention of reviving fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.

Woodward spoke this whimsical address in mourning, and lamented pathetically over poor dying Comedy. To her he says:—

—— A mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed.

In the close of the prologue, the Doctor is recommended as a fit person to revive poor drooping Thalia, with a compliment

which hinted, I imagine, at some public transactions, of not dealing in poisonous drugs.

She Stoops to Conquer, notwithstanding many improbabilities in the economy of the plot, several farcical situations, and some characters which are rather exaggerated, is a lively and faithful representation of nature; genius presides over every scene of this play; the characters are either new, or varied improvements from other plays.

Marlow has a slight resemblance of Charles in the Fop's Fortune, and something more of Lord Hardy in Steele's Funeral; and yet, with a few shades of these parts, he is discriminated from both. Tony Lumpkin is a vigorous improvement of Humphry Gubbins, and a most diverting portrait of ignorance, rusticity, low cunning, and obstinacy.

Hardcastle, his wife and daughter, I think, are absolutely new; the language is easy and characteristical; the manners of the times are slightly, but faithfully, represented; the satire is not ostentatiously displayed, but incidentally involved in the business of the play; and the suspense of the audience is artfully kept up to the last. This comedy was very well acted. Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin were supported in a masterly style by Shuter and Quick; so was Miss Hardcastle by Mrs. Bulkley. Mrs. Green, in Mrs. Hardcastle, maintained her just title to one of the best comic actresses of the age.

Though the money gained by this play amounted to a considerable sum, more especially so to a man who had been educated in straits and trained in adversity, yet his necessities soon became as craving as ever: to relieve them, he undertook a new History of Greece, and a book of animals, called The History of Animated Nature. The first was to him an easy task; but, as he was entirely unacquainted with the world of animals, his friends were anxious for the success of his undertaking. Notwithstanding his utter ignorance of the subject, he has compiled one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in our language; I mean, that it is not only useful to young minds, but entertaining to those who understand the animal creation.

Every thing of Goldsmith seems to bear the magical touch of an enchanter; no man took less pains, and yet produced so powerful an effect: the great beauty of his composition consists in a clear, copious, and expressive style

Goldsmith's last work was his poem called Retaliation, which the historian of his life says was written for his own *amusement, and that of his friends, who were the subject of* it. That he did not live to finish it is to be lamented, for it is supposed he would have introduced more characters. What he has left is so perfect in its kind, that it stands not in need of a revisal.

In no part of his works has this author discovered a more nice and critical discernment, or a more perfect knowledge of human nature, than in this poem; with wonderful art he has traced all the leading features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristical peculiarities of each: no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered.

The occasion, we are told, to which we owe this admirable poem, was a *circumstance of festivity*. The *literary society* to which he belonged proposed to write epitaphs on the Doctor. Mr. Garrick, one of the members, wrote the following fable of Jupiter and Mercury, to provoke Goldsmith to a retaliation.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay, I will make an odd fellow
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross.
Be sure as I work to throw in contradictions,
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn d to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail.
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake Christian dupe, gamester, and poet.

Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport here.

There never was surely a more finished picture, at full length, given to the world, than this warm character of the incomprehensible and heterogeneous Doctor.

And here Doctor Goldsmith's portrait of Mr. Garrick will be introduced with propriety.

Here lies David Garrick. Describe me, who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

'The sum of all that can be said for and against Mr. Garrick, some people think, may be found in these lines of Goldsmith. That the person upon which they were written was displeased with some strokes of this character may be gathered from the following lines, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the Retaliation, soon after it had been produced to the society.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Candour must own that Mr. Garrick, in his verses on Goldsmith, was gentle in describing the subject, as well as delicate in the choice of his expressions, but that Garrick's features in the Retaliation are somewhat exaggerated

Not long before his death, he had formed a design of publishing an Encyclopedia, or a Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, a prospectus of which he printed and sent to his friends, many of whom had promised to furnish him with articles on different subjects; and amongst the rest Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick. His expectations from any new-conceived projects were generally very sanguine, but from so extensive a plan his hopes of gain had lifted up his thoughts to an extraordinary height.

The booksellers, notwithstanding they had a very good opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted. The coldness with which they met his proposal was lamented by the Doctor to the hour of his death, which seems to have been accelerated by a neglect of his health, occasioned by continual vexation of mind, arising from his involved circumstances. Death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility

The chief materials which compose Goldsmith's character are before the reader; but, as I have with great freedom exposed his faults, I should not have dwelt so minutely upon

them, if I had not been conscious, that, upon a just balance of his good and bad qualities, the former would far outweigh the latter.

Goldsmith was so sincere a man that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind. So far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are.

His envy was so childish, and so absurd, that it was easily pardoned, for everybody laughed at it; and no man was ever very mischievous whose errors excited mirth: he never formed any scheme, or joined in any combination, to hurt any man living.

His inviting persons to condemn Mr. Home's tragedy, at first sight wears an ill face; but this was a transient thought of a giddy man, who, upon the least check, would have immediately renounced it, and as heartily joined with a party to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction. It cannot be controverted that he was but a bad economist, nor in the least acquainted with that punctuality which regular people exact. He was more generous than just; like honest Charles, in the School for Scandal, he could not, for the soul of him, make justice keep pace with generosity. His disposition of mind was tender and compassionate; no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief without obtaining it, if he had any thing to give, and, rather than not relieve the distressed, he would borrow. The poor woman with whom he had lodged during his obscurity several years in Green Arbour Court, by his death lost an excellent friend; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her. He had his dislike as most men have, to particular people, but unmixed with rancour. He, least of all mankind, approved Baretti's conversation; he considered him as an insolent, overbearing foreigner; as Baretti, in his turn, thought him an unpolished man, and an absurd companion: but when this unhappy Italian was charged with murder, and afterwards sent by Sir John Fielding to Newgate, Goldsmith opened his purse, and

would have given him every shilling it contained; he, at the same time, insisted upon going in the coach with him to the place of his confinement.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that 'though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an ode of Horace into English better than any of them.' He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent, and, I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at the university to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he disputed his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, only indeed upon a smaller scale

At this time I think he published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that one Dr. Goldsmith was the author of 'An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' and of 'The Citizen of the World,' a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer whatever literary acquisitions he made. 'Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.' His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and, from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the Fantoccini in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'

He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally.

His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his

attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham; a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it.

He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though, in the instance he gave, he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his 'Vicar of Wakefield.' But Johnson informed me that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, sir (said he), a sufficient price, too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his "Traveller;" and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after the "Traveller" had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's the particulars of what passed between the king and him, Dr Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and, in a kind of flutter from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, 'Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done; for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it.'

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a bear, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: 'Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin.'

Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it; for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. 'Come, come (said Garrick), talk no more of that. You are, perhaps, the worst — eh, — eh!' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, 'Nay, you will always look like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or ill dressed.' 'Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith), when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you, — When anybody asks who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane."' Johnson: 'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a colour.'

He said, 'Goldsmith's Life of Parnell is poor; not that it is poorly written, but that he had poor materials; for nobody can write the life of a man but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him.'

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*, the same likings and the same aversions. Johnson: 'Why, sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him

of the Rockingham party.' Goldsmith: 'But, sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard: "You may look into all the chambers but *one*." But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject.' Johnson (with a loud voice): '*Sir, I am not saying that you could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point, I am only saying that I could do it.* You put me in mind of Sappho in Ovid.'

Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a natural history, and, that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the sixth mile-stone on the Edgeware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned postchaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the Spectator appeared to his landlady and her children, he was *the gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of 'The Lusiad,' and I went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but, having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil.

The subject of ghosts being introduced, Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one.

Of our friend Goldsmith he said, '*Sir, he is so much afraid of being unnoticed, that he often talks merely lest you should forget that he is in the company.*' Boswell: '*Yes, he stands forward.*' Johnson: '*True, sir; but if a man is to stand forward, he should wish to do it not in an awkward posture, not in rags, not so as that he shall only be exposed to ridicule.*' Boswell: '*For my part, I like very well to hear honest Goldsmith talk away carelessly.*' Johnson: '*Why yes, sir, but he should not like to hear himself.*'

'The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this: he goes on without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small. As they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith, it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself.

I told him that Goldsmith had said to me a few days before, 'As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest.' I regretted this loose way of talking. Johnson: 'Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing.'

He owned that he thought Hawkesworth was one of his imitators, but he did not think Goldsmith was. Goldsmith, he said, had great merit. Boswell: 'But, sir, he is much indebted to you for his getting so high in the public estimation.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, he has perhaps got sooner to it by his intimacy with me.'

Goldsmith, though his vanity often excited him to occasional competition, had a very high regard for Johnson, which he at this time expressed in the strongest manner in the dedication of his comedy, entitled, 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

We talked of the king's coming to see Goldsmith's new play. 'I wish he would,' said Goldsmith; adding, however, with an affected indifference, 'Not that it would do me the least good.' Johnson: 'Well then, sir, let us say it would do him good (laughing). No, sir, this affectation will not pass; it is mighty idle. In such a state as ours, who would not wish to please the chief magistrate?' Goldsmith I do wish to please him. I remember a line in Dryden, —

"And every poet is the monarch's friend."

It ought to be reversed.' Johnson: 'Nay, there are finer lines in Dryden on this subject: —

"For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend."'

General Paoli observed, that successful rebels might. Martinelli: 'Happy rebellions.' Goldsmith: 'We have no such phrase.' General Paoli: 'But have you not the thing?' Goldsmith: 'Yes: all our happy revolutions. They have hurt our constitution, and will hurt it, till we mend it by another happy revolution.' I never before discovered that my friend Goldsmith had so much of the old prejudice in him.

General Paoli, talking of Goldsmith's new play, said, 'Il a fait un compliment très-gracieux à une certaine grande dame;' meaning a duchess of the first rank.

I expressed a doubt whether Goldsmith intended it, in order that I might hear the truth from himself. It, perhaps, was not quite fair to endeavour to bring him to a confession, as he might not wish to avow positively his taking part against the court. He smiled and hesitated. The General at once relieved him, by this beautiful image. 'Monsieur Goldsmith est comme la mer, qui jette des perles et beaucoup d'autres belles choses, sans s'en appercevoir.' Goldsmith 'Très bien dit, et très élégamment.'

He said, 'Goldsmith should not be for ever attempting to shine in conversation: he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance, as a man may be beat at times by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith's putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one who cannot spare the hundred It is not worth a man's while. A man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him. he can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred Goldsmith is in this state When he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed.'

Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. 'For instance (said he), the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill (continued he) consists in making them talk like little fishes.' While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, 'Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales.'

During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and shine. Finding himself excluded, he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a .ong night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favourable opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith in a passion threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaiming in a bitter tone, 'Take it.' When Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which he seized this opportunity of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: 'Sir,' said he to Johnson, 'the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour; pray allow us now to hear him.' Johnson (sternly) 'Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman; I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent

Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time.

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to the club, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and amongst them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, 'I'll make Goldsmith forgive me,' and then called to him in a loud voice, 'Dr. Goldsmith, something passed to-day where you and I dined. I ask your pardon.' Goldsmith answered placidly, 'It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill.' And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the club to-night, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavour to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit; and that he said to a lady, who complained of his having talked little in company, 'Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.' I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but, not content with that, was always taking out his purse. Johnson: 'Yes, sir, and that so often an empty purse.'

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius.

When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.'

He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present, a German, who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, 'Stay, stay, Doctor Johnson is going to say something.' This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed, that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but, upon occasions, would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends; as Beauclerc, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, 'We are all in labour for a name to Goldy's play,' Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, 'I have often desired him not to call me Goldy.'

Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much farther. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition, and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man.

'Goldsmith,' he said, 'referred every thing to vanity: his virtues, and his vices too, were from that motive. He was not a social man. He never exchanged mind with you.'

He said 'Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young; though, when he had got high in fame, one of his friends began to recollect something of his being distinguished at college. Goldsmith, in the same manner, recollected more of that friend's early years, as he grew a greater man.'

Goldsmith being mentioned, Johnson observed that it was long before his merit came to be acknowledged. That he once complained to him, in ludicrous terms of distress, 'Whenever I write any thing, the public make a point to know nothing about it;' but that his 'Traveller' brought him into high reputation. Langton: 'There is not one bad line in that poem; not one of Dryden's careless verses.' Sir Joshua: 'I was glad to hear Charles Fox say it was one of the finest poems in the English language.' Langton: 'Why were you glad? You surely had no doubt of this before.' Johnson: 'No; the merit of "The Traveller" is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it.' Sir Joshua: 'But his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him.' Johnson. 'Nay, sir, the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing. Goldsmith had no settled notions upon any subject; so he talked always at random. It seemed to be his intention to blurt out whatever was in his mind, and see what would become of it. He was angry, too, when catched in an absurdity; but it did not prevent him from falling into another the next minute. I remember Chamier, after talking with him for some time, said, "Well, I do believe he wrote this poem himself; and, let me tell you, that is believing a great deal." Chamier once asked him, what he meant by "slow," — the last word in the first line of "The Traveller,"—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Did he mean tardiness of locomotion? Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered, "Yes." I was sitting by, and said, "No, sir; you do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." Chamier believed then that I had written the line, as much as if he had seen me write it. Goldsmith, however, was a man, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey, and every year he lived would have deserved it better. He had, indeed, been at no pains to fill

his mind with knowledge. He transplanted it from one pla
to another, and it did not settle in his mind; so he could n
tell what was in his own books'

Talking of Goldsmith, Johnson said he was very enviou
I defended him, by observing that he owned it frankly upo
all occasions. Johnson: 'Sir, you are enforcing the charg
He had so much envy that he could not conceal it. He w
so full of it that he overflowed. He talked of it, to be sur
often enough.'

Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity, complained one da
in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. 'I met him,' said h
'at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no mo
notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man.' The co
pany having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defen
of his friend: 'Nay, gentlemen,' said he, 'Dr. Goldsmith
in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such
man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Ca
den that he neglected him.'

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, 'No man was more foolish wh
he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.'

He said Goldsmith's blundering speech to Lord Shelbur
which has been so often mentioned, and which he really d
make to him, was only a blunder in emphasis: — 'I wond
they should call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida w
a very good man, — meant, I wonder they should use M
lagrida as a term of reproach.'

'Returning home one day from dining at the chaplai
table, he told me that Dr. Goldsmith had given a very comi
and unnecessarily exact recital there of his own feelings wh
his play was hissed; telling the company how he went inde
to the Literary Club at night, and chatted gaily among
friends, as if nothing had happened amiss; — that, to impr

even sung his favourite song about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon; 'but all this while I was suffering horrid tortures,' said he, 'and verily believe that if I had put a bit into my mouth, it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill: but I made more noise than usual to cover all that, and so they never perceived my not eating, nor I believe at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. But when all were gone except Johnson here, I burst out a crying, and even swore that I would never write again.' 'All which, Doctor,' said Dr. Johnson, amazed at his odd frankness, 'I thought had been a secret between you and me, and I am sure I would not have said any thing about it for the world. Now see,' repeated he, when he told the story, 'what a figure a man makes who thus unaccountably chooses to be the frigid narrator of his own disgrace. *Il volto sciolto, ed i pensieri stretti*, was a proverb made on purpose for such mortals, to keep people, if possible, from being thus the heralds of their own shame; for what compassion can they gain by such silly narratives? No man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity. If then you are mortified by any ill usage, whether real or supposed, keep at least the account of such mortifications to yourself, and forbear to proclaim how meanly you are thought of by others, unless you desire to be meanly thought of by all.'

'Poor Goldsmith was to him indeed like the earthen pot to the iron one in Fontaine's Fables. It had been better for him, perhaps, that they had changed companions oftener, yet no experience of his antagonist's strength hindered him from continuing the contest. He used to remind me always of that verse in Berni, —

> 'Il pover uomo che non sen'era accorto,
> Andava combattendo — ed era morto.'

Dr. Johnson made him a comical answer one day, when seeming to repine at the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth. 'Here's such a stir,' said he, 'about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many.' 'Ah, Doctor,' said his

friend, 'there go two-and-forty sixpences, you know, to one guinea.'

Here was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber's comedies: 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for, if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it.'

Of Goldsmith's Traveller he used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady, I remember, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular, an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit; for this lady, one evening being in a large party, was called upon after supper for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew, and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith, on which a lady on the other side of the table rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'

Sir Joshua, I have often thought, never gave a more striking proof of his excellence in portrait-painting, than in giving dignity to Dr. Goldsmith's countenance, and yet preserving a strong likeness. But he drew after his mind, or rather his genius, if I may be allowed to make that distinction, assimilating the one with his conversation, the other with his works. Dr. Goldsmith's cast of countenance, and indeed his whole figure from head to foot, impressed every one at first sight with an idea of his being a low mechanic, particularly, I believe, a journeyman tailor. A little concurring instance of this I well remember. One day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, in company with some gentlemen and ladies, he was relating with great indignation an insult he had just received from some gentleman he had accidentally met (I think at a coffee

house). "The fellow," he said, "took me for a tailor;" on which all the party either laughed aloud, or showed they suppressed a laugh.

Dr. Johnson seemed to have much more kindness for Goldsmith than Goldsmith had for him. He always appeared to be overawed by Johnson, particularly when in company with people of any consequence, always as if impressed with some fear of disgrace; and, indeed, well he might. I have been witness to many mortifications he has suffered in Dr. Johnson's company: one day in particular, at Sir Joshua's table, a gentleman, to whom he was talking his best, stopped him in the midst of his discourse, with "Hush! hush! Dr. Johnson is going to say something."

At another time, a gentleman who was sitting between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith, and with whom he had been disputing, remarked to another, loud enough for Goldsmith to hear him, "That he had a fine time of it, between Ursa major and Ursa minor."

MISS HAWKINS'S MEMOIRS.

When Goldsmith expressed an inclination to visit Aleppo, for the purpose of importing some of the mechanical inventions in use there, Dr. Johnson said, "Goldsmith will go, and he will bring back a frame for grinding knives, which he will think a convenience peculiar to Aleppo." After he had published his "Animated Nature," Johnson said, "You are not to infer from this compilation Goldsmith's knowledge on the subject; if he knows that a cow has horns, it is as much as he does know."

On this it is apposite to remark the exalted ideas which we entertain in early life of the intellectual acquisition of writers. We fancy that what they tell must be written from the dictation of their own memory. When we have more experience, we find that there is often as much work for the

feet as for the fingers, in the committing a few pages to paper; and that the claim to admiration is founded rather in knowing where to seek what we want, than in possessing it. Enviable indeed are the few who carry their libraries in their heads.

Of the two following, I had the former from Mr. Langton; and the latter my father had from Mr. Cadell.

Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in a parlour of which was a very good portrait, which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke: he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture; and, finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a very great resemblance to his aunt Salisbury, and that, if she would sell it cheap, he would buy it. A bargain was struck, a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that by this scandalous trick he had indeed procured a genuine and very saleable painting of Vandyke's.

Soon after Goldsmith had contracted with the booksellers for his History of England, for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell, and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part of the sum, which, by the original agreement, he was not entitled to till a twelvemonth after the publication of his work. On a day which Mr. Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came and received the money, under pretence of instantly satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and, after following him to Hyde Park Corner, saw him get into a postchaise, in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom, it afterwards appeared he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained.

Have I told of my father's being invited by Goldsmith to

look at a book in which was some information that might be useful to him, and, instead of lending it to him, tearing out the leaves!

COLMAN'S RANDOM RECORDS.

Oliver Goldsmith, several years before my luckless presentation to Johnson, proved how "Doctors differ." I was only five years old when Goldsmith took me on his knee, while he was drinking coffee, one evening, with my father, and began to play with me; which amiable act I returned with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my little spiteful paw upon his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room, to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably; which was no bad step towards liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free, for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery, — it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed, and he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith, who in regard to children was like the Village Preacher he has so beautifully described, — for

"Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd," —

seized the propitious moment of returning good humour, so he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, upon the carpet

and a shilling under each: the shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey, presto, cockolorum!' cried the Doctor, and, lo! on uncovering the shillings which had been dispersed, each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as I was also no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. Astonishment might have amounted to awe for one who appeared to me gifted with the power of performing miracles, if the good-nature of the man had not obviated my dread of the magician; but, from that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father,

'I pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;'

a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat in point of sports as I grew older, but it did not last long; my senior playmate died, alas! in his forty-fifth year, some months after I had attained my eleventh. His death, it has been thought, was hastened by 'mental inquietude.' If this supposition be true, never did the turmoils of life subdue a mind more warm with sympathy for the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. But his character is familiar to every one who reads: in all the numerous accounts of his virtues and his foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and his ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.

CUMBERLAND'S MEMOIRS.

At this time I did not know Oliver Goldsmith even by person I think our first meeting chanced to be at the British Coffee-house. When we came together, we very speedily coalesced; and I believe he forgave me for all the little fame I had got by the success of my West Indian, which had put him to some trouble, for it was not in his nature to be unkind; and I had soon an opportunity of convincing him how incapable I was of harbouring resentment, and how zealously I took my share in what concerned his interest and reputation That he was fantastically and whimsically vain, all the world knows, but there was no settled and inherent malice in his heart. He was tenacious, to a ridiculous extreme, of certain pretensions that did not, and by nature could not, belong to him, and, at the same time, inexcusably careless of the fame which he had powers to command His table-talk was (Garrick aptly compared it) like a parrot, whilst he wrote like Apollo; he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but, in general, his tongue and his pen had two very different styles of talking. What foibles he had he took no pains to conceal; the good qualities of his heart were too frequently obscured by the carelessness of his conduct and the frivolity of his manners. Sir Joshua Reynolds was very good to him, and would have drilled him into better trim and order for society, if he would have been amenable; for Reynolds was a perfect gentleman, had good sense, great propriety, with all the social attributes and all the graces of hospitality, equal to any man. He knew well how to appreciate men of talents, and how near akin the Muse of Poetry was to that art of which he was so eminent a master. From Goldsmith he caught the subject of his famous Ugolino, what aids he got from others, if he got any, were worthily bestowed and happily applied.

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious, it is clear, simple, easy

to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt; but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design, to constitute a first-rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such; but they are only bird's eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent *whole* must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the ὁ ποιητής. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer; and that, being a translation, only constituted him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he showed me the beginning of his 'Animated Nature;' it was with a sigh, such as genius draws, when hard necessity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beasts and creeping things, which Pidcock's showmen would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster Row is not Parnassus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate reader, could not make a dinner out of the press, till, by a happy transformation into Hannah Glass, he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then, indeed, the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his pasty kept pace in sale with Nelson's Feasts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an alias. Now, though necessity, I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade, drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging history and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if, without that spur, he would ever have put his Pegasus into action, no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is

by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Oliver Goldsmith began at this time to write for the stage; and it is to be lamented that he did not begin at an earlier period of life to turn his genius to dramatic compositions, and much more to be lamented, that, after he had begun, the succeeding period of his life was so soon cut off. There is no doubt but his genius, when more familiarized to the business, would have inspired him to accomplish great things. His first comedy of the 'Good-natured Man' was read and applauded in its manuscript by Edmund Burke, and the circle in which he then lived and moved. Under such patronage it came with those testimonials to the director of Covent Garden Theatre, as could not fail to open all the avenues to the stage, and bespeak all the favour and attention from the performers and the public, that the applauding voice of him, whose applause was fame itself, could give it. This comedy has enough to justify the good opinion of its literary patron, and secure its author against any loss of reputation, for it has the stamp of a man of talents upon it, though its popularity with the audience did not quite keep pace with the expectations that were grounded on the fiat it had antecedently been honoured with. It was a first effort, however, and did not discourage its ingenious author from invoking his muse a second time. It was now, whilst his labours were in perfection, that I first met him at the British Coffee-house, as I have already related, somewhat out of place. He dined with us as a visitor, introduced, as I think, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and we held a consultation upon the naming of his comedy, which some of the company had read, and which he detailed to the rest after his manner with a great deal of good-humour. Somebody suggested, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' — and that title was agreed upon. When I perceived an embarrassment in his manner towards me, which I could readily account for, I lost no time to put him at his ease, and I flatter myself I was successful. As my heart was ever warm towards my contemporaries, I did not counterfeit, but really felt a cordial interest

in his behalf; and I had soon the pleasure to perceive that he credited me for my sincerity. 'You and I,' said he, 'have very different motives for resorting to the stage. I write for money, and care little about fame.' I was touched by this melancholy confession, and from that moment busied myself assiduously amongst all my connexions in his cause. The whole company pledged themselves to the support of the ingenious poet, and faithfully kept their promise to him. In fact, he needed all that could be done for him; as Mr. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name for it. Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us his client and retainers demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but, with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions that ever found its way to it, and 'She Stoops to Conquer' was put into rehearsal. We were not over-sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author; we accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern in a considerable body for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps; the Poet took post silently by his side with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Neilly, all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in unimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell any day, or every day of his life. In the meantime we did not forget our duty; and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon, in a manner that gave every one his cue, where to look for them, and how to follow them up. We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam

Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it; the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenuous friend fairly forewarned us, that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box, and, when he laughed, everybody thought themselves warranted to roar. In the meantime my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that, when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author. But, alas! it was now too late to rein him in: he had laughed upon my signal where he had found no joke, and now unluckily he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more malapropos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we carried our play through, and triumphed, not only over Colman's judgment, but our own.

As the life of poor Oliver Goldsmith was now fast approaching to its period, I conclude my account of him with gratitude for the epitaph he bestowed on me in his poem called 'Retaliation.'

It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends, who had dined together at Sir Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's Coffeehouse; which accordingly took place, and was occasionally

repeated with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since Bishop of Salisbury, Johnson, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey, with two or three others, constituted our party. At one of these meetings, an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present; pen and ink were called for, and Garrick off-hand wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The Dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua illuminated the Dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote any thing; and when I perceived Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with theirs, I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which when I had finished, and was called on by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith with much agitation besought me to spare him, and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost all recollection of them, and in fact they were little worth remembering; but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect they had upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which is the only one I can call to mind, was,—

'All mourn the poet, I lament the man.'

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends.

As he had served up the company under the similitude of various sorts of meat, I had in the meantime figured them under that of liquor; which little poem I rather think was

printed, but of this I am not sure. Goldsmith sickened and died, and we had one concluding meeting at my house, when it was decided to publish his Retaliation, and Johnson at the same time undertook to write an epitaph for our lamented friend, to whom we proposed to erect a monument by subscription in Westminster Abbey. This epitaph Johnson executed; but in the criticism that was attempted against it, and in the Round-Robin signed at Beauclerc's house, I had no part. I had no acquaintance with that gentleman, and was never in his house in my life.

Thus died Oliver Goldsmith, in his chamber in the Temple, at a period of life when his genius was yet in its vigour, and fortune seemed disposed to smile upon him. I have heard Dr. Johnson relate with infinite humour the circumstance of his rescuing him from a ridiculous dilemma by the purchase-money of his Vicar of Wakefield, which he sold on his behalf to Dodsley; and, as I think, for the sum of ten pounds only.* He had run up a debt with his landlady for board and lodging of some few pounds, and was at his wits-end how to wipe off the score and keep a roof over his head, except by closing with a very staggering proposal on her part, and taking his creditor to wife, whose charms were very far from alluring, whilst her demands were extremely urgent. In this crisis of his fate, he was found by Johnson in the act of meditating on the melancholy alternative before him.

He showed Johnson his manuscript of The Vicar of Wakefield, but seemed to be without any plan, or even hope, of raising money upon the disposal of it. When Johnson cast his eye upon it, he discovered something that gave him hope, and immediately took it to Dodsley, who paid down the price above mentioned in ready money, and added an eventual condition upon its future sale. Johnson described the precautions he took in concealing the amount of the sum he had in hand, which he prudently administered to him by a guinea at a time. In the event he paid off the landlady's score, and redeemed the person of his friend from her embraces. Goldsmith had the joy of finding his ingenious work succeed beyond

* £60 to Newbery; see page cxli

his hopes, and from that time began to place a confidence in the resources of his talents, which thenceforward enabled him to keep his station in society, and cultivate the friendship of many eminent persons, who, whilst they smiled at his eccentricities, esteemed him for his genius and good qualities.

NORTHCOTE'S CONVERSATIONS.

Goldsmith and Burke had often violent disputes about politics; the one being a staunch Tory, and the other at that time a Whig and outrageous anti-courtier. One day he came into the room when Goldsmith was there, full of ire and abuse against the late king, and went on in such a torrent of the most unqualified invective that Goldsmith threatened to leave the room. The other, however, persisted; and Goldsmith went out, unable to bear it any longer. So much for Mr. Burke's pretended consistency and uniform loyalty! When Northcote first came to Sir Joshua, he wished very much to see Goldsmith; and one day Sir Joshua, on introducing him, asked why he had been so anxious to see him. 'Because,' said Northcote, 'he is a notable man.' This expression, 'notable,' in its ordinary sense, was so contrary to Goldsmith's character, that they both burst out a laughing very heartily. Goldsmith was two thousand *pounds in debt at the time of his death*, which was hastened by his chagrin and distressed circumstances; and when 'She Stoops to Conquer' was performed, he was so choked all dinner-time that he could not swallow a mouthful. A party went from Sir Joshua's to support it. The present title was not fixed upon till that morning. Northcote went with Ralph, Sir Joshua's man, into the gallery to see how it went off; and, after the second act, there was no doubt of its success. Northcote says, people had a great notion of the literary parties at Sir Joshua's.

Mrs. G. had certainly a lock of Goldsmith's hair, for she and her sister (Miss Horneck) had wished to have some remembrance of him after his death; and though the coffin was

called up, it was opened again at their request, (such was the regard Goldsmith was known to have for them!) and a lock of his hair was cut off, which Mrs G. still has. Northcote said, Goldsmith's death was the severest blow Sir Joshua ever received: he did not paint at all that day. It was proposed to make a grand funeral for him; but Reynolds objected to this, as it would be over in a day, and said it would be better to lay by the money to erect a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; and he went himself and chose the spot. Goldsmith had begun another novel of which he read the first chapter to the Miss Hornecks a little before his death. Northcote asked what I thought of the Vicar of Wakefield. And I answered, 'What everybody else did.' He said there was that mixture of the ludicrous and the pathetic running through it, which particularly delighted him: it gave a stronger resemblance to nature. He thought this justified Shakespeare in mingling up farce and tragedy together; life itself was a tragi-comedy. Instead of being pure, every thing was chequered. If you went to an execution, you would perhaps see an applewoman in the greatest distress because her stall was overturned, at which you could not help smiling. We then spoke of 'Retaliation,' and praised the character of Burke in particular as a masterpiece. Nothing that he had ever said or done but what was foretold in it; nor was he painted as the principal figure in the foreground with the partiality of a friend, or as the great man of the day, but with a background of history, showing both what he was and what he might have been. Northcote repeated some lines from the 'Traveller,' which were distinguished by a beautiful transparency, by simplicity and originality. He confirmed Boswell's account of Goldsmith, as being about the middle height, rather clumsy, and tawdry in his dress.

Human nature is always the same. It was so with Johnson and Goldsmith. They would allow no one to have any merit but themselves. The very attempt was a piece of presumption, and a trespass upon their privileged rights. I remember a poem that came out, and that was sent to Sir Joshua: his

servant Ralph had instructions to bring it in just after dinner. Goldsmith presently got hold of it, and seemed thrown into a rage before he had read a line of it. He then said, 'What wretched stuff is here! what cursed nonsense that is!' and kept all the while marking the passages with his thumb-nail, as if he would cut them in pieces. At last, Sir Joshua, who was provoked, interfered, and said, 'Nay, don't spoil my book, however.'

HAWKINS'S MEMOIRS OF JOHNSON.

Goldsmith is well known by his writings to have been a man of genius and of very fine parts; but of his character and general deportment it is the hardest task any one can undertake to give a description. I will, however, attempt it, trusting to be excused if, in the spirit of a faithful historian, I record as well his singularities as his merits.

There are certain memoirs of him extant, from which we learn that his inclination co-operating with his fortunes, which were but scanty, led him into a course of life little differing from vagrancy, that deprived him of the benefits of regular study: it, however, gratified his humour, stored his mind with ideas and some knowledge, which, when he became settled, he improved by various reading; yet to all the graces of urbanity he was a stranger. With the greatest pretensions to polished manners, he was rude, and, when he most meant the contrary, absurd. He affected Johnson's style and manner of conversation, and when he had uttered, as he often would, a laboured sentence, so tumid as to be scarcely intelligible, would ask if that was not truly Johnsonian; yet he loved not Johnson, but rather envied him for his parts, and once entreated a friend to desist from praising him; 'for in doing so,' said he, 'you harrow up my very soul.'

He had some wit, but no humour, and never told a story but he spoiled it. The following anecdotes will convey some idea of the style and manner of his conversation.

He was used to say he could play on the German flute as well as most men, at other times as well as any man living, and in his poem of the Traveller has hinted at this attainment in the following lines:—

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the waves, the zephyrs flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noontide hour."

But, in truth, he understood not the character in which music is written, and played on that instrument, as many of the vulgar do, merely by ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play, and, minding to put a trick on him, pretended to be charmed with his performance, as also that himself was skilled in the art, and entreated him to repeat the air that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five-lined staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces as any one might set down who had ever inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking it over with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that, if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

He used frequently to preface a story thus: I will tell you a story of myself, which some people laugh at, and some do not.

At the breaking up of an evening at a tavern, he entreated the company to sit down, and told them if they would call for another bottle, they should hear one of his *bon mots*. They agreed, and he began thus: I was once told that Sheridan

the player, in order to improve himself in stage gestures, had looking-glasses to the number of ten hung about his room, and that he practised before them; upon which I said, 'Then there were ten ugly fellows together.' The company were all silent; he asked why they did not laugh, which they not doing, he, without tasting the wine, left the room in anger. In a large company he once said, 'Yesterday I heard an excellent story, and I would relate it now if I thought any of you able to understand it.' The company laughed, and one of them said, 'Doctor, you are very rude;' but he made no apology. He once complained to a friend in these words: 'Mr. Martinelli is a rude man: I said in his hearing, that there were no good writers among the Italians, and he said to one that sat near him, that I was very ignorant.'

'People,' said he, 'are greatly mistaken in me. A notion goes about, that when I am silent I mean to be impudent; but, I assure you, gentlemen, my silence arises from bashfulness.'

Having one day a call to wait on the late duke, then earl of Northumberland, I found Goldsmith waiting for an audience in an outer room. I asked him what had brought him there: he told me an invitation from his lordship. I made my business as short as I could, and, as a reason, mentioned that Dr. Goldsmith was waiting without. The earl asked me if I was acquainted with him: I told him I was, adding what I thought likely to recommend him. I retired, and stayed in the outer room to take him home. Upon his coming out, I asked him the result of his conversation. 'His lordship,' says he, 'told me he had read my poem,' meaning the Traveller, 'and was much delighted with it; that he was going lord-lieutenant of Ireland; and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness.' And what did you answer, asked I, to this gracious offer? 'Why,' said he, 'I could say nothing but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help; as for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men I look to the booksellers for support, they are my best friends and I am not inclined to forsake them for others.'

Thus did this idiot, in the affairs of the world, trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him. Other offers of a like kind he either rejected or failed to improve, contenting himself with the patronage of one nobleman, whose mansion afforded him the delights of a splendid table, and a retreat for a few days from the metropolis.

While I was writing the History of Music, he, at the club, communicated to me some curious matter. I desired he would reduce it to writing; he promised me he would, and desired to see me at his chambers. I called on him there; he stepped into a closet, and tore out of a printed book six leaves that contained what he had mentioned to me. As he wrote for the booksellers, we, at the club, looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original, and still less of poetical composition: he had, nevertheless, unknown to us, written and addressed to the countess, afterwards duchess, of Northumberland, one of the finest poems of the lyric kind that our language has to boast of, the ballad, 'Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale;'* and surprised us with 'The Traveller,' a poem that contains some particulars of his own history. Johnson was supposed to have assisted him in it; but he contributed to the perfection of it only four lines: his opinion of it was, that it was the best written poem since the time of Pope.

Of the booksellers whom he styled his friends, Mr. Newbery was one. This person had apartments in Canonbury-house, where Goldsmith often lay concealed from his creditors. Under a pressing necessity, he there wrote his Vicar of Wakefield, and for it received of Newbery forty pounds.

Of a man named Griffin, a bookseller, in Catherine-street in the Strand, he had borrowed, by two and three guineas at a time, money to the amount of two hundred pounds: to discharge this debt he wrote 'The Deserted Village,' but was

* That this beautiful poem exists we owe to Dr. Chapman of Sudbury. Soon after he wrote it, Goldsmith showed it to the Doctor, and was by him hardly dissuaded from throwing it into the fire. — *Hawkins.*

two years about it. Soon after its publication, Griffin declared that it had discharged the whole of his debt.

His poems are replete with fine moral sentiment, and bespeak a great dignity of mind; yet he had no sense of the shame, nor dread of the evils, of poverty.

In the latter he was at one time so involved, that, for the clamours of a woman to whom he was indebted for lodging, and for bailiffs that waited to arrest him, he was equally unable, till he had made himself drunk, to stay within doors, or go abroad to hawk among the booksellers a piece of his writing, the title whereof my author does not remember. In this distress he sent for Johnson, who immediately went to one of them, and brought back money for his relief.

In his dealings with the booksellers, he is said to have acted very dishonestly, never fulfilling his engagements. In one year he got of them, and by his plays, the sum of £1,800, which he dissipated by gaming and extravagance. and died poor, in 1774.

He that can account for the inconsistencies of character above noted, otherwise than by showing that wit and wisdom are seldom found to meet in the same mind, will do more than any of Goldsmith's friends were ever able to do. He was buried in the Temple churchyard. A monument was erected for him in the Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abbey, by a subscription of his friends, and is placed over the entrance into St. Blase's Chapel. The inscription thereon was written by Johnson This I am able to say with certainty, for he showed it to me in manuscript.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A POEM.

"THE Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society, inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Henry Goldsmith, by Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.," was first published in December, 1764, price 1s. 6*d*., and was the earliest production to which Goldsmith prefixed his name. It went through nine editions in Goldsmith's lifetime, and is here reprinted from the ninth edition, 4to, 1774, compared with the first edition, 4to, 1765, and with the "sixth edition, corrected," 4to, 1770.

This poem is founded on Addison's "Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax," of which Goldsmith himself says: "Few poems have done more honour to English genius than this. There is in it a strain of political thinking, that was, at that time, [1701,] new in our poetry. Had the harmony of this been equal to that of Pope's versification, it would be incontestably the finest poem in our language; but there is a dryness in the numbers which greatly lessens the pleasure excited both by the parts judgment and imagination." (Beauties of English Poesy, 1767, vol. i. p. 111.)

All that Goldsmith would appear to have received for this poem, was twenty guineas.—*Newberry MSS.*, Prior, ii. 68.—CUNNINGHAM.

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR, — I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I *now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom* of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away

But of all kinds of ambition, — what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, — that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations: but in a country verging tc the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her: they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous—I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it ca only find pleasure in what contributes to increa the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom d sists from pursuing man after having once prey

upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man,[1] having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1 Churchill, at whom all this is aimed, died 4th November, 1764, while the first edition of "The Traveller" was passing through the press.—P. C.

THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian[2] boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

1 *Remote*] 'Solus, inops, exspes, leto pœnæque relictus.'
Ovid. Metam. xiv 217
Exsul, inops erres, alienaque limina lustres,' &c.
Ovid. Ibis 113.
And compare Petrarch, Son. xxii:
'Solo e pensoso, i piu deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti.'

2 Carinthia was visited by Goldsmith in 1755, and still (1853) retains its character for inhospitality.—P. C.

3 *and drags*] 'When I am with Florimel, it (my heart) is still your prisoner, *it only draws a longer chain after it.*'
Cibber's Com Lover, p. 249
'I should of life's weary load complain,
And, drown'd in tears, drag on the encumbering chain'
Blackmore's Arthur, p 212

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:

' The farther I travel, I feel the pain of separation with stronger force. Those ties that bind me to my native country and you are still unbroken; by every remove I only drag a greater length of chain.'—*Citizen of the World*, vol. i lett. 3

Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world — the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, [plies
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small,
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And, though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent:
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment [fails;

And honour sinks where commerce long prevails
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;[4]
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

[4] *theatric pride*] v. *Lycophronis*, *Cass.* v. 600.
Θεατρομόρφῳ πρὸς κλίτει γεωλόφῳ.
Virg. Æn. v 288 —'quem collibus undique curvis
Cingebant silvæ, mediaque in valle theatri
Circus erat'—
Seneca Troades, v. 1125. 'Crescit theatri more.'

Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year:
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;

While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, represt by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;

[5] *Its*] 'In short, the state resembled one of those bodies bloated with disease, whose bulk is only a symptom of its wretchedness: their former opulence only rendered them more impotent.' — *Cit. of the World*, i. 98.

[6] 'Where, in the midst of porticos, processions, and cavalcades, abbés turn shepherds and shepherdesses, without sheep, indulge their innocent divertisements.' — *Pres. State of Learning*, p 33.

And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
[r] With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep

[r] 'The best manner to draw up the *finny prey*.'
Cit. of the World, ii. 99

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
[8] And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;[9]

8 'Drive the reluctant savage into the toils.'
Cit. of the World, i. 112.

9 See *Citizen of the World*, i. lett. xi. where this position is enlarged on.

[10] For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

[10] *For every want*] 'Every want becomes a means of plea sure in the redressing.' — *Gold. An. Nat.* ii. 123.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ·
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,[11]
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.

[11] v. *Statii Theb.* iv. 62: 'Et terris maria inclinata repellit.
And *Dryden, Annus. Mirab.* st. clxiv.:

'And view the ocean leaning on the sky.'

'Bent his breast against the broad wave.' — *Cit. of the World*, ii. 101.

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
[12] A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
[13] Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
[14] A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

12 *A new*] 'Holland seems to be a conquest upon the sea, and in a manner rescued from its bosom.'

Gold An Nat. i p. 276.

13 *Even liberty*] Slavery was permitted in Holland; children were sold by their parents for a certain number of years.

14 A nation once famous for setting the world an example of freedom is now become *a land of tyrants and a den of slaves.*'

Cit. of the World, i p 147

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
[15] And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,—
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

[15] So in the *Cit. of the World*, ii. p. 196, in praise of Britain. 'Yet from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women; here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and carol upon gales wafting at once both fragrance and harmony.'

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
[15] Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown,
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame.

[15] 'It is extremely difficult to induce a number of free beings to co-operate for their mutual benefit every possible advantage will necessarily be sought, and every attempt to procure it must be attended with a new fermentation.'

Cit. of the World, ii. 228

One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
[17] I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:

[17] 'In the things I have hitherto written, I have neither allured the vanity of the great by flattery, nor satisfied the malignity of the vulgar by scandal; but have endeavoured to get an honest reputation by liberal pursuits.'

v. *Pref. to Eng. History*, p. 398

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
[18] Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
[19] Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
[20] I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;

[18] 'It is not yet decided in politics, whether the diminution of kingly power in England tends to increase the happiness or freedom of the people. For my own part, from seeing the bad effects of the tyranny of the great in those republican states that pretend to be free, I cannot help wishing that our monarchs may still be allowed to enjoy the power of controlling the encroachments of the great at home.'

Goldsmith's Pref. to Hist. of England.

'It is the interest of the great to diminish kingly power as much as possible.' — *Vic. of Wakef.* p. 101.

[19] 'What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws *govern the poor, and the rich govern the law*.' — *Vic. of Wakef.* cxix.

'There was a time even here when titles softened the rigour of the law; when dignified wretches were suffered to live.'

Cit. of the World, i. 167

[20] *I fly*] 'Marriage may all these *petty tyrants* chase.'

Pope's Ep. to Mrs. Blount

And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
[21] Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
[22] Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
[23] Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim

[21] *Where wild*]
'Oh! let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave.'
Goldsmith's Threnodia Augustalis

[22] *Through tangled*] 'The forests are dark and tangled.'
An. Nat. vol. i. p. 400

[23] *Where beasts*] 'Where man in his savage state owns inferior strength, and the beasts claim divided dominion.'
Gold. *An. Nat.* vol. ii. p. 9, 14

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
[24] In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
[25] The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,

[24] *In every*] 'Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no constitutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent on fortune.' — *Cit. of the World*, i. p. 165.

[25] *lifted axe*]
'Some the sharp axe, and some the painful wheel.'
v. *Blackmore's Eliza*, p. 76

'The lifted axe' v. *Blackmore's . Arthur*, p. 220

'When with her *lifted axe* proud Martha stood'
v. *State Poems*, vol ii p. 323

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[26] Luke's iron crown, and Damiens'[27] bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.[28]

[26] George and Luke Dosa were two brothers who headed an unsuccessful revolt against the Hungarian nobles at the opening of the sixteenth century; and George (not Luke) underwent the torture of the red-hot iron-crown, as a punishment for allowing himself to be proclaimed king of Hungary, 1518, by the rebellious peasants.—See *Biographie Universelle*, xi. 604. The two brothers belonged to one of the native races of Transylvania, called Szecklers or Zecklers.—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, i. 395, (ed. 1854.)—P. C.

[27] Robert François Damiens was put to death with revolting barbarity, in the year 1757, for an attempt to assassinate Louis XV. P. C.

[28] Dr. Johnson, being questioned by Boswell, avowed the authorship of the ten concluding verses of The Traveller, (excepting the last couplet but one,) and also of the 420th line:—

"To stop too fearful, and too faint to go."—C.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

A POEM.

"The Deserted Village, a Poem by Dr. Goldsmith: London: Printed for W. Griffin, at Garrick's Head, in Catherine Street, Strand, 1770," 4to, was first published in May, 1770, and ran through six editions in the same year in which it was first published. The price was 2s. The sum received by Goldsmith for "The Deserted Village," is unknown.—CUNNINGHAM.

DEDICATION.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir, — I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest

friends concur in the opinion), that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so

many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. — I am, dear Sir

Your sincere Friend

and ardent Admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a particularly fine picture in point of expression especially, of Resignation, and dedicated the print taken from it to Dr. Goldsmith, with some lines *under it quoted from the "Deserted Village." This seems to* have been done by Sir Joshua as a return of the compliment to Goldsmith, who had dedicated the poem to him.' — *v. Northcote's Life of Reynolds*, p. 166.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring
hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
[1] Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peacefu.
scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —

[1] *Calm desires*] 'Gentle thoughts and *calm desires!*'
Carew's Poems, p. 22

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes — for pride attends us still —
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease,
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
* And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate.
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way;

* 'By struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wound in the conflict: the only method to come off victorious is by running away.' — *The Bee*, p. 56.

And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
[8] And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

[8] *And filled*] 'The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music.' — *An. Nat.* i. p. 329.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
[1] Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:

[1] Whose]
"Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast."
Hall's Satires, p. 79, ed. Singer

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
[9] His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
[10] Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

[8] 'Want pass'd for merit, at her open door.'
Dryden's Elegies, ii. p. 180.

[9] 'His eyes diffused a venerable grace.'
Dryden's Good Parson, iii. 137.

[10] *Truth*]
'For thou e'en sin didst in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.'
Jasp. Mayne to the Mem. of B. Jonson.
v. *Nicholls' Col. Poems*, i. p. 256.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
[11] As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

11 *As some*]
'As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height,
While rising vapours and descending shades,
With damps and darkness drown the spacious vale,
Philander thus augustly rears his head.'
Young's Night Thoughts, b. ii.

And compare the following lines: —

'Below you see, involv'd in guilt and strife,
The vulgar herd tug the gall'd load of life,
While you on nature's highest summit sate,
Unmov'd, regardless of the force of fate,
Olympus thus the rage of heaven divides,
While forky lightning plays around his sides
Eternally serene, no winter sees,
Nor storms nor tempest interrupt his ease,
Insults the wreck, and higher rears his head
'Midst foaming deluges around him spread.
Hears undisturb'd descending torrents flow,
And spurns the thunder as it lays below.'
Bp. *Warburton's Transl from Claudian on F M Theodorus.*

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides pre-
sage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew.
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
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And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
[13] Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

[14] As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;

13 *Takes*] 'Abstulerat miseris tecta superbus ager.'
Martial, Ep. I, 2, 8

14 'Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'
Thomson, Autumn, l 201

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
[12] Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,

[12] 'Too much commerce may injure a nation as well as too little; and there is a wide difference between a conquering and a flourishing empire.' — *Cit of the World*, i. 98.

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But when those charms are past, — for charms
are frail, —
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
[15] And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
[16] To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

[15] *And while*] 'Sinks the poor babe, without a hand to save.
Roscoe's Nurse, p. 69.

[16] *To see profusion*] 'He only guards those luxuries he is not fated to share.' — *An. Nat.* iv. p. 43.

Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
[17] Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

[17] 'These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay and luxurious villain, and now turned out to meet the severity of the winter. Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible.' — *Cit. of the World*, ii. [illegible] See also *The Bee. The City Night Piece*, p. 126

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama* murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
[18] Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey
And savage men more murderous still than they
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

* [The Altamaha, in Georgia, is referred to.]

18 'To savage beasts who on the weaker prey.
Or human savages more wild than they!'
Sir W. Temple. v. *Nicholls' Poems*, ii. 86

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sai
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest f·me;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decr. d,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,[23]
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;

[23] The river Tornea falls into the Gulf of Bothnia. Pambamarca is a mountain near Quito —P. C

While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.[22]

[22] "Dr. Johnson favoured me at the same time by marking the lines which he furnished to Goldsmith's Deserted Village, which are only the last four." Boswell, by Croker, p. 174.—P. C.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

(THE HERMIT.)

A BALLAD.

"Written 1764, and privately printed the same year, '*for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland*,'—and first published in 1766, in The Vicar of Wakefield, vol. i. pp. 70–77. The text here given is that of The Vicar of Wakefield, compared with the poem as printed by Goldsmith in 1767, in his Poems for Young Ladies, and the edition of Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, published in 1801, under the unacknowledged superintendence of Bishop Percy."—CUNNINGHAM.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, APPEARED IN THAT PAPER IN JUNE, M.DCC.LXVII.

SIR, — As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one[1] by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both

[1] 'The Friar of Orders Gray.' — *Relq. of Anc. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 243.

considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Oliver Goldsmith.

No flocks that range the valley free
  To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
  I learn to pity them:

'But from the mountain's grassy side
  A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
  And water from the spring.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
  All earth-born cares are wrong:
[2] Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
  His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends
  And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
  The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
  And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
  Requir'd a master's care:

[2] "The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long."—*The Citizen of the World*, Letter lxvii.—P. C.

'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'
Young's Night 4th

The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care opprest:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,' he said;
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

'And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried;
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

'But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

'My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but *only* me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

'[8] And when beside me in the dale
He caroll'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.

'The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me
Their constancy was mine.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

'Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

[8] *And when beside me*] This stanza communicated by Richard Archdall Esq. to whom it was given by Goldsmith.

N'est-il pas quelque chaumière,
  Dans le fond de ce réduit,
Où je vois une lumière
  Percer l'ombre de la nuit.'

Mon fils,' dit le solitaire,
  'Crains ce feu qui te séduit;
C'est une vapeur légère,
  Elle égare qui le suit.
Viens dans ma cellule obscure:
  Je t'offrirai de bon cœur,
Mon pain noir, ma couche dure,
  Mon repos et mon bonheur.'

Ces accens faisant sourire
  Le voyageur attendri,
Un secret penchant l'attire
  Vers le bienfaisant abri:
Un toit de chaume le couvre,
  Et l'hermite hospitalier
Pause au loquet qui leur ouvre
  L'humble porte du foyer.

Devant lui son chien folâtre,
  Et partage sa gaîté;
Le grillon chante dans l'atre,
  Etincelant de clarté.
Mais hélas! rien n'a de charmes
  Pour son hôte malheureux;
Rien ne peut tenir les larmes
  Qui s'échappent de ses yeux.

L'hermite voit sa tristesse,
  Et voudroit la soulager,
D'où vient l'ennui qui te presse?'
  Dit-il au jeune étranger.
'Est-ce une amitié trahie,
  Est-ce un amour dédaigné?
Ou la misère ennemie
  Qui te rende infortuné?

'Hélas! tous les biens du monde
Sont peu dignes de nos vœux;
Et l'insensé qui s'en inonde
Est plus méprisable qu'eux.
L'amitié, s'il en est une,
N'est qu'un fantôme imposteur,
Une ombre qui suit la fortune,
Et s'éloigne du malheur.

'L'amour est plus vain encore,
C'est un éclat emprunté;
Un nom faux dont se décore
L'ambitieuse beauté;
On ne voit l'amour fidèle,
S'il daigne quitter les cieux,
Qu'en asile de la tourterelle
Qu'il échauffe de ses feux.

'Va, crois-moi, deviens plus sage,
Méprise un sexe trompeur,' –
L'hôte, ému de ce langage,
S'embellit par sa rougeur
Son front où la candeur brille,
Ses yeux, sa bouche, et son sein,
Font reconnoître une belle
Dans le charmante pèlerin.

'Voyez,' dit-elle, 'une amante,
Qui cherche en vain le repos,
Voyez une fille errante,
Dont l'amour cause les maux.
Longtemps, superbe, inhumaine,
Ignorant le prix d'un cœur,
À fuir une tendre chaîne
J'avois mis tout mon bonheur.

'Dans cette haute village
Qui reçoit grandir mon cœur,
Edwin m'offrit son hommage,
Sans m'oser parler d'amour

Le ciel étoit dans son âme;
  Le lis qui s'ouvre au matin
N'est plus pur que la flamme
  Que j'allumois dans son sein.

'Sa naissance étoit commune,
  Raimond, sans bien, sans emploi,
N'avoit qu'un cœur pour fortune,
  Mais ce cœur fut tout à moi.
Las de mon ingratitude,
  Il me quitte pour toujours,
Et dans une solitude
  Il alla finir ses jours.

'Maintenant désespérée, .
  Victime d'un fol orgueil,
Je m'en vais dans la contrée
  Qui renferme son cercueil;
Là je n'ai plus d'autre envie
  Que de mourir à ses pieds,
Payant des jours de ma vie
  Ceux qu'il m'a sacrifiés '

'Non, non,' dit Raimond lui-même,
  En la serrant dans ses bras;
'Non, celui qui ton cœur aime
  N'a point subi le trépas.
Regarde, O mon Angéline!
  Cher object de mes regrets,
Regar[illegible] fille divine!

THE

HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

"The Haunch of Venison," written, it is believed, in 1771, was first published in 1776, two years after Goldsmith's death. It is here printed from the second edition, 1776, containing ten additional lines and numerous emendations, said to be taken from the *last* transcript of its author.—CUNNINGHAM.

The Lord Clare to whom this poem is addressed, was Robert Nugent of Carlanstown, Westmeath, created, 1766, Viscount Clare, and, in 1776, Earl Nugent. He died at Dublin, in 1788, and was buried at Gosfield, in Essex. He was a poet, and a stanza from his Ode to Pulteney has been quoted by Gibbon in his character of Brutus:—

"What! though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise
To break th' eternal doom;
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,—
Yet perished fatal Rome."

He was thrice married; was a big, jovial, voluptuous Irishman, with a loud voice, a strong Irish accent, and a ready, though coarse wit.—Cunningham.

"The leading idea of 'Haunch of Venison' is taken from Boileau's third Satire, (which itself was no doubt suggested by Horace's raillery of the banquet of Nasidienus;) and two or three of the passages which one would *à priori* have pronounced the most original and natural, are closely copied from the French poet."—Croker.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
*The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtù;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold,—let me pause,—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce, now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn
It's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr. Byrne.[1]

[1] Lord Clare's nephew.

VARIATIONS (First Edition.)

* The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy'

To go on with my tale: as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when.
[b]There's Howard, and Coley, and H—rth. and Hiff
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—oh! let him
alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets [c]who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them [d]their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
enter'd;
An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me

VARIATIONS.

[b] There's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and Hiff—.
[c] that
[d] ——— It would look like a flirt,
Like sending 'em ruffles ——
[e] A fine spoken customhouse officer he,
Who smil'd as he gaz'd on the venison and me.

What have we got here? Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose — or is it in waiting?'
'Why, whose should it be?' cried I with a flounce:
'I get these things often;'— but that was a bounce:
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case, then,' cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words — I insist on't — precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will
be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to [f] make out the dinner.
What say you — a pasty?— it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter — this venison with me to Mile-end;
[g] No stirring — I beg — my dear friend — my dear
friend!'
Thus, [h] snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,

VARIATIONS.

[f] ——— make up the dinner,
I'll take no denial — you shall, and you must.
[g] No words, my dear Goldsmith! my very good friend'
[h] seizing

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And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me [e]

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And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

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VARIATIONS.

[e] —— make up the dinner,
I'll take no denial — you shall, and you must.

[f] No words, my dear Goldsmith! my very good friend!"

[g] seizing

And 'nobody with me at sea but myself;'[2]
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke [i] would not come;
'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,
The one [k] with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew;
[l] They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some thinks he writes Cinna: he owns to Panurge.'
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

[2] See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor,—12mo 1769.

VARIATIONS.

[i] could

[k] ——— at the house,
But, I warrant for me, we shall make up the party.

Who dabble and write in the papers—like you.

At the top, a fried liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen;
At the sides there was spinage and pudding made
hot;
In the middle a place where the [m] pasty — was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most was that damn'd Scottish
rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his
brogue,
And, 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison.
' A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
" 'The tripe!' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
cheek;
I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week·
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small,
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
all.'
'O—ho!' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:

VARIATIONS.

[m] venison
[n] If a prettier dinner I ever set eyes on!
[o] 'Your tripe quoth the Jew, 'If the truth I may speak,
I could eat of this tripe seven days in the week!'

[p] 'There's a pasty'—'A pasty!' repeated the Jew
I don't care if I keep a corner for 't too.'
'What the de'il, mon, a pasty!' re-echoed the Scot
'Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.
'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;
'We'll all keep a corner,' was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks [q] that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But [r] we quickly found out,—for who could mistake her?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

VARIATIONS.

[p] 'There's a pasty.' 'A pasty!' returned the Scot;
'I don't care if I keep a corner for thot.'

[q] looks quite astonishing

[r] too soon we

.

RETALIATION.

A POEM.

"As the cause of writing the following printed poem called Retaliation, has not yet been fully explained, a person concerned in the business begs leave to give the following just and minute account of the whole affair

At a meeting[1] of a company of gentlemen, who were well known to each other, and diverting themselves, among many other things, with the peculiar oddities of Dr. Goldsmith, who never would allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry down to dancing a hornpipe, the Dr. with great eagerness insisted upon trying his epigrammatic powers with Mr Garrick, and each of them was to write the other's epitaph. Mr Garrick immediately said that his epitaph was finished, and spoke the following distich extempore·

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.

Goldsmith, upon the company's laughing very heartily, grew very thoughtful, and either would not, or could not, write any thing at that time; however, he went to work, and some weeks after produced the following printed poem called Retaliation, which has been much admired, and gone through several editions. The publick in general have been mistaken

1 At the St. James's Coffee-House in St. James's Street. See Art. 'James's (St.) Coffee House,' in Cunningham's Hand-Book of London, 2d ed. 1850, p. 254.

in imagining that this poem was written in anger by the Doctor; it was just the contrary; the whole on all sides was done with the greatest good humour; and the following poems in manuscript were written by several of the gentlemen on purpose to provoke the Doctor to an answer, which came forth at last with great credit to him in Retaliation."—D. GARRICK, [MS.]

"For this highly interesting account, (now first printed, or even referred to by any biographer or editor of Goldsmith,) I am indebted to my friend Mr. George Daniel, of Islington, who allowed me to transcribe it from the original in Garrick's own handwriting discovered among the Garrick papers, and evidently designed as a preface to a collected edition of the poems which grew out of Goldsmith's trying his epigrammatic powers with Garrick. I may observe also that Garrick's epitaph or distich on Goldsmith is (through this very paper) for the first time printed as it was spoken by its author.

"Retaliation was the last work of Goldsmith, and a posthumous publication—appearing for the first time on the 18th of April, 1774."

CUNNINGHAM.

RETALIATION.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our [1] landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our [2] dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our [3] Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our [4] Will shall be wildfowl, of excellent flavour,
And [5] Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our [6] Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,

[1] The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

[2] Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

[3] Mr. Edmund Burke.

[4] Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

[5] Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

[6] Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the 'West Indian,' 'Fashionable Lover,' 'The Brothers,' and other dramatic pieces.

And [7] Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our [8] Garrick 's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That [9] Ridge is anchovy, and [10] Reynolds is lamb;
That [11] Hickey 's a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

[12] Here lies the good dean,[13] reunited to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:

[7] Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

[8] David Garrick, Esq.

[9] Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish Bar.

[10] Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[11] An eminent attorney, whose hospitality and good humour acquired him in his club the title of 'honest Tom Hickey.'

[12] *Here lies the good dean*] See a poem by Dean Barnard to Sir J. Reynolds, in Northcote's Life of Reynolds, p. 130.

[13] Vide page 77.

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That slyboots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good [14] Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade [15] Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest [16] William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;

[14] Vide page 77.

[15] Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.—See *H Walpole's Letter to Lord Hertford*, p. 6.

[16] Vide page 77.

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at;
Alas that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim,
[17] Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here [18] Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

[17] Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 77. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

[18] Vide p. 77.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here [19] Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our [20] Dodds shall be pious, our [21] Kenricks shall lecture;

[19] Vide p. 78.
[20] The Rev. Dr. Dodd.
[21] Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakespeare.'

[22] Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our [23] Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New [24] Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
[25] And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies [26] David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick.
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back.

[22] James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

[23] Vide page 79. [24] Vide page 78. [26] Vide page 78.

[25] 'And gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark.'
See *Farquhar's Love in a Bottle*, vol i. p. 156

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye [27] Kenricks, ye [28] Kellys, and [29] Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies.
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.[30]

[27] Vide page 81.

[28] Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of 'False Delicacy,' 'Word to the Wise,' 'Clementina,' 'School for Wives,' &c. &c

[29] Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle

[30] The following poems, by Mr. Garrick, may in some measure account for the severity exercised by Dr. Goldsmith in respect to that gentleman:—

JUPITER AND MERCURY

A FABLE.

Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay,—I will make an odd fellow
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross

Here [n] Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!

Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport here.

ON DR. GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTICAL COOKERY.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

[n] Vide page 78.

Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and
burn ye:
He was — could he help it? — a special attorney.

Here [24] Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard
of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his [25] trumpet, and only took snuff.

[24] Vide page 78.

[25] Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.—See La Vie de Le Sage, p. xiii. "Il faisoit usage d'un cornet qu'il appeloit son bienfaiteur. Quand je trouve, disoit-il, des visages nouveaux, et que j'espère rencontrer des gens d'esprit, je tire mon cornet; quand ce sont des sots, je le resserre et je les défie de m'ennuyer."

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord,[84] from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith:—

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a [85]grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free,
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar
Yet content 'if the table he set in a roar;'
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if [86]Woodfall confess'd him a wit.

84 Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays

85 Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

86 Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes:
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
[87] *Cross readings, ship news,* and *mistakes of the press.*

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
[88] 'Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse.'

[87] Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser. On C. Whitefoord, see *Smith's Life of Nollekens*, vol. i. p. 338—340. See his poem to Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'Admire not, dear knight,' in Northcote's Life of Reynolds, p. 128.

[88] 'When you and Southern, Moyle, and Congreve meet,
The best good men, with the best natured wit.'
C. Hopkins. v. *Nicholls' Col. Poems*, ii. p. 207.

THE CAPTIVITY.

AN ORATORIO.

IN THREE ACTS.

"Written in 1764, but never set to music, or even published by its author It is here printed from the original manuscript, in Goldsmith's handwriting, in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, compared with the copy printed by Messrs Prior and Wright, in 1837. I have adopted the most poetical readings of both copies.

"For this Oratorio Goldsmith received at least ten guineas. In Mr. Murray's collection is the following receipt in Goldsmith's handwriting:—

'Received from Mr. Dodsley ten guineas for an Oratorio, which he and Mr. Newbery are to share.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

October 31st, 1764.

"Mr. Murray's MS. is the copy sold by Goldsmith to James Dodsley."

P. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.[1]

First Israelitish Prophet.
Second Israelitish Prophet.
Israelitish Woman.
First Chaldean Priest.
Second Chaldean Priest.
Chaldean Woman.
Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

Scene.—*The Banks of the Euphrates, near Babylon*

[1] The *Dramatis Personæ* is not in the MS.

THE CAPTIVITY.

ACT I.

*Scene I.—*ISRAELITES *sitting on the Banks of the Euphrates*

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

YE captive tribes, that hourly work and weep,
Where flows Euphrates, murmuring to the deep—
Suspend awhile the task, the tear suspend,
And turn to God, your father and your friend:
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world a foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

Our God is all we boast below,
To Him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of woe
Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly drest,
Nor sacrifice is here;
We'll make His temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

Recitative.

That strain once more: it bids remembrance rise,
And calls my long-lost country to mine eyes.
Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride;
Ye plains where Jordan rolls its glassy tide;
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd;
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around:
These hills how sweet! those plains how wondrous fair!
But sweeter still, when Heaven was with us there.

Air.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver!
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Hence, deceiver, most distressing,
Seek the happy and the free;
They who want each other blessing,
Ever want a friend in thee.[1]

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

Yet, why repine? What, though by bonds confin'd,
Should bonds enslave the vigour of the mind?

Variation.—"Thou, like the world, opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe."

Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
Ourselves alone from idol-worship free?
Are not this very day those rites begun,
Where prostrate folly hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? Should coward Virtue fly,
When impious Folly rears her front on high?
No; rather let us triumph still the more,
And as our fortune sinks, our wishes soar.

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:

As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Second PROPHET.

Recitative.

But hush, my sons! our tyrant lords are near;
The sound of barbarous mirth offends mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale;
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale;
The growing note their near approach declares;—
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter CHALDEAN PRIESTS, *attended.*

First PRIEST.

Air.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display;
Let rapture the minutes employ;
The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes of our joy.

Second PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all pleasure supplies
Both similar blessings bestow;
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

Chaldean WOMAN.

Air.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure;
Love presents its brightest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

Chaldean ATTENDANT.

Or rather Love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising;
Wine shall bless the brave and free

Second PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

First PRIEST.

I'll waste no longer thought in choosing:
But, neither love nor wine refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

Recitative

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
The day demands it; sing us Sion's song.
Dismiss your griefs, and join our warbling choir;
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre!

Second PROPHET.

Bow'd down with chains, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
And mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never! May this hand forget each art
That speeds the power of music to the heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join with sounds profane its sacred mirth!

First PRIEST

Insulting slaves! if gentler methods fail,
The whip and angry tortures shall prevail.

[*Exeunt* CHALDEANS

First PROPHET.

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer
We fear the Lord, and know no other fear.

Chorus.

Can whips or tortures hurt the mind
On God's supporting breast reclin'd?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see,
That fortitude is victory.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

Scene as before.

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

O Peace of Mind, angelic guest!
Thou soft companion of the breast!
  Dispense thy balmy store.
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, diminish'd to our eyes,
  Shall vanish as we soar.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more! Too long has justice been delay'd;
The king's commands must fully be obey'd:
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours.

But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd at his hand;
Think, timely think, what ills remain behind;
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

Second Priest.

Air.

Fierce is the whirlwind howling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And fierce the tempest rolling
Along the furrow'd main:
But storms that fly,
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging,
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarch's raging.

Israelitish Woman.

Recitative.

Ah, me! what angry terrors round us grow;
How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow
Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth!
If shrinking thus, when frowning power appears,
I wish for life, and yield me to my fears.
Let us one hour, one little hour obey;
To-morrow's tears may wash our stains away.

Air.

To the last moment of his breath,
On hope the wretch relies;
And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise.[1]

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.[2]

Second PRIEST.

Recitative.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare;
I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come raise the strain and grasp the full-ton'd lyre
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

1 "The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise."—*Orig. MS.*

2 "Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On hope the wretch relies;
And every blow that sinks the heart,
Bids the deluder rise.

"Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
Adorns the wretch's way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."—*Orig. MS.*

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Air.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
Zephyrs through the valley playing,
Streams along the meadow straying.

First PRIEST

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall Reason only bid me weep?
Hence, intruder! we'll pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

Second PRIEST.

Air.

Every moment, as it flows,
Some peculiar pleasure owes;
Then let us, providently wise,
Seize the debtor as it flies.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The pleasures that we lose to-day;
To-morrow's most unbounded store
Can but pay its proper score.

First PRIEST

Recitative.

But, hush! see foremost of the captive choir,
The master-prophet grasps his full-ton'd lyre.

Mark where he sits, with executing art,
Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart.
See inspiration fills his rising form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm;
And now his voice, accordant to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

First PROPHET.

Air.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
   Conspiring foes shall come;
Tremble thou vice-polluted breast,
   Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
   On Babylon it lies;
Down with her! down—down to the ground,
   She sinks, she groans, she dies.

Second PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
   Ere yonder setting sun;
Serve her as she has serv'd the just!
   'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

No more! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.

Short-sighted wretches! have not you and all,
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes;
See where dethron'd your captive monarch lies,
Depriv'd of sight and rankling in his chain;
He calls on Death to terminate his pain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more confin'd.

Chorus.

Arise, all potent ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause;
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

Scene as before.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are past,
And our fix'd empire shall forever last;
In vain the maddening prophet threatens woe,
In vain Rebellion aims her secret blow;
Still shall our fame and growing power be spread
And still our vengeance crush the guilty head.

Air.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all:
With the ruin of all
Shall Babylon fall.

PROPHET.

Recitative.

'Tis thus that pride triumphant rears the head,
A little while, and all her power is fled;
But ha! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
That this way slowly bends along the plain?
And now, methinks, to yonder bank they bear
A pallid corse, and rest the body there.
Alas! too well mine eyes indignant trace
The last remains of Judah's royal race:
Our monarch falls, and now our fears are o'er,
And wretched Zedekiah is no more!

Air.

Ye wretches who, by fortune's hate,
In want and sorrow groan;
Come ponder his severer fate,
And learn to bless your own.

You vain, whom youth and pleasure guide,
Awhile the bliss suspend;
Like yours, his life began in pride,
Like his, your lives shall end.

Second PROPHET.

Behold his squalid corse with sorrow worn,
His wretched limbs with ponderous fetters torn;
Those eyeless orbs that shock with ghastly glare,
These ill-becoming rags—that matted hair.
And shall not Heaven for this its terrors show,
Grasp the red bolt, and lay the guilty low?[1]
How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall!

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Air

As panting flies the hunted hind,
  Where brooks refreshing stray;
And rivers through the valley wind,
  That stop the hunter's way.

Thus we, O Lord, alike distrest,
  For streams of mercy long;
Those streams which cheer the sore opprest,
  And overwhelm the strong.

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

But, whence that shout? Good heavens! amazement all!
See yonder tower just nodding to the fall;

[1] "And shall not Heaven for this its terror show,
And deal its angry vengeance on the foe?"—*Orig MS.*

See where an army covers all the ground,
Saps the strong wall, and pours destruction round
The ruin smokes, destruction pours along,
How low the great, how feeble are the strong!
The foe prevails, the lofty walls recline—
O God of hosts, the victory is Thine!

Chorus of ISRAELITES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust
  Thy vengeance be begun:
Serve them as they have serv'd the just,
  And let thy will be done.

First PRIEST.

Recitative.

All, all is lost. The Syrian army fails,
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails!
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along,—
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong!
Save us, O Lord! to thee, though late, we pray
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

First and Second PRIEST.

Thrice happy, who in happy hour
  To heaven their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power
  Before they feel the blow.

First PROPHET.

Recitative.

Now, now's our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind;
Too late you seek that power unsought before,
Your wealth, your pride, your kingdom, are no more.

Air.

O Lucifer, thou son of morn,
Alike of Heaven and man the foe;
Heaven, men, and all,
Now press thy fall,
And sink thee lowest of the low.

First PROPHET.

O Babylon, how art thou fallen!
Thy fall more dreadful from delay!
Thy streets forlorn
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant and vultures prey.

Second PROPHET

Recitative

Such be her fate! But listen! from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war.
Cyrus, our great restorer, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Give, give your songs of Zion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind:

He comes pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

Chorus of YOUTHS.

Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter from remember'd woes;
Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

Chorus of VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
Love and pleasure in his train;
Comes to heighten every blessing,
Comes to soften every pain.

Semi-Chorus.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art;
Who from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

Last Chorus.

But chief to Thee, our God, defender, friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
Let us, and all, begin and end in Thee.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.[1]

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

SPOKEN AND SUNG IN THE GREAT ROOM IN SOHO SQUARE,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1772.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days, and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius.

In justice to the composer, it may likewise be right to inform the public that the music was adapted in a period of time equally short.

SPEAKERS:

MR. LEE AND MRS. BELLAMY.

SINGERS:

MR. CHAMPNES, MR. DINE, AND MISS JAMESON.

The music prepared and adapted by Signor Vento.

[1] This poem was first printed by Mr. Chalmers from a copy given by Goldsmith to his friend, Joseph Cradock, Esq., of Gumley, author of Zobeide, &c., and lent to Mr. Chalmers by Mr. Nicholls. v. *Br. Poets*, vol. xvi. p. 509.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

OVERTURE — A SOLEMN DIRGE. AIR — TRIO.

Arise, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of woe!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below.

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour,
Mere transitory things.
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind;
When titles are the smallest claim;
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good,
Then all their trophies last — and flattery turns
to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb,
How hast thou left mankind for heaven!
Even now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven!
Alas! they never had thy hate:
Unmov'd in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm thy ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urged thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchased strength from its increasing load
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free;
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!

SONG. BY A MAN—AFFETUOSO.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hopes of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet, ah! what terrors frown'd upon her fate,—
Death with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determined took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow;
But, mischievously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defac'd the shrine.
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round
Beheld each hour
Death's growing power,
And trembled as he frown'd.
As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross,—
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous, fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage.
But wake thy vengeance, and provoke thy rage.

SONG. BY A MAN — BASSO, STACCATO, SPIRITOSO.

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
How great a king of terrors I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings!
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer:
Let us prize death as the best gift of nature;
As a safe inn, where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life, and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity:
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shows me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance:
For as the line of life conducts me on
To Death's great court, the prospect seems more fair.
'Tis nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline;
Where, wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
May every bliss be thine!

And ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest;
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest;
May peace, that claim'd, while here, thy warmest
love, —
May blissful, endless peace be thine above!

SONG, BY A WOMAN — AMOROSO.

Lovely, lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky, —
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard! Long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies:
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest want and patient sorrow dwell;
Want pass'd for merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,
Her constant pity fed the poor, —
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And oh! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,

A simple song, a sigh profound.
[1] There Faith shall come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay;
And calm Religion shall repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship shall agree
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

AIR. CHORUS — POMPOSO.

Let us, let all the world, agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE — PASTORALE.

MAN SPEAKER.

Fast by that shore where Thames' translucent
stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the *youthful poet's dream*,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest;
Where sculptur'd elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place;
While, sweetly blending, still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green;

1 These four lines, with some alteration, taken from Collins's Ode in the year 1746.

While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene:
There, sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn, a rural band complain'd.
[1]All whom Augusta's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd;
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in homespun gray,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran, now first dismay'd,—
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,
And, as they view the towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress, now no more, and weep.

CHORUS — AFFETUOSO, LARGO.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear, and many a sigh between:

[1] All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd
Gray's Inst. Ode, st iv

And where,' he cried, 'shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care.
My noble mistress thought not so:
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew.'

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,
Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, this holy guide,
Augusta's care had well supplied.
'And ah!' she cries, all woebegone,
'What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair
To ask for charity?
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my mistress known;
She still reliev'd, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.

But every day her name I'll bless,
My morning prayer, my evening song;
I'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long.'

SONG—BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I'll bless,
My morning and my evening song;
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part,
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire—except his heart:
Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fired his breast.
'Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main:
But every danger felt before,
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave!
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost.'

SONG. BY A MAN — BASSO SPIRITUOSO.

[8] Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right:
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid;
Affliction, o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid:
Every grace that grief dispenses,
Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charm'd the senses,
While pity harmonized the whole.
'The garland of beauty' ('tis thus she would say)
'No more shall my crook or my temples adorn;
I'll not wear a garland, — Augusta 's away, —
I'll not wear a garland until she return.
But, alas! that return I never shall see:
The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim.
There promised a lover to come; but, oh me!
'Twas death, 'twas the death of my mistress, that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,

[8] These lines altered from Collins's Ode on the Death of Col. Ross.

I'll strip all the spring of its earliest bloom; *
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be
cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her
tomb.'

SONG. BY A WOMAN — PASTORALE.

With garlands of beauty the Queen of the May
No more will her crook or her temples adorn;
For who'd wear a garland when she is away,
When she is remov'd, and shall never return?

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her
tomb.

CHORUS — ALTRO MODO.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be plac'd,
We'll rifle the spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
And the tears of her country shall water her
tomb.

* 'Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.'
Collins's Dirge in Cymbeline.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.[1]

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.[a]

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
Oh, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town;
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
Oh, had her eyes forgot to blaze;
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
Oh! —— but let exclamation cease,

[1] Printed in Goldsmith's Essays (the xxvi.) in 1765

VARIATIONS.

[a] Without politeness, aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading

Her presence banish'd all his peace.[b]
So with decorum all things carried;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage[c] rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;

VARIATIONS.

[b] Our alter'd parson now began
To be a perfect ladies' man;
Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
And told the tales he told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd, and proctors bit;
At college how he show'd his wit;
And, as the fair one still approv'd,
He fell in love — or thought he lov'd.

[c] visage

But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull, domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night 'twas fits or fretting;
By day 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy[d]
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke,[e]
While all their hours were pass'd[f] between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

VARIATIONS.

[d] *Now tawdry madam kept a bevy*

[e] *She in her turn became perplexing,*
And found substantial bliss in vexing

[f] *Thus every hour was pass'd*

Thus as her faults each day were known,[g]
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows
Or thins her lip, or points her nose
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now,[h] to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,—
Lo! the smallpox, with horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.

VARIATIONS.

[g] Each day the more her faults were known.
[h] Thus.

In vain she tries her paste[1] and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old:
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

VARIATION.

[1] pastes.

A NEW SIMILE.[1]

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

[a]Long had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,—
First please to turn to god Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side,—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.

[1] Printed among the Essays (the xxvii.)

VARIATIONS.

[a] I long had rack'd my brains to find.

A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed:
A just comparison, — proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air:
And here my simile unites,
For in the modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand,
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses:
To wit, — most wondrously endued,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add, too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell

Now to apply, begin we then.
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents, round about it twin'd,

Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goosequill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Mercury had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it — stealing;
In which all modern bards[b] agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance:
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

VARIATIONS.

[b] our scribbling bards

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.[1]

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind:
Reason, they say, belongs to man;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglecius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain,
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride,
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

[1] From *The Busy Body*, No. 5.

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe:
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.[1]
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But, both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors,
Aping the conduct of superiors:

[1] Sir Robert Walpole.

He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

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Thus, at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.[1]

Good people all, of every sort,
  Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
  It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
  Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
  Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
  To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
  When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
  As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
  And curs of low degree.

1 See Vicar of Wakefield, c. xvii.

In the Citizen of the World, vol. ii. lett. lxvi. is a paper on the '*Epidemic Terror, the dread of mad dogs*, which now prevails: the whole nation is now actually groaning under the malignity of its influence.'

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
  Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wondering people ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite;
  The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.[1]

Good people all, with one accord,
  Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
  From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
  And always found her kind:
She freely lent to all the poor —
  Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
  With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways —
  Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
  With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew —
  But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
  By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her —
  When she has walk'd before.

[1] See *The Bee*, No. iv.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
  Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
  Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;
  For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more —
  She had not died to-day.[2]

[2] This poem [as well as the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*] is an imitation of the chanson called 'Le fameux la Galisse, homme imaginaire,' in fifty stanzas, printed in the *Menagiana*, iv. 191:—

'Messieurs, vous plaît-il d'ouïr
  L'air du fameux la Galisse,
Il pourra vous réjouir,
  Pourvû qu'il vous divertisse.
  *   *   *   *
'Bien instruit dès le berceau
  Jamais, tant il fut honnête,
Il ne mettoit son chapeau
  Qu'il ne se couvrît la tête.
  *   *   *   *
'On dit que dans ses amours
  Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
  Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.
  *   *   *   *
'Il fut, par un triste sort,
  Blessé d'une main cruelle;
On croit, puisqu'il est mort,
  Que la plaie étoit mortelle.

'Regretté de ses soldats,
  Il mourut digne d'envie,
Et le jour de son trépas
  Fut le dernier de sa vie.'
  *   *   *

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.



JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
'An't please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
Howe'er, from this time I shall *ne'er see your graces*, —
As I hope to be sav'd! — without thinking on asses.'

Edinburgh, 1753.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.[1]

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.[2]

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, tho' dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

[1] See *The Bee*, No. i.
[2] First printed in *The Busy Body*, 1759.—P C.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.[1]

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
  Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
  Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
  Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
  The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
  My rivals give,— and let 'em:
If gems or gold impart a joy,
  I'll give them — when I get 'em.

I'll give — but not the full-blown rose,
  Or rosebud, more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
  A transitory passion.

[1] See *The Bee*, No. II.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
  Not less sincere than civil;
I'll give thee — ah! too charming maid,
  I'll give thee — to the devil.[f]

This poem is taken from *Menagiana*, vol. iv. 200.

[f] ÉTRENNE À IRIS.

'Pour témoignage de ma flamme,
Iris, du meilleur de mon âme
Je vous donne à ce *nouvel an*,
Non pas dentelle, ni ruban,
Non pas essence, ni pommade,
Quelques boites de marmalade,
Un mouchoir, des gans, un bouquet,
Non pas heures, ni chapelet.
Quoi donc? attendez, je vous donne,
O fille plus belle que bonne,
Qui m'avez toujours refusé,
Le point si souvent proposé,
Je vous donne — Ah! le puis-je dire?
Oui· c'est trop souffrir le martyre,
Il est temps de m'émanciper,
Patience va m'échapper.
Fussiez-vous cent fois plus aimable,
Belle Iris, je vous donne — au diable.'

A DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BEDCHAMBER.[1]

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;[2]

[1] First printed in *The Citizen of the World*, Letter xxx., and afterwards inserted, with a few variations, in *The Deserted Village*, 1770.—P. C. [See, *post*, the extract from a letter to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith.]

[2] Viz: "1. Urge no healths; 2. Profane no divine ordinances; 3. Touch no state matters; 4. Reveal no secrets; 5. Pick no quarrels; 6. Make no comparisons; 7. Maintain no ill opinions; 8. Keep no bad company; 9. Encourage no vice; 10. Make no long meals; 11. Repeat no grievances 12. Lay no wagers."—P. C.

The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William[a] show'd his lampblack face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night,—a stocking all the day!

[a] William, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, d. 1765.—P. C.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.[1]

THIS tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth thro' pleasure's flowery way
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.[2]

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
  Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
  I don't think he'll wish to come back.

[1] From *The Haunch of Venison*, &c. 1776.—P. C.

[2] This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but, having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. [This epitaph is an imitation of the French, (*La Mort du Sieur Etienne*,) or of an epigram in Swift's *Miscellanies*, xiii. 372.—FORSTER.]

STANZAS ON WOMAN.[1]

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

1 See Vicar of Wakefield, c. xxiv.

SONG.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'[1]

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile shall my passion discover
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

[1] Sir, — I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer;' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself in private companies very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Humours of Balamagairy,' to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words; but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own handwriting, with an affectionate care. — I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL

A SONNET[1]

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
  Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
  Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
  Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra followed my direction,
  She *long* had wanted cause of fear

SONG.[2]

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
  Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
  Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray.

[1] See *The Bee*, No. II. Imitated from the French of Saint Pavin, whose poems were collectively edited in 1759.—P. C.
[2] [See the Oratorio of *The Captivity*.]

SONG.[1]

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, the opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

[1] See the Oratorio of *The Captivity*.

SONG.[1]

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain
  With grammar, and nonsense, and learning:
Good liquor, I *stoutly* maintain,
  Gives *genius* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
  Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their quis, and their quæs, and their quods,
  They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,
  A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
  They always preach best with a skinful.
But when *you come down with your pence*
  For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
  But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
  And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
  Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.

[1] From 'She Stoops to Conquer'

Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
  Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons
But of all the birds in the air,
  Here's a health to the three jolly pigeons.
    Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

NOTE.—We drank tea with the ladies, and Goldsmith sung Tony Lumpkins' song in his comedy, and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune (The Humours of Ballamagairy), which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle; but as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out. He afterwards wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears among his poems.

Boswell's Johnson, v. ii. p. 217.

VERSES

IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DINNER AT DR. BAKER'S.[1]

"*This is a poem! This is a copy of verses!*"

YOUR mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night;
As I hope to be saved,
I put off being shaved;
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds;
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,
And Kauffman beside,
And the Jessamy bride,[2]
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses two,

[1] Written about the year 1769, in reply to an invitation to dinner at Dr. afterwards Sir George Baker's (d 1809,) to meet the Misses Horneck, Angelica Kauffman, Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others For the above verses, first published in 1837, the reader is indebted to Major General Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. P. C

[2] Miss Mary Horneck, afterwards Mrs. Gwyn She died in 1840, aged 88 P C

Little Comedy's[1] face,
And the Captain in lace.[2]
(By the bye you may tell him,
I have something to sell him;
Of use I insist,
When he comes to enlist.
Your worships must know
That a few days ago,
An order went out
For the foot guards so stout
To wear tails in high taste,
Twelve inches at least:
Now I've got him a scale
To measure each tail,
To lengthen a short tail,
And a long one to curtail.)—

Yet how can I when vext,
Thus stray from my text?
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state.
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,

[1] Miss Catherine Horneck, afterwards (1771) Mrs. Bunbury Her portrait by Sir Joshua, one of his finest works, is now at Bowood.

[2] Ensign (afterwards General) Horneck, son of Mrs Horneck, widow of Captain Kane Horneck.

And Angelica's whim
To be frolick like him,
But, alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's *Advertiser*?[1]

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[1] The following is the compliment alluded to:—

"While fair Angelica, with matchless grace,
Paints Conway's lovely form and Stanhope's face;
Our hearts to beauty willing homage pay,
We praise, admire, and gaze our souls away.
But when the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds! with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride we own,
Such strength, such harmony excell'd by none,
And thou art rivall'd by thy*self* alone."

epithet "good" applied to the title of Doctor? Had you called me learned Doctor, or grave Doctor, or noble Doctor, it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But, not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year that is in the middle of winter;—a spring velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism indeed; and yet, to increase the inconsistence, in another part of your letter you call me a beau: now, on one side or other, you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring velvet in winter; and if I am not a beau—why—then—that explains itself. But let me go on to your two next strange lines:—

> "And bring with you a wig that is modish and gay,
> To dance with the girls that are making of hay."

The absurdity of making hay at Christmas you yourself seem sensible of, you say your sister will laugh, and so indeed she well may. The Latins have an expression for a contemptuous sort of laughter, *Naso contemnere adunco;* that is, to laugh with a crooked nose; she may laugh at you in the manner of the ancients if she thinks fit.—But now I am come to the most extraordinary of all extraordinary propositions, which is, to take your and your sister's advice in playing at loo. *The presumption of the offer raises my indignation beyond the bounds of prose;* it inspires

me at once with verse and resentment. I take advice! And from whom? You shall hear.

First let me suppose, what may shortly be true,
The company set and the word to be—loo;
All smirking and pleasant and big with adventure,
And ogling the stake which is fixed in the centre.
Round and round go the cards, while I inwardly
damn,
At never once finding a visit from pam;
I lay down my stake apparently cool,
While the harpies about me all pocket the pool;
I fret in my gizzard, get cautious and sly,
I wish all my friends may be bolder than I;
Yet still they sit snug; not a creature will aim,
By losing their money, to venture at fame.
'Tis in vain that at niggardly caution I scold,
'Tis in vain that I flatter the brave and the bold
All play their own way, and they think me an ass;
What does Mrs. Bunbury? I, Sir? I pass.
Pray what does Miss Horneck? Take courage,
come, do!
Who, I? Let me see, Sir; why I must pass too.
Mrs. Bunbury frets, and I fret like the Devil,
To see them so cowardly, lucky, and civil;
Yet still I sit snug, and continue to sigh on,
Till made by my losses as bold as a lion.
I venture at all; while my avarice regards
The whole pool as my own. Come, give me five
cards.

Well done! cry the ladies; ah! Doctor, that's good,
The pool's very rich. Ah! the Doctor is loo'd.
Thus foil'd in my courage, on all sides perplext,
I ask for advice from the lady that's next.
Pray, Ma'am, be so good as to give your advice:
Don't you think the best way is to venture for 't twice?
I advise, cries the lady, to try it I own;
Ah! the Doctor is loo'd. Come Doctor, put down.
Thus playing and playing I still grow more eager,
And so bold and so bold, I'm at last a bold beggar.
Now, ladies, I ask if law matters you're skilled in,
Whether crimes such as yours should not come before Fielding;
For giving advice that is not worth a straw,
May well be called picking of pockets in law;
And picking of pockets with which I now charge ye,
Is by *Quinto* Elizabeth, death without clergy.
What justice, when both to the Old Bailey brought!
By the gods I'll enjoy it, tho' 'tis but in thought!
Both are placed at the bar with all proper decorum,
With bunches of fennel and nosegays before 'em;
Both cover their faces with mobs and all that,
But the Judge bids them angrily take off their hat.
When uncover'd, a buzz of inquiry goes round,
Pray what are their crimes? They've been pilfering found.
But, pray whom have they pilfer'd? A Doctor I hear;

What, yon solemn-faced odd-looking man that stands near?
The same. What a pity! How does it surprise one!
Two handsomer culprits I never set eyes on!
Then their friends all come round me with cringing and leering,
To melt me to pity and soften my swearing.
First Sir Charles advances with phrases well strung,
Consider, dear Doctor, the girls are but young.
The younger the worse, I return him again,
It shows that their habits are all dyed in grain;
But then they're so handsome, one's bosom it grieves:
What signifies handsome when people are thieves!
But where is your justice? Their cases are hard;
What signifies justice?—I want the reward.

There's the parish of Edmonton offers forty pounds—There's the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, offers forty pounds—There's the parish of Tyburn, from the Hog in the Pound to St. Giles's Watchhouse, offers forty pounds—I shall have all that if I convict them.—

But consider their case, it may yet be your own,
And see how they kneel; is your heart made of stone?
This moves; so at last I agree to relent,
For ten pounds in hand and ten pounds to be spent.

I challenge you all to answer this. I tell you, you cannot. It cuts deep; but now for the rest of the letter; and next—but I want room.—So I believe I shall battle the rest out at Barton some day next week.—I don't value you all.

O. G.

A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS,

ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.[1]

What! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame:

[1] This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works: 'The Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,' 12mo. 1759.

No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.[2]

[2] See Macrobii Saturn. lib. ii. c. vii. p. 352, ed. Zeun. Goldsmith has translated, or rather imitated, only the first fifteen lines of the Prologue, ending,—

"Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit."

I venture to add the remainder:—

Too lavish still in good or evil hour,
To shew to man the empire of thy power,
If Fortune, at thy wild impetuous sway,
The blossoms of my fame must drop away,
Then was the time the obedient plant to strain
When life was warm in every vigorous vein,
To mould young nature to thy plastic skill,
And bend my pliant boyhood to thy will.
So might I hope applauding crowds to hear,
Catch the quick smile, and win attentive ear.
But, ah! for what hast thou reserv'd my age?
Say, how can I expect the approving stage?
Fled is the bloom of youth — the manly air —
The vigorous mind that spurn'd at toil and care,
Gone is the voice, whose clear and silver tone
The enraptur'd theatre would love to own.
As clasping ivy chokes the encumber'd tree,
So age with foul embrace has ruin'd me.
Thou, and the tomb, Laberius, art the same,
Empty within, what hast thou but a name!

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE.

A TRAGEDY.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUICK, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR

In these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
When every bosom swells with wondrous scenes,
Priests, cannibals, and *hoity-toity* queens,
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading·
Yet, ere he lands, he has order'd me before
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost
This seems a barren and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder.
(*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've
seen 'em— (*Pit.*)
Here trees of stately size—and turtles in 'em;
(*Balconies.*)

Here ill-conditioned oranges abound—
(*Stage.*)
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:
(*Tasting them.*)
The place is uninhabited I fear;
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
Oh there the natives are, a dreadful race;
The men have tails, the women paint the face.
No doubt they're all barbarians —Yes, 'tis so;
I'll try to make palaver with them though.
(*Making signs.*)
'Tis best, however, keeping at a distance.
"Good savages, our Captain craves assistance.
Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her;
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure, lend him aid,
Or you may chance to spoil a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war."
What, no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back, and order up a sample.[1]

[1] *Zobeide*, a Tragedy, by Joseph Cradock, Esq., was first represented at Covent Garden, on the 10th of December, 1771, and was well received. The text here given is that of the third edition of *Zobeide* 1772." -P. C.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN,

AT HIS BENEFIT.

Hold! prompter, hold! a word before your non-
 sense:
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trapdoor demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities:
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!
No — I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off, vile trappings! a new passion reigns;
The maddening monarch revels in my veins.

Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
'Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
soft—'twas but a dream.'
Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating:
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood
'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drumstick
shanks!
They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head:
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow'
My horns—I'm told horns are the fashion now.'
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen
drew.
'Hoicks! hark forward!' came thundering from
behind:
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself—like me.
[*Taking a jump through the stage-door*

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTER.[1]

WHAT? five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and, in her rage,
Have emptied all the green room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade? — I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue:
The world 's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.

[1] *The Sister*] A comedy by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, 1769, taken from the authoress's own novel, 'Henrietta.' It was performed only one night. The author of the *Biographia Dramatica* says that 'this epilogue is the best that has appeared the last thirty years.'

There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore:
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all: their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing — but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems to have robb'd his vizor from the lion
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, — Dam'me! who's afraid? [*Mimicking*
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state:
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white.
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip — the man's a black!
Yon critic, too, — but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE TO THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill, or drop, has wrought a cure,
Thus, on the stage, our playwrights still depend
For Epilogues and Prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teas'd each rhyming friend to help him out.
'An Epilogue,—things can't go on without it;
It could not fail, would you but set about it.'
'Young man,' cries one, (a bard laid up in clover,)
'Alas, young man, my writing days are over;
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps, may try.'
'What, I! dear Sir,' the Doctor interposes;
'What, plant my thistle, Sir, among his roses!
No, no, I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-lane.[2]

[1] The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour What is here offered owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.—*Goldsmith.*

[2] Where the College of Physicians then stood.

Go ask your manager.'—'Who, me! Your pardon:
These things are not our forte at Covent-Garden.'
Our author's friends, thus plac'd at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing away,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise;
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
"To bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-natur'd Man.*

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.'

Well, having *stoop'd to conquer* with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a barmaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty barmaids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please;
'We have our exits and our entrances.'
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hir'd, and, with unmeaning action,
'I hope as how to give you satisfaction.'
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
Th' unblushing barmaid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts;
And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Even common-councilmen forget to eat.

The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro!*
And quits her Nancy Dawson for *Che Faro.*
Dotes upon dancing, and, in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel[1] of Cheapside;
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives, the eventful history!
The fifth and last act still remains for me:
The barmaid now for your protection prays,
Turns female barrister, and pleads for bays.

[1] Madame Heinel was a favorite dancer in London when this Epilogue was spoken.—P. C.

INTENDED EPILOGUE TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who curtsies very low, as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Hold, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The Epilogue, *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, Ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why, sure the girl 's beside herself: an Epilogue of singing?
A hopeful end indeed to such a blest beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set!
Excuse me, Ma'am, I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the House?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The House! — Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she, whose party 's largest, shall proceed.
And first, I hope, you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands:
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
What! no return? I find, too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set, — old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling:

AIR — COTILLON.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye;
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu!
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Da Capo.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit;
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here;
Lend me your hands — Oh! fatal news to tell:
Their hands are only lent to the Heinel.[1]

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers — travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the chiels? Ah! ah, I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

AIR — *A bonny young lad is my Jockey.*

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;

1 [A favorite dancer.]

When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute:*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
'I hold the odds. — Done, done, with you, with you:'
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace, —
'My Lord, your Lordship misconceives the case:'
Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
'I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner;'
Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come, end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR — BALLINAMONY.

MISS CATLEY.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush, and hang back.
For you're always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now, with late repentance,
Unepilogued the poet waits his sentence.
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.
[*Exeunt*

ANOTHER INTENDED EPILOGUE TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

TO BE SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKLEY.

THERE is a place — so Ariosto sings —
A treasury for lost and missing things;
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they who lose their senses, there may find
them.
But where's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The moon, says he; — but I affirm, the stage:
At least, in many things, I think I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night; for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down;
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.
But, in this parallel, my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses.
To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
Come thronging to collect their scattered wits.
The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for operas, and dotes on dancing,
Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the Ballet, and calls for *Nancy Dawson.*
The gamester, too, whose wit's all high or low
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw

Come here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk, too, with angry phrases stor'd,
As 'Dam'me, sir,' and 'Sir, I wear a sword,'
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense — for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our author 's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment: the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
Yes, he's far gone: — and yet some pity fix;
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.[1]

[1] Presented in MS., among other papers, to Dr. Percy, by the Poet, and first printed in *Miscellaneous Works*, 1801.—P. C

POEMS

EXTRACTED FROM THE PROSE WORKS OF GOLDSMITH

(See Citizen of the World, L. 85.) It is the business of the stage-poet to watch the appearance of every new player at his own house, and so come out next day with a flaunting copy of newspaper verses. In these, nature and the actor may be set to run races, the player always coming off victorious; or nature may mistake him for herself, or old Shakespeare may put on his winding sheet, and pay him a visit, or the tuneful Nine may strike up their harps in his praise, or, should it happen to be an actress, Venus, the beauteous Queen of Love, and the naked Graces, are ever in waiting. The lady must be herself a goddess bred and born, she must —— but you shall have a specimen of one of these poems, which may convey a more precise idea —

ON SEEING MRS —— PERFORM IN THE CHARACTER OF ——.

For you, bright fair, the Nine address their lays,
And tune my feeble voice to sing thy praise
The heartfelt power of every charm divine,
Who can withstand their all-commanding shine?
See how she moves along with every grace,
While soul-brought tears steal down each shining
face.

She speaks! 'tis rapture all, and nameless bliss,
Ye gods! what transport e'er compar'd to this!
As when, in Paphian groves, the Queen of Love
With fond complaint address'd the listening Jove;
'Twas joy and endless blisses all around,
And rocks forgot their hardness at the sound.
Then first, at last even Jove was taken in,
And felt her charms, without disguise, within.

(V. Citizen of the World, L. 106.) I am amazed that none have yet found out the secret of flattering the worthless, and yet of preserving a safe conscience. I have often wished for some method by which a man might do himself and his deceased patron justice, without being under the hateful reproach of self-conviction. After long lucubration, I have hit upon such an expedient, and send you the specimen of a poem upon the decease of a great man, in which the flattery is perfectly fine, and yet the poet perfectly innocent.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. — —

Ye Muses, pour the pitying tear
  For Pollio snatch'd away;
Oh! had he liv'd another year, —
  He had not died to-day.

Oh! were he born to bless mankind
  In virtuous times of yore,
Heroes themselves had fallen behind —
  Whene'er he went before.

How sad the groves and plains appear,
  And sympathetic sheep!
Even pitying hills would drop a tear, —
  If hills could learn to weep.

His bounty, in exalted strain,
  Each bard might well display;
Since none implor'd relief in vain —
  That went reliev'd away.

And hark! I hear the tuneful throng
  His obsequies forbid:
He still shall live, shall live as long —
  As ever dead man did.

These verses seem to have been the first rough sketch, afterwards altered and improved into the Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.

(V. Citizen of the World, I. 113.) The weapon chiefly used in the present contest is epigram, and certainly never was a keener made use of. They have discovered surprising sharpness on both sides. The first that came out upon this occasion was a kind of new composition in this way, and might more properly be called an epigrammatic thesis than an epigram. It consists, first, of an argument in prose, next follows a motto from Roscommon; then comes the epigram; and, lastly, notes serving to explain the epigram. But you shall have it with all its decorations. —

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AN EPIGRAM,

ADDRESSED TO THE GENTLEMEN REFLECTED ON IN THE ROSCIAD, A POEM, BY THE AUTHOR.

Worried with debts, and past all hopes of bail,
His pen he prostitutes t' avoid a gaol.

ROSCOM.

Let not the hungry Bavius' angry stroke
Awake resentment, or your rage provoke;
But, pitying his distress, let virtue[1] shine,
And giving each your bounty,[2] *let him dine.*
For thus retain'd, as learned counsel can,
Each case, however bad, he'll new japan;
And, by a quick transition, plainly show
'Twas no defect of yours, but *pocket low,*
That caus'd his *putrid kennel* to o'erflow.

The last lines are certainly executed in a very masterly manner: it is of that species of argumentation called the perplexing. It effectually flings the antagonist into a mist; there's no answering it: the laugh is raised against him, while he is endeavouring to find out the jest. At once he shows that the author has a kennel, and that this kennel is putrid, and that this putrid kennel overflows. But why does it overflow? It overflows because the author happens to have low pockets.

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[1] Charity.

[2] Settled at one shilling, the price of the poem.

There was also another new attempt in this way, a prosaic epigram, which came out upon this occasion. This is so full of matter, that a critic might split it into fifteen epigrams, each properly fitted with its sting. You shall see it:—

TO G. C. AND R. L.

'Twas you, or I, or he, or all together,
'Twas one, both, three of them, they know not
whether;
This, I believe, between us great or small,
You, I, he, wrote it not — 'twas Churchill's all.

There, there is a perplex! I could have wished to have made it quite perfect, the author, as in the case before, had added notes. Almost every word admits a scholium, and a long one too. I, YOU, HE. Suppose a stranger should ask, And who are you? Here are three obscure persons spoken of, that may in a short time be utterly forgotten. Their names should consequently have been written in notes at the bottom; but when the reader comes to the words *great* and *small*, the maze is inextricable. Here the stranger may dive for a mystery, without ever reaching the bottom. Let him know, then, that *small* is a word poorly introduced to make good rhyme, and *great* was a very proper word to keep *small* company.

This was denoted against the triumvirate of friends, Churchill, Colman, and Lloyd.

(V. Cit. of the World, L. 116.) Even in the sultry wilds of Southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person, without having her mind.

In all my Enna's beauties blest,
 Amidst profusion still I pine;
For though she gives me up her breast,
 Its panting tenant is not mine.

"You should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you; you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry ale-house. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat in this way:—

THE window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay.
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch show'd his lampblack face.
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate, unconscious of a fire:
An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning —

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay;
With sulky eye he smok'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began.[1]

[1] Letter to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith

Addison, in some beautiful Latin lines inserted in the Spectator, is entirely of opinion that birds observe a strict chastity of manners, and never admit the caresses of a different tribe. — (v. vol. vi. No. 412.)

Chaste are their instincts, faithful is their fire,
No foreign beauty tempts to false desire;
The snow-white vesture, and the glittering crown,
The simple plumage, or the glossy down,
Prompt not their loves — the patriot bird pursues
His well-acquainted tints, and kindred hues.
Hence through their tribes no mix'd polluted flame,
No monster breed to mark the groves with shame.
But the chaste blackbird, to its partner true,
Thinks black alone is beauty's favourite hue.
The nightingale, with mutual passion blest,
Sings to its mate, and nightly charms the rest.
While the dark owl to court its partner flies,
And owns its offspring in their yellow eyes.[1]

[1] See Goldsmith's An. Nat. vol. v. p. 212.

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO DR. GOLDSMITH,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE
OF APRIL 3, 1800.

E'ER have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display:
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak

VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS,

AS IT HAS BEEN FOUND TRANSCRIBED IN THE HANDWRITING

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

BOLTON CORNEY, ESQ.

Of the MS. of this translation, Mr. Forster, who has drawn largely and importantly from it, gives the following account: "It is a small quarto manuscript of thirty-four pages, containing 679 lines, to which a fly-leaf is appended, in which Goldsmith notes the differences of nomenclature between Vida's chessmen and our own. It has occasional interlineations and corrections, but rather such as would occur in transcription, than in a first or original copy. Sometimes, indeed, choice appears to have been made (as at page 29) between two words equally suitable to the sense and verse, as 'to' for 'toward;' but the insertions and erasures refer almost wholly to words or lines accidentally omitted and replaced. The triplet is always carefully marked; and though it is seldom found in any other of Goldsmith's poems, I am disposed to regard its frequent recurrence, here, as even helping in some degree to explain the motive which had led him to the trial of an experiment in rhyme comparatively new to him. If we suppose him, half consciously it may be, taking up the manner of the great master of translation, Dryden, who was at all times so much a favourite with him, he would at least be less apt to fall short in so marked a peculiarity, than to err perhaps a little on the side of excess; though I am far from thinking such to be the result in the present instance. The effect of the whole translation is very pleasing to me, and the mock heroic effect I think not a little assisted by the reiterated use of the triplet and Alexandrine. As to any evidences of authorship derivable from the appearance of the manuscript, I will only add another word. The lines in the translation have been carefully counted, and the number is marked in Goldsmith's hand at the close of his transcription. Such a fact is, of course, only to be taken in aid of other proof; but a man is not generally at the pains of counting,—still less, I should say, in such a case as Goldsmith's, of elaborately transcribing, lines which are not his own."—*Forster's Goldsmith*, ii. 265.

There had been an earlier translation of the poem by George Jeffreys, (4to. 1736,) but it is very inferior to the translation which Mr. Corney has now enabled me to reprint.

CUNNINGHAM.

VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS.

TRANSLATED.

Armies of box that sportively engage,
And mimic real battles in their rage,
Pleased I recount; how, smit with glory's charms
Two mighty monarchs met in adverse arms,
Sable and white: assist me to explore,
Ye Serian Nymphs, what ne'er was sung before.
No path appears; yet resolute I stray
Where youth undaunted bids me force my way.
O'er rocks and cliffs while I the task pursue,
Guide me, ye Nymphs, with your unerring clue.
For you the rise of this diversion know,
You first were pleased in Italy to show
This studious sport; from Scacchis was its name
The pleasing record of your sister's fame.

When Jove through Ethiopia's parch'd extent
To grace the nuptials of old Ocean went,
Each god was there; and mirth and joy around
To shores remote diffused their happy sound.
Then when their hunger and their thirst no more
Claim'd their attention, and the feast was o'er,
Ocean, with pastime to divert the thought,
Commands a painted table to be brought.

Sixty-four spaces fill the chequer'd square;
Eight in each rank eight equal limits share.
Alike their form, but different are their dyes;
They fade alternate, and alternate rise,
White after black; such various stains as those
The shelving backs of tortoises disclose.
Then to the Gods that mute and wondering sate,
"You see," says he, "the field prepared for fate.
Here will the little armies please your sight,
With adverse colours hurrying to the fight,
On which so oft, with silent sweet surprise,
The Nymphs and Nereids used to feast their eyes,
And all the neighbours of the hoary deep,
When calm the sea, and winds were lull'd asleep.
But see, the mimic heroes tread the board."
He said, and straightway from an urn he pour'd
The sculptured box, that neatly seem'd to ape
The graceful figure of a human shape:—
Equal the strength and number of each foe,
Sixteen appear'd like jet, sixteen like snow.
As their shape varies various is the name,
Different their posts, nor is their strength the same.
There might you see two Kings with equal pride
Gird on their arms, their consorts by their side;
Here the Foot-warriors glowing after fame,
There prancing Knights and dexterous Archers came,
And Elephants, that on their backs sustain
Vast towers of war, and fill and shake the plain.

And now both hosts, preparing for the storm
Of adverse battle, their encampments form.
In the fourth space, and on the farthest line,
Directly opposite the monarchs shine;
The swarthy on white ground, on sable stands
The silver King; and thence they send commands.
Nearest to these the Queens exert their might;
One the left side, and t'other guards the right:
Where each, by her respective armour known,
Chooses the colour that is like her own.
Then the young Archers, two that snowy-white
Bend the tough yew, and two as black as night;
(Greece call'd them Mars's favourites heretofore,
From their delight in war, and thirst of gore.)
These on each side the Monarch and his Queen
Surround obedient; next to these are seen
The crested Knights in golden armour gay;
Their steeds by turns curvet, or snort or neigh.
In either army, on each distant wing
Two mighty Elephants their castles bring,
Bulwarks immense! and then at last combine
Eight of the Foot to form the second line,
The vanguard to the King and Queen; from far
Prepared to open all the fate of war.
So moved the boxen hosts, each double-lined,
Their different colours floating in the wind:
As if an army of the Gauls should go,
With their white standards, o'er the Alpine snow
To meet in rigid fight on scorching sands
The sun-burnt Moors and Memnon's swarthy bands.

Then Father Ocean thus: "You see them here,
Celestial Powers, what troops, what camps appear.
Learn now the sev'ral orders of the fray,
For ev'n these arms their stated laws obey.
To lead the fight, the Kings from all their bands
Choose whom they please to bear their great commands.
Should a black hero first to battle go,
Instant a white one guards against the blow;
But only one at once can charge or shun the foe
Their gen'ral purpose on one scheme is bent,
So to besiege the King within the tent,
That there remains no place by subtle flight
From danger free; and that decides the fight.
Meanwhile, howe'er, the sooner to destroy
Th' imperial prince, remorseless they employ
Their swords in blood; and whosoever dare
Oppose their vengeance, in the ruin share.
Fate thins their camp; the parti-coloured field
Widens apace, as they o'ercome or yield:
But the proud victor takes the captive's post,
There fronts the fury of th' avenging host
One single shock, and (should he ward the blow,)
May then retire at pleasure from the foe.
The Foot alone (so their harsh laws ordain)
When they proceed can ne'er return again.

But neither all rush on alike to prove
The terror of their arms: the Foot must move
Directly on, and but a single square;
Yet may these heroes, when they first prepare

To mix in combat on the bloody mead,
Double their sally, and two steps proceed;
But when they wound, their swords they subtly
guide
With aim oblique, and slanting pierce his side.
But the great Indian beasts, whose backs sustain
Vast turrets arm'd, when on the redd'ning plain
They join in all the terror of the fight,
Forward or backward, to the left or right,
Run furious, and impatient of confine
Scour through the field, and threat the farthest line.
Yet must they ne'er obliquely aim their blows;
That only manner is allow'd to those
Whom Mars has favour'd most, who bend the
stubborn bows.
These glancing sidewards in a straight career,
Yet each confined to their respective sphere,
Or white or black, can send th' unerring dart
Wing'd with swift death to pierce through ev'ry
part.
The fiery steed, regardless of the reins,
Comes prancing on; but sullenly disdains
The path direct, and boldly wheeling round,
Leaps o'er a double space at ev'ry bound,
And shifts from white or black to diff'rent colour'd
ground.
But the fierce Queen, whom dangers ne'er dismay
The strength and terror of the bloody day,
In a straight line spreads her destruction wide,
To left or right, before, behind, aside

Yet may she never with a circling course
Sweep to the battle like the fretful Horse;
But unconfined may at her pleasure stray,
If neither *friend nor* foe block up the way:
For to o'erleap a warrior, 'tis decreed
Those only dare who curb the snorting steed.
With greater caution and majestic state
The warlike Monarchs in the scene of fate
Direct their motions, since for these appear
Zealous each hope, and anxious ev'ry fear.
While the King's safe, with resolution stern
They clasp their arms; but should a sudden turn
Make him a captive, instantly they yield,
Resolved to share his fortune in the field.
He moves on slow; with reverence profound
His faithful troops encompass him around,
And oft, to break some instant fatal scheme,
Rush *to their fates, their sov'reign to redeem:*
While he, unanxious where to wound the foe,
Need only shift and guard against a blow.
But none, however, can presume t' appear
Within his reach, but must his vengeance fear;
For he on ev'ry side his terror throws;
But when he changes from his first repose,
Moves but one step, most awfully sedate,
Or idly roving, or intent on fate.
These are the sev'ral and establish'd laws:
Now see how each maintains his bloody cause."
Here paused the God, but (since whene'er they wage
War here on earth the Gods themselves engage

In mutual battle as they hate or love,
And the most stubborn war is oft above,)
Almighty Jove commands the circling train
Of Gods from fav'ring either to abstain,
And let the fight be silently survey'd;
And added solemn threats if disobey'd.
Then call'd he *Phœbus* from among the Powers
And subtle Hermes, whom in softer hours
Fair Maia bore: *youth wanton'd in their face;*
Both in life's bloom, both shone with equal grace.
Hermes as yet had never wing'd his feet;
As yet Apollo in his radiant seat
Had never driv'n his chariot through the air,
Known by his bow alone and golden hair.
These Jove commission'd to attempt the fray,
And rule the sportive military day;
Bid them agree *which party each maintains,*
And promised a reward that's worth their pains.
The greater took their seats, on either hand
Respectful the less Gods in order stand,
But careful not to interrupt their play,
By hinting when t' advance or run away.
Then they examine, who shall first proceed
To try their courage, and their army lead.
Chance gave it for the White, that he should go
First with a brave defiance to the foe.
Awhile he ponder'd which of all his train
Should bear his first commission o'er the plain;
And then determined to begin the scene
With him that stood before to guard the Queen.

He took a double step: with instant care
Does the black Monarch in his turn prepare
The adverse champion, and with stern command
Bid him repel the charge with equal hand.
There front to front, the midst of all the field,
With furious threats their shining arms they wield
Yet vain the conflict; neither can prevail
While in one path each other they assail.
On ev'ry side to their assistance fly
Their fellow soldiers, and with strong supply
Crowd to the battle, but no bloody stain
Tinctures their armour; sportive in the plain
Mars plays awhile, and in excursion slight
Harmless they sally forth, or wait the fight.
But now the swarthy Foot, that first appear'd
To front the foe, his pond'rous jav'lin rear'd
Leftward aslant, and a pale warrior slays,
Spurns him aside, and boldly takes his place.
Unhappy youth, his danger not to spy!
Instant he fell, and triumph'd but to die.
At this the sable King with prudent care
Removed his station from the middle square.
And slow retiring to the farthest ground,
There safely lurk'd, with troops entrench'd around
Then from each quarter to the war advance
The furious Knights, and poise the trembling lance
By turns they rush, by turns the victors yield;
Heaps of dead Foot choke up the crimson field:
They fall unable to retreat; around
The clang of arms and iron hoofs resound.

But while young Phœbus pleased himself to view
His furious Knight destroy the vulgar crew,
Sly Hermes long'd t' attempt with secret aim
Some noble act of more exalted fame.
For this, he inoffensive pass'd along
Through ranks of Foot, and midst the trembling
throng
Sent his left Horse (that free without confine
Roved o'er the plain) upon some great design
Against the King himself. At length he stood,
And having fix'd his station as he would,
Threaten'd at once with instant fate the King
And th' Indian beast that guarded the right wing.
Apollo sigh'd, and hast'ning to relieve
The straiten'd Monarch, grieved that he must leave
His martial Elephant exposed to fate,
And view'd with pitying eyes his dang'rous state.
First in his thoughts however was his care
To save his King, whom to the neighbouring square
On the right hand, he snatch'd with trembling
flight;
At this with fury springs the sable Knight,
Drew his keen sword, and rising to the blow,
Sent the great Indian brute to shades below
O fatal loss! for none except the Queen
Spreads such a terror through the bloody scene.
"Yet shall you ne'er unpunish'd boast your prize,"
The Delian God with stern resentment cries;
And wedged him round with foot, and pour'd in
fresh supplies.

Thus close besieged, trembling he cast his eye
Around the plain, but saw no shelter nigh,
No way for flight; for here the Queen opposed,
The Foot in phalanx there the passage closed:
At length he fell; yet not unpleased with fate,
Since victim to a Queen's vindictive hate.
With grief and fury burns the whiten'd host,
One of their Tow'rs thus immaturely lost.
As when a bull has in contention stern
Lost his right horn, with double vengeance burn
His thoughts for war, with blood he's cover'd o'er
And the woods echo to his dismal roar,
So look'd the flaxen host, when angry fate
O'erturn'd the Indian bulwark of their state.
Fired at this great success, with double rage
Apollo hurries on his troops t' engage,
For blood and havoc wild; and, while he leads
His troops thus careless, loses both his steeds:
For if some adverse warriors were o'erthrown,
He little thought what dangers threat his own.
But slyer Hermes with observant eyes
March'd slowly cautious, and at distance spies
What moves must next succeed, what dangers next arise.
Often would he, the stately Queen to snare,
The slender Foot to front her arms prepare,
And to conceal his scheme he sighs and feigns
Such a wrong step would frustrate all his pains.
Just then an Archer, from the right-hand view,
At the pale Queen his arrow boldly drew,

Unseen by Phœbus, who, with studious thought,
From the left side a vulgar hero brought.
But tender Venus, with a pitying eye,
Viewing the sad destruction that was nigh,
Wink'd upon Phœbus (for the Goddess sat
By chance directly opposite); at that
Roused in an instant, young Apollo threw
His eyes around the field his troops to view;
Perceived the danger, and with sudden fright
Withdrew the Foot that he had sent to fight,
And saved his trembling Queen by seasonable flight.
But Maia's son with shouts fill'd all the coast:
"The Queen," he cried, "the important Queen is
lost."
Phœbus, howe'er, resolving to maintain
What he had done, bespoke the heavenly train.
"What mighty harm, in sportive mimic fight,
Is it to set a little blunder right,
When no preliminary rule debarr'd?
If you henceforward, Mercury, would guard
Against such practice, let us make the law:
And whosoe'er shall first to battle draw,
Or white, or black, remorseless let him go
At all events, and dare the angry foe."
He said, and this opinion pleased around:
Jove turn'd aside, and on his daughter frown'd,
Unmark'd by Hermes, who, with strange surprise,
Fretted and foam'd, and roll'd his ferret eyes,
And but with great reluctance could refrain
From dashing at a blow all off the plain.

Then he resolved to interweave deceits,—
To carry on the war by tricks and cheats.
Instant he call'd an Archer from the throng,
And bid him like the courser wheel along:
Bounding he springs, and threats the pallid Queen.
The fraud, however, was by Phœbus seen;
He smiled, and turning to the Gods, he said,
"Though, Hermes, you are perfect in your trade,
And you can trick and cheat to great surprise,
These little sleights no more shall blind my eyes
Correct them if you please, the more you thus disguise."
The circle laugh'd aloud; and Maia's son
(As if it had but by mistake been done)
Recall'd his Archer, and with motion due,
Bid him advance, the combat to renew.
But Phœbus watch'd him with a jealous eye,
Fearing some trick was ever lurking nigh,
For he would oft, with sudden sly design,
Send forth at once two combatants to join
His warring troops, against the law of arms,
Unless the wary foe was ever in alarms.

Now the white Archer with his utmost force
Bent the tough bow against the sable Horse,
And drove him from the Queen, where he had stood
Hoping to glut his vengeance with her blood.
Then the right Elephant with martial pride
Roved here and there, and spread his terrors wide
Glittering in arms from far a courser came,
Threaten'd at once the King and Royal Dame;

Thought himself safe when he the post had seized,
And with the future spoils his fancy pleased.
Fired at the danger a young Archer came,
Rush'd on the foe, and levell'd sure his aim;
(And though a Pawn his sword in vengeance draws,
Gladly he'd lose his life in glory's cause.)
The whistling arrow to his bowels flew,
And the sharp steel his blood profusely drew;
He drops the reins, he totters to the ground,
And his life issued murm'ring through the wound.
Pierced by the Foot, this Archer bit the plain;
The Foot himself was by another slain;
And with inflamed revenge, the battle burns again.
Towers, Archers, Knights, meet on the crimson ground,
And the field echoes to the martial sound.
Their thoughts are heated, and their courage fired,
Thick they rush on with double zeal inspired;
Generals and Foot, with different colour'd mien,
Confusedly warring in the camps are seen,—
Valour and Fortune meet in one promiscuous scene.
Now these, victorious, lord it o'er the field;
Now the foe rallies, the triumphant yield:
Just as the tide of battle ebbs or flows.
As when the conflict more tempestuous grows
Between the winds, with strong and boisterous sweep
They plough th' Ionian or Atlantic deep,
By turns prevails the mutual blustering roar,
And the big waves alternate lash the shore.

But in the midst of all the battle raged
The snowy Queen, with troops at once engaged;
She fell'd an Archer as she sought the plain,—
As she retired an Elephant was slain.
To right and left her fatal spears she sent,
Burst through the ranks, and triumph'd as she went;
Through arms and blood she seeks a glorious fate,
Pierces the farthest lines, and nobly great
Leads on her army with a gallant show,
Breaks the battalions, and cuts through the foe.
At length the sable King his fears betray'd,
And begg'd his military consort's aid:
With cheerful speed she flew to his relief,
And met in equal arms the female chief.
Who first, great Queen, and who at last did bleed?
How many Whites lay gasping on the mead?
Half dead, and floating in a bloody tide,
Foot, Knights, and Archer lie on every side.
Who can recount the slaughter of the day,
How many leaders threw their lives away?
The chequer'd plain is fill'd with dying box,
Havoc ensues, and with tumultuous shocks
The different colour'd ranks in blood engage,
And Foot and Horse promiscuously rage.
With nobler courage and superior might
The dreadful Amazons sustain the fight,
Resolved alike to mix in glorious strife,
Till to imperious fate they yield their life.

Meanwhile each Monarch, in a neighbouring
cell
Confined the warriors that in battle fell,
There watch'd the captives with a jealous eye,
Lest, slipping out again, to arms they fly.
But Thracian Mars, in stedfast friendship join'd
To Hermes, as near Phœbus he reclined,
Observed each chance, how all their motions bend,
Resolved if possible to serve his friend.
He a Foot-soldier and a Knight purloin'd
Out from the prison that the dead confined,
And slyly push'd 'em forward on the plain;
Th' enliven'd combatants their arms regain,
Mix in the bloody scene, and boldly war again.
So the foul hag, in screaming wild alarms
O'er a dead carcase muttering her charms,
(And with her frequent and tremendous yell
Forcing great Hecate from out of hell)
Shoots in the corpse a new fictitious soul;
With instant glare the supple eyeballs roll,
Again it moves and speaks, and life informs the
whole.
Vulcan alone discern'd the subtle cheat;
And wisely scorning such a base deceit,
Call'd out to Phœbus. Grief and rage assail
Phœbus by turns; detected Mars turns pale.
Then awful Jove with sullen eye reproved
Mars, and the captives order'd to be moved
To their dark caves; bid each fictitious spear
Be straight recall'd, and all be as they were.

And now both Monarchs with redoubled rage
Led on their Queens, the mutual war to wage.
O'er all the field their thirsty spears they send,
Then front to front their Monarchs they defend.
But lo! the female White rush'd in unseen,
And slew with fatal haste the swarthy Queen;
Yet soon, alas! resign'd her royal spoils,
Snatch'd by a shaft from her successful toils.
Struck at the sight, both hosts in wild surprise
Pour'd forth their tears, and fill'd the air with cries,
They wept and sigh'd, as pass'd the fun'ral train,
As if both armies had at once been slain.

And now each troop surrounds its mourning chief,
To guard his person, or assuage his grief.
One is their common fear; one stormy blast
Has equally made havoc as it pass'd.
Not all, however, of their youth are slain;
Some champions yet the vig'rous war maintain.
Three Foot, an Archer, and a stately Tower,
For Phœbus still exert their utmost power.
Just the same number Mercury can boast,
Except the Tower, who lately in his post
Unarm'd, inglorious fell, in peace profound
Pierced by an Archer with a distant wound;
But his right Horse retain'd its mettled pride,—
The rest were swept away by war's strong tide.

But fretful Hermes, with despairing moan,
Grieved that so many champions were o'erthrown.
Yet reassumes the fight; and summons round
The little straggling army that he found,—

All that had 'scaped from fierce Apollo's rage,—
Resolved with greater caution to engage
In future strife, by subtle wiles (if fate
Should give him leave) to save his sinking state.
The sable troops advance with prudence slow,
Bent on all hazards to distress the foe:
More cheerful Phœbus, with unequal pace,
Rallies his arms to lessen his disgrace.
But what strange havoc everywhere has been!
A straggling champion here and there is seen,
And many are the tents, yet few are left within.
Th' afflicted Kings bewail their consorts dead,
And loathe the thoughts of a deserted bed,
And though each monarch studies to improve
• The tender mem'ry of his former love,
Their state requires a second nuptial tie.
Hence the pale ruler with a love-sick eye
Surveys th' attendants of his former wife,
And offers one of them a royal life.
These, when their martial mistress had been slain,
Weak and despairing tried their arms in vain;
Willing, howe'er, amidst the Black to go,
They thirst for speedy vengeance on the foe.
Then he resolves to see who merits best,
By strength and courage, the imperial vest;
Points out the foe, bids each with bold design
Pierce through the ranks, and reach the deepest line:
For none must hope with monarchs to repose
But who can first, through thick surrounding foes,

Through arms and wiles, with hazardous essay,
Safe to the farthest quarters force their way.
Fired at the thought, with sudden, joyful pace
They hurry on; but first of all the race
Runs the third right-hand warrior for the prize,—
The glitt'ring crown already charms her eyes.
Her dear associates cheerfully give o'er
The nuptial chase; and swift she flies before,
And Glory lent her wings, and the reward in store.
Nor would the sable King her hopes prevent,
For he himself was on a Queen intent,
Alternate, therefore, through the field they go.
Hermes led on, but by a step too slow,
His fourth left Pawn: and now th' advent'rous White
Had march'd through all, and gain'd the wish'd for site.
Then the pleased King gives orders to prepare
The crown, the sceptre, and the royal chair,
And owns her for his Queen: around exult
The snowy troops, and o'er the Black insult.
  Hermes burst into tears,—with fretful roar
Fill'd the wide air, and his gay vesture tore.
The swarthy Foot had only to advance
One single step; but oh! malignant chance!
A tower'd Elephant, with fatal aim,
Stood ready to destroy her when she came:
He keeps a watchful eye upon the whole,
Threatens her entrance, and protects the goal.

Meanwhile the royal new-created bride,
Pleased with her pomp, spread death and terror
wide;
Like lightning through the sable troops she flies,
Clashes her arms, and seems to threat the skies.
The sable troops are sunk in wild affright,
And wish th' earth op'ning snatch'd 'em from her
sight.
In burst the Queen, with vast impetuous swing:
The trembling foes come swarming round the
King,
Where in the midst he stood, and form a valiant
ring.
So the poor cows, straggling o'er pasture land,
When they perceive the prowling wolf at hand,
Crowd close together in a circle full,
And beg the succour of the lordly bull:
They clash their horns, they low with dreadful
sound,
And the remotest groves reëcho round.
But the bold Queen, victorious, from behind
Pierces the foe; yet chiefly she design'd
Against the King himself some fatal aim,
And full of war to his pavilion came.
Now here she rush'd, now there; and had she been
But duly prudent, she had slipp'd between,
With course oblique, into the fourth white square,
And the long toil of war had ended there;
The King had fallen, and all his sable state,
And vanquish'd Hermes cursed his partial fate

For thence with ease the championess might go,
Murder the King, and none could ward the blow
  With silence, Hermes, and with panting heart,
Perceived the danger, but with subtle art,
(Lest he should see the place) spurs on the foe,
Confounds his thoughts, and blames his being slow
"For shame! move on! would you forever stay
What sloth is this, what strange perverse delay?—
How could you e'er my little pausing blame?—
What! you would wait till night shall end the
    game?"
Phœbus, thus nettled, with imprudence slew
A vulgar Pawn, but lost his nobler view.
Young Hermes leap'd, with sudden joy elate;
And then, to save the monarch from his fate,
Led on his martial Knight, who stepp'd between,
Pleased that his charge was to oppose the Queen.
Then, pondering how the Indian beast to slay,
That stopp'd the Foot from making farther way,
From being made a Queen, with slanting aim
An Archer struck him; down the monster came,
And dying shook the earth: while Phœbus tries
Without success the monarch to surprise.
The Foot, then uncontroll'd, with instant pride,
Seized the last spot, and moved a royal bride.
And now with equal strength both war again,
And bring their second wives upon the plain.
Then, though with equal views each hoped and
    fear'd,
Yet, as if every doubt had disappear'd,

As if he had the palm, young Hermes flies
Into excess of joy; with deep disguise,
Extols his own Black troops, with frequent spite
And with invective taunts disdains the White.
Whom Phœbus thus reproved with quick return—
"As yet we cannot the decision learn
Of this dispute, and do you triumph now?
Then your big words and vauntings I'll allow,
When you the battle shall completely gain;
At present I shall make your boasting vain."
He said, and forward led the daring Queen;
Instant the fury of the bloody scene
Rises tumultuous, swift the warriors fly
From either side to conquer or to die.
They front the storm of war: around 'em Fear,
Terror, and Death, perpetually appear.
All meet in arms, and man to man oppose,
Each from their camp attempts to drive their foes;
Each tries by turns to force the hostile lines;
Chance and impatience blast their best designs.
The sable Queen spread terror as she went
Through the mid ranks: with more reserved intent
The adverse dame declined the open fray,
And to the King in private stole away:
Then took the royal guard, and bursting in,
With fatal menace close besieged the King.
Alarm'd at this, the swarthy Queen, in haste,
From all her havoc and destructive waste
Broke off, and her contempt of death to show,
Leap'd in between the monarch and the foe.

To save the King and state from this impending
blow.
But Phœbus met a worse misfortune here:
For Hermes now led forward, void of fear,
His furious Horse into the open plain,
That onward chafed, and pranced, and pawed
amain.
Nor ceased from his attempts until he stood
On the long-wished-for spot, from whence he could
Slay King or Queen. O'erwhelm'd with sudden
fears,
Apollo saw, and could not keep from tears.
Now all seem'd ready to be overthrown;
His strength was wither'd, ev'ry hope was flown.
Hermes, exulting at this great surprise,
Shouted for joy, and fill'd the air with cries;
Instant he sent the Queen to shades below,
And of her spoils made a triumphant show.
But in return, and in his mid career,
Fell his brave Knight, beneath the Monarch's spear.
Phœbus, however, did not yet despair,
But still fought on with courage and with care.
He had but two poor common men to show,
And Mars's favourite with his iv'ry bow.
The thoughts of ruin made 'em dare their best
To save their King, so fatally distress'd;
But the sad hour required not such an aid,
And Hermes breathed revenge where'er he stray'd.
Fierce comes the sable Queen with fatal threat,
Surrounds the monarch in his royal seat;

Rush'd here and there, nor rested till she slew
The last remainder of the whiten'd crew.
Sole stood the King, the midst of all the plain,
Weak and defenceless, his companions slain.
As when the ruddy morn ascending high
Has chased the twinkling stars from all the sky,
Your star, fair Venus, still retains its light,
And, loveliest, goes the latest out of sight.
No safety's left, no gleams of hope remain;
Yet did he not as vanquish'd quit the plain,
But tried to shut himself between the foe,—
Unhurt through swords and spears he hoped to go,
Until no room was left to shun the fatal blow.
For if none threaten'd his immediate fate,
And his next move must ruin all his state,
All their past toil and labour is in vain,
Vain all the bloody carnage of the plain,—
Neither would triumph then, the laurel neither gain
Therefore through each void space and desert tent,
By different moves his various course he bent:
The Black King watch'd him with observant eye,
Follow'd him close, but left him room to fly.
Then when he saw him take the farthest line,
He sent the Queen his motions to confine,
And guard the second rank, that he could go
No farther now than to that distant row.
The sable monarch then with cheerful mien
Approach'd, but always with one space between.
But as the King stood o'er against him there.
Helpless, forlorn, and sunk in his despair,

The martial Queen her lucky moment knew,
Seized on the farthest seat with fatal view,
Nor left th' unhappy King a place to flee unto.
At length in vengeance her keen sword she draws,
Slew him, and ended thus the bloody cause:
And all the gods around approved it with applause.
The victor could not from his insults keep,
But laugh'd and sneer'd to see Apollo weep.
Jove call'd him near, and gave him in his hand
The powerful, happy, and mysterious wand
By which the Shades are call'd to purer day,
When penal fire has purged their sins away;
By which the guilty are condemn'd to dwell
In the dark mansions of the deepest hell;
By which he gives us sleep, or sleep denies,
And closes at the last the dying eyes.
Soon after this, the heavenly victor brought
The game on earth, and first th' Italians taught.
For (as they say) fair Scacchis he espied
Feeding her cygnets in the silver tide,
(Scacchis, the loveliest Seriad of the place)
And as she stray'd, took her to his embrace.
Then, to reward her for her virtue lost,
Gave her the men and chequer'd board, emboss'd
With gold and silver curiously inlay'd,
And taught her how the game was to be play'd.
Ev'n now 'tis honour'd with her happy name;
And Rome and all the world admire the game:
All which the Seriads told me heretofore,
When my boy-notes amused the Serian shore.

THE END.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ

THIS EDITION OF

GRAY

IS INSCRIBED

WITH FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM

BY THE EDITOR

SONNET.

A LONELY Man he was, from whom these lays
Flow'd in his cloister'd musings: He in scorn
Held them, the unfeeling multitude, who born
For deeds of nobler purpose, their ripe days
Waste amidst fraudful industry, to raise
Inglorious wealth.—But He, life's studious morn
Gave to the Muse, so best might he adorn
His thoughtful brow with never-dying bays.
And well the Muse repaid him. She hath given
An unsubstantial world of richer fee;
High thoughts, unchanging visions, that the leaven
Of earth partake not;—Rich then must he be,
Who of this cloudless world, this mortal heaven,
Possesseth in his right the Sovereignty.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY.

BY JOHN MITFORD.

Thomas Gray, the subject of the present narrative, was the *fifth child* of Mr. Philip Gray, a respectable citizen and money-scrivener in London. His grandfather was also a considerable merchant in that place. The maiden name of his mother was Dorothy Antrobus. Thomas was born in Cornhill, the 26th of December, 1716; and was the only one of twelve children who survived. The rest died in their infancy, from suffocation, produced by a fullness of blood; and he owed his life to a memorable instance of the love and courage of his mother, who removed the paroxysm, which attacked him, by opening a vein with her own hand: an instance of affection that seems to have been most tenderly preserved by him through his after life, repaid with care and attention, and remembered when the object of his filial solicitudes could no longer claim them. Mason informs us, "that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh."

He was educated at Eton, under the protection of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at

that time assistant to Dr. George, and also a fellow of Pembroke College, at Cambridge, where Gray was admitted as a pensioner in 1734, in his nineteenth year. I should be unwilling to pass over this period of his life, without mentioning that while at Eton, as well as at Cambridge, he depended for his entire support on the affection and firmness of his mother; who, when his father had refused all assistance, cheerfully maintained him on the scanty produce of her separate industry. At Eton his friendship with Horace Walpole, and more particularly with Richard West,* commenced. In him he met with one, who, from the goodness of his heart, the sincerity of his friendship, and the excellent cultivation of his mind, was worthy of his warmest attachment. The purity of taste, indeed, as well as the proficiency in literature which the letters of West display, were re-

* Richard West was the son of the right honourable Richard West, lord chancellor of Ireland; who died in 1727 or 1728, aged 36; and his grandfather, by the mother's side, was Bishop Burnet. His father was the maternal uncle of Glover the poet, and is supposed to be the author of a tragedy called 'Hecuba,' published in 1726. Mason says that, when at school, West's genius was thought to be more brilliant than his friend's. A portrait of the father is in the hall of the Inner Temple, given by Richard Glover. He was appointed Lord Chancellor in the reign of George the First, in 1725. He wrote on Treasons and Bills of Attainder, also on the Manner of Creating Peers. See this last tract highly praised in Quarterly Review, No. lxxxiv. p. 303. See King's poem, The Toast, p. 117.

markable at his age; and his studious and pensive habits of mind, his uncertain health, and his early and untimely death, have all contributed to throw "a melancholy grace" over the short and interesting narrative of his life. With him, for the period of eight years, Gray enjoyed what the moralist calls "the most virtuous as well as the happiest of all attachments — the wise security of friendship: 'Par studiis, ævique modis.'" Latterly, when West's health was declining, and his *prospects in life seemed clouded* and *uncertain*, Gray's friendship was affectionate and anxious, and only terminated by the early death of his friend in his twenty-sixth year.

When Gray removed to Peter House, Horace Walpole* went to King's College in the same university, and West to Christ Church at Oxford. From this period the life of Gray is conducted by his friend and biographer Mr. Mason, through the

* In H. Walpole's Works are some letters between West and Walpole at College (vol. iv. p. 411). The intimacy between Gray, Walpole, West, and Asheton, was called the quadruple alliance; and they passed by the names of Tydeus, *Orosmades, Almanzor, and Plato.* Thomas Asheton was afterwards fellow of Eton College, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate Street, and preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. He wrote an answer to a work of Dr. Conyers Middleton. Walpole addressed a poetical epistle from Florence to him. See Gray's Letters, and Walpole's Works, vol v p 356. Asheton died in 1775 His niece of the same name married Dr William Cleaver, Bishop of St. Asaph. See an account of him in Sir Egerton Brydges's Restituta, vol iv p. 249

medium of his Letters;* concerning which it may be said, that from the humour, the elegance, and the classical taste displayed in them; from the alternate mixture of serious argument, animated description, just criticism, and playful expression; notwithstanding the incidents of his life were peculiarly few in number, nor any of them remarkable,. yet a more interesting publication of the kind never appeared in English literature.

Gray's Letters commence, as I have said, from the time when he left Eton for Cambridge; but from them it is difficult to trace the line of study which he pursued at College. His letters treat chiefly of his poetry, and other private pursuits; and he seems to have withdrawn himself entirely from the severity of mathematical studies, and to have confined his inquiries to classical literature, *to the acquisition of modern languages, to history*, and other branches of what is called polite learning. West describes himself and his friend as walking hand in hand,

> "Through many a flow'ry path and shelly grot,
> Where Learning lull'd us in her *private* maze."

During Gray's residence at College, from 1734 to September, 1738, his poetical productions were —'A Copy of Latin verses,' inserted in the '*Musæ*

* Mason followed the plan of C. Middleton in his Life of Cicero, and of Quirini in his Life of Cardinal Pole. See Pye's Life of Pole, p. 177.

Etonenses;' another 'On the Marriage of the Prince of Wales;' and 'A Sapphic Ode to West. A small part of his 'Translation from Statius,' Mr. Mason has given; but has withheld a Latin Version of the '*Care Selve beate*' of the Pastor Fido, and an English translation of part of the fourteenth canto of Tasso's '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' which is inserted in the present edition. From September till the following March, Gray resided at his father's house; but his correspondence with West, who was then with his mother at Epsom, his biographer has thought it unnecessary to insert.

At the request of Horace Walpole, Gray accompanied him in his travels through France and Italy, and deferred his intended study of the law. From letters to his friend West, and to his own family, we have an account of his pursuits while abroad. He seems to have been, as we might have expected, a very studious and diligent traveller. His attention was directed to all the works of art that were curious and instructive. Architecture both of Gothic and Grecian origin, painting, and music, were all studied by him. He appears to have applied diligently to the language; nor did the manners and customs of the inhabitants escape his attention. Like Addison, he compared with the descriptions of ancient authors the modern appearance of the countries through which he passed. There are, indeed, few gratifications more exquisite than those which we experience in being able to

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identify the scenes, and realize the descriptions, which have been long consecrated in the mind by genius and by virtue; which have supplied the fancy with its earliest images, and are connected in the memory with its most lasting associations. In such moments as these, we appear to be able suddenly to arrest the progress and lessen the devastations of time. We hardly contemplate with regret the ages that have passed in silence and oblivion; and we behold, for the first time, the fading and faint descriptions of language, stamped with the fresh impressions of reality and truth. The letters which Gray wrote from Italy were not intended for publication, and do not contain a regular account of the observations which he made: but are rather detached and entertaining descriptions, intended for the amusement of his friends at home. Every thing which he thought of importance was committed to his journal. "He catalogued," says Mr. Mason, "and made occasional short remarks on the pictures which he saw. He wrote a minute description of every thing which he saw in his tour from Rome to Naples; as also of the environs of Rome, Florence, &c They abound with many uncommon remarks, and pertinent classical quotations.'

The route chosen by the travellers was one usually taken: — from Paris, through Rheims (where they stayed three months, principally to accustom themselves to the French language) to Lyons

whence they took a short excursion to Geneva, over the mountains of Savoy; and by Turin, Genoa, and Bologna to Florence. There they passed the winter in the company of Mr. Horace Mann, the envoy at that court.* In March, 1740, Clement the Twelfth, then Pope, died; and they hastened their journey to Rome, in the hope of seeing the installation of his successor.† That Gray would have wished to have extended his travels, and enlarged his prospect beyond these narrow limits, if he had possessed the power, we know from his subsequent advice to a friend who was commencing his travels: "Tritum viatorum compitum calca, et, cum poteris, desere." And the following passage sketches the outline of an Italian tour, which, I believe, few of our travellers have ever completed: "I conclude, when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country. Throw yourselves into the bosom of the Apennine; survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus; catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno; expatiate to the very toe of the continent; perhaps strike over the faro of Messina; and having measured the gigantic co-

* See Walpole's Works, vol iv. p. 423. Sir Horace Mann died in 1786 at Florence, where he had resided forty-six years as his Britannic Majesty's minister, at the Court of the Grand Duke.

† Ibid. p. 440

lumns of Girgenti and the tremendous cavern of Syracusa, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. — *Oh! che bel riposo!*"

In May, after a visit to the Frascati and the Cascades of Tivoli, Gray sent his beautiful 'Alcaic Ode' to West. In June he made a short excursion to Naples; and was charmed with the scenery that presented itself in that most delightful climate. He describes the large old fig-trees, the oranges in bloom, the myrtles in every hedge, and the vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. He must have been among the first English travellers who visited the remains of Herculaneum,* as it was discovered only the preceding year; and he pointed out to his companion, the description in Statius that pictured the latent city:

"Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
Litoribus, fractas ubi Vesbius egerit iras,

---

* Some excavations were made in Herculaneum in 1709 by the Prince D'Elbeuf: but thirty years elapsed after the orders given to the Prince to dig no farther, before any more notice was taken of them. In December, 1738, the King of the two Sicilies was at Portici, and gave orders for a prosecution of the subterraneous labours. There was an excavation in the time of the Romans; and another in 1689. In a letter from H. Walpole to West on this subject (see Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 448), dated Naples, June 14, 1740, is a passage which shows Mr. Mason's conjecture, that the travellers did not recognise the ancient town of Herculaneum by name, to be unfounded. H. Walpole calls it by that name in his letter

> Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis
> Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
> Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
> Infra urbes, populosque premi?"
>
> Statii Sylv. IV. iv. 78.

At Naples the travellers stayed ten days; and Gray's next letter to his father, in which he talks of his return to England, is dated again from Florence; and whence he sent, soon after, his Poem on the 'Gaurus' to West. He remained, however, at that place about eleven months; and during this time commenced his Latin poem '*De Principiis Cogitandi*.' He then set off with Walpole, on the 24th of April, for Bologna and Reggio,† at the latter of which towns an unfortunate difference took place between them, and they parted. The exact cause of this quarrel has been passed over by the delicacy of his biographer, because H. Walpole was alive when the Memoirs of Gray were written. The former, however, charged himself with the chief blame; and lamented that he had not paid more attention and deference to Gray's superior judg-

* See also Martial. Epig Lib iv. Ep. 43, ed Delph and the note by Stephens on Statii Sylv v. 3 205, p. 155

> Jamque et flere pio Vesuvina incendia cantu
> Mens erat, &c

† Dr. Johnson has two slight mistakes in his 'Life of Gray. He says that they quarrelled at *Florence* and parted, instead of Reggio. He says also, that Gray began his poem '*De Principiis Cogitandi*' after his return but it was commenced in the winter of 1740, at Florence.

ment and prudence. In the '*Walpoliana*' (vol. i. p. 95, art. cx.) is the following passage: "The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraint of the University, with as much money as I could spend; and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c., whilst I was for perpetual balls and plays; — the fault was mine." Perhaps the freedom of friendship spoke too openly to please: for in a letter from Walpole to Mr. Bentley, some years afterwards, he says: "I was accustomed to flattery enough when my father was minister: at his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir C. Williams, who has no time from flattery, himself; *and with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me.*"* Whatever was the cause of this quarrel, it must have been very serious, if the information is correct which is given in the manuscript of the Rev. W. Cole, a person who appears to have lived in terms of intimacy with

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 334. In a letter from Gray to Walpole in 1751, is a sentence which seems to point towards this quarrel: "It is a tenet with me, (he says) — a simple one, you will perhaps say, — that if ever two people who love one another come to breaking, it is for want of a timely *éclaircissement*, a full and precise one, without witnesses or mediators, and without reserving one disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence." See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 389.

Gray during the latter part of his life. "When matters (he says) were made up between Gray and Walpole, and the latter asked Gray to Strawberry Hill, when he came, he without any ceremony told Walpole, that he came to wait on him as civility required, but by no means would he ever be there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled." Such is the account given by Mr. Cole, and which I suppose is worthy of credit: at any rate, it does not seem at all inconsistent with the independence and manly freedom which always accompanied the actions and opinions of Gray.*

Having thus lost his companion, and, with the separation of friendship, all inducement to remain abroad, Gray went immediately to Venice, and returned through Padua and Milan, following almost the same road through France, which he had travelled before. If he sent any letters to West on his return,† it was not thought requisite to publish them: those to his father were only accounts of his health and safety. Though he returned to England

* For a further elucidation of this subject, the reader is referred to the second volume of *the Aldine edition of Gray's Works*, p. 174–5, where I have stated what are the *supposed* causes of the quarrel, and the terms of the reconciliation will be best learned, from the expressions which Gray uses in his letter to Mr. Wharton on this subject

† Some letters from Walpole to West, while the former was on his travels with Gray, are in Walpole's Works, vol. iv p. 419—463 There is one letter from Reggio, May 10th, but not mentioning any quarrel, nor even Gray by name

as speedily and directly as he could, yet he once diverged from his way, between Turin and Lyons, again to contemplate the wild and magnificent scenery that surrounded the Grande Chartreuse; and in the Album of the Fathers he wrote his beautiful 'Alcaic Ode,' which bears strong marks of proceeding from a mind deeply impressed with the solemnity of the situation; where "every precipice and cliff was pregnant with religion and poetry." *

In two months after the return of Gray in 1741, his father died,† his constitution being worn out by repeated attacks of the gout; and Gray's filial duty was now solely directed to his mother. To the friend who condoled with Pope on his father's death, he answered in the pious language of Euryalus,—"Genitrix est mihi,"—and Gray, in the like circumstances, assuredly felt no less the pleasure that arose from contributing to preserve the life and happiness of a parent. With a small fortune, which her husband's imprudence had materially impaired,‡ Mrs. Gray and a maiden sister retired to the house

* See Letter XI. dated Turin, November 16, 1739.

† Gray came to town about the 1st of September, 1741. His father died on the 6th of November following, at the age of 65. *Mason.*

‡ Mr. Philip Gray built a country house at Wanstead, at a very considerable expense, which was sold after his death at £2000 less than its original cost. It was purchased by Alderman Ball, who was still resident in it in 1776. *Isaac Reed.*

of Mrs. Rogers,* another sister, at Stoke, near Windsor: and Gray, thinking his fortune not sufficient to enable him to prosecute the study of the law, and yet unwilling to hurt the feelings of his mother, by appearing entirely to forsake his profession, changed or pretended to change the line of study, and went to Cambridge *to take his degree* in civil law. That in his own mind, however, he had entirely given up all thoughts of his profession, seems to appear from a letter to West: "Alas for one (he says) who has nothing to do but to amuse himself! I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks'; but no matter, it makes the hours pass, and is better than *ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμουσίᾳ καταβιῶναι*."

"But the narrowness of his circumstances," says Mr. Mason, "was not the only thing that distressed him at this period. He had, as we have seen, lost the friendship of Mr. Walpole abroad. He had also lost much time in his travels; a loss which application could not easily retrieve, when so severe and laborious a study as that of the Common Law was to be the object of it; and he well knew that whatever improvement he might have made in this interval, either in taste or science, such improvement would stand him in little stead with regard to his present situation and exigencies.

* Mason describes Mrs. Rogers as the widow of a clergyman, but Isaac Reed, in a MS. note, has said that he was a gentleman of the law.

This was not all: his other friend, Mr. West, he found on his return oppressed by sickness and a load of family misfortunes. These the sympathizing heart of Mr. Gray made his own. He did all in his power (for he was now with him in London) to soothe the sorrows of his friend, and try to alleviate them by every office of the purest and most perfect affection: but his cares were vain. The distresses of Mr. West's mind had already too far affected a body from the first weak and delicate."

West was indeed at this time rapidly declining in health, and had gone into Hertfordshire for the benefit of the air. To him Gray sent part of his Tragedy of 'Agrippina,' then commenced; and which, Mr. Mason thinks, was suggested by a favourable impression left on his mind from a representation of the *Britannicus* of Racine. His friend objected to the length of Agrippina's speech; and the Fragment is now published, not exactly as Gray left it, but altered by Mr. Mason from the suggestions of West. The plan of this play seems to have been drawn after the model of the plays of Racine; though it displays perhaps more spirit and genius than ever informed the works of that elegant and correct tragedian. Mr. Mason, in a letter to Dr. Beattie, mentions among the Poetry left by Gray, "the opening scene of a tragedy called Agrippina, with the first speech of the second written much in Racine's manner, and with man

masterly strokes."* The language resembles rather that of Rowe or Addison, than of Shakespeare; though it is more highly wrought, and more closely compacted. If finished, it would, I think, have delighted the scholar in the closet; but it is too descriptive to have pleased upon the stage. *Βαστάζονται δὲ οἱ ἀναγνωστικοί ..... Καὶ παραβαλλόμενοι, οἱ μὲν τῶν γραφικῶν, ἐν τοῖς ἀγῶσι στενοὶ φαίνονται.*†

Gray now employed himself in the perusal of the ancient authors. He mentions that he was reading Thucydides, Theocritus, and Anacreon. He translated some parts of Propertius with great elegance of language and versification, and selected for his Italian studies the poetry of Petrarch. He wrote an Heroic Epistle in Latin, in imitation of the manner of Ovid; and a Greek Epigram, which he communicated to West: to whom also in the summer, when he retired to his family at Stoke, he sent

* I have said that Gray kept an attentive eye upon Racine during the composition of his tragedy; an assertion, I think, that the notes will serve to prove but the learned Mr Twining, in his notes on Aristotle's Poetics, (p. 385, 4to.) says: "I have often wondered what it was that could attach Mr. Gray so strongly to a poet whose genius was so little analogous to his own. I must confess I cannot, even in the Dramatic Fragment given us by Mr Mason, discover any other resemblance to Racine, than in the length of the speeches. The fault, indeed, is Racine's; its beauties are surely of a higher order," &c.

† *Aristotelis Rhetorica*, lib. γ cap xii.

his 'Ode to Spring,' which was written there, but which did not arrive in Hertfordshire till after the death of his beloved friend.* West died only twenty days after he had written the Letter to Gray, which concludes with "*Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis.*" So little (says Mr. Mason) was the amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered amongst the living.

I shall here insert a very correct and judicious criticism, on a censure made by Johnson of an expression in Gray's Ode to Spring, by the late

* West was buried in the chancel of Hatfield church, beneath a stone, with the following epitaph: "Here lieth the body of Richard West, esq. only son of the right honourable Richard West, esq. lord chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1st of June, 1742, in the 26th year of his age." West's poems have never been fully collected. There is one, 'An Ode to Mary Magdalene,' in Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 419: another in Dalrymple's Songs, p. 142. In the European Magazine for January, 1798, p. 45, is a poem said to be written by him, called 'Damon to Philomel;' and a Copy of Verses on his Death, supposed to be written by his uncle, Judge Burnet. In Walpole's Works, vol. i. p. 204, is a well known Epigram which was written by West, 'Time and Thomas Hearne,' which was printed by Mr. Walpole in a paper intended for the 'World,' but not sent, and which is commonly attributed to Swift. It appears also, that part of the tragedy of Pausanias is extant in MS. See the editor's note in Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 458; also his translation of Tibullus. See Mason's Gray, vol. i. p. 25. The collection of his poems by Dr. Anderson, in the edition of the British Poets, is very incomplete: and Mr. Alexander Chalmers, in his subsequent edition, has omitted them entirely

Lord Grenville, a criticism which does credit to his Lordship's learning and taste.*

"'There has of late arisen,' says Johnson, in his Life of Gray, 'a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives, the termination of participles: such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* spring.'

"A scholar, like Johnson, might have remembered that *mellitus* is used by Catullus, Cicero, and Horace, and that *honied* itself is found both in Shakspeare and in Milton. But to say nothing of the general principles of all language, how could the writer of an English Dictionary be ignorant that the ready conversion of our substantives into verbs, participles, and participial adjectives, is of the very essence of our own tongue, derived to it from its Saxon origin, and a main source of its energy and richness?

"1st. In the instances of verbs and participles, this is too obvious to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such verbs as to *plough*, to *witness*, to *pity*, to *ornament*, together with the participles regularly formed from them are among the commonest words in our language. Shakspeare, in a ludicrous but expressive phrase, has converted even a proper name into a participle of this description: 'Petruchio,' he says, 'is kated. — The epithet of a *hectoring* fellow is a more familiar instance of a

* See Nugæ Metricæ, by Lord Grenville privately printed

participle similarly formed, though strangely distorted in its use to express a meaning almost the opposite of its original.

"2ndly. These participles of verbs thus derived, like all other participles, when used to denote *habitual* attributes, pass into adjectives. Winged, feathered, thatched, painted, and innumerable others are indiscriminately used in both these forms, according to the construction of the sentence, and its context. And the transition is so easy, that in many passages it may be doubted to which of these two parts of speech such words should properly be referred.

"3rdly. Between these participial adjectives, and those which Johnson condemns, there is the closest analogy. Both are derived from substantives; and both have the termination of participles. The latter, such words for instance, as *honied*, *daisied*, *tapestried*, *slippered*, and the like, differ from the others only in not being referable to any yet established verb; but so little material is the difference, that there is hardly one of these cases, in which the corresponding verb might not, if it were wanted, be formed and used, in strict conformity with the genius of our language. *Sugared* is an epithet frequent in our ancient poetry, and its use was properly long anterior to that of the verb, of which it now appears to be a participle. But that verb has since been fully adopted into our language. We now *sugar* our cups, as

freely as our ancestors *spiced* and *drugged* them, and no reason can be assigned, why, if such were our practice, we might not also *honey* them, with equal propriety of speech.

"4thly. On the same analogy we form another very numerous and very valuable class of adjectives, compound epithets, derived like the others, from substantives, and like them terminating as participles, but having prefixed to them the signification of some additional attribute. Such are in common speech, four-footed, open-hearted, short-sighted, good-natured, and the like. In poetry we trace them from the *well-envyned* franklin of Chaucer, through the most brilliant pages of all his successors to the present hour. What reader of Shakspeare or Milton needs to be reminded of even-handed, high-flighted, and trumpet-tongued, or of full-voiced, flowery-kirtled, and fiery-wheeled? All these expressive and beautiful combinations, Johnson's canon would banish from our language.

"His criticism therefore recoils on himself. The poet has followed the usage of his native tongue, and the example of its best masters. The grammarian appears unacquainted both with its practice and its principles. The censure serves only to betray the evil passions, which in a very powerful and well-intentioned, but very ill-regulated mind, the success of a contemporary had been permitted to excite.

"The true spirit indeed of this criticism appears

with no less force in what almost immediately follows, where Johnson attempts to ridicule a passage which few other men have read without delight, Gray's beautiful invocation of the Thames, in the Ode on Eton College — 'Say, Father Thames, &c. 'This is useless,' he says, 'and puerile.' Father Thames had no better means of 'knowing than himself.' He forgets his own address to the Nile in Rasselas, for a purpose so very similar; and he expects his readers to forget one of the most affecting passages in Virgil. Father Thames might wel know as much of the sports of boys as the 'great Father of Waters' knew of the discontents of men, or the Tiber himself of the obsequies of Marcellus."

In the autumn of 1742, Gray composed the ode on 'A distant Prospect of Eton College,' and the 'Hymn to Adversity.' The 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard' was commenced. An affectionate Sonnet in English, and an Apostrophe which opens the fourth book of his poem '*De Principiis Cogitandi*,' (his last composition in Latin verse,) bear strong marks of the sorrow left on his mind from the death of West; and of the real affection with which he honoured the memory of his worth, and of his talents.

Mr. Mason thinks that Gray did not finish this poem, on account of the unfavourable reception, or rather neglect, of the Anti-Lucretius* of the Car-

* This poem had the honour of being corrected by Boileau and altered by Louis the XIVth. The author was so long

dinal Melchior de Polignac; a poem which had been long expected, and appeared about that time. The failure, however, of M. de Polignac's poem may be attributed partly to its length, (for it contains above thirteen thousand verses,) and to a want of sufficient variety and digression in the composition. The versification is not always finished and compact, and the language has lost much of its elegance in the endeavour to accommodate it with precision to the subject.

Gray's residence at Cambridge was now continued, not from any partiality to the place where he received his education, but partly from the scantiness of his income, and in a great measure, no doubt, for the convenience which its libraries afforded.* Original composition he almost entirely

employed on it, and recited it so often, that many parts were stolen, and inserted in the works of other authors. Le Clerc got a fragment by heart, and published it in one of his literary journals. The cardinal died while his work was unfinished, and before he could add two more books to it against the Deists See Anecdotes par Grimm, vol. i. p. 455 The line written under Franklin's picture, "Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—is an imitation of one in the Anti-Lucretius, "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas."

* In a note to the Spital Sermon, p. 117, Dr. Parr says: "After the opportunities which Mr Gray enjoyed, and of which he doubtless had availed himself, for observing the state of literature and the characters of literary men upon the Continent, he did not merely visit the University, but fixed his chief residence there. And of a choice to which he adhered so steadily and so long, the scantiness of his fortune, the love of books, and the easy access he had to them in many libraries,

neglected; but his time was so assiduously occupied in a regular and studious perusal of the best Greek authors, that in six years he had read all the writers of eminence in that language, digesting and arranging their contents, remarking their peculiarities, and noting their corrupt and difficult passages with great accuracy and diligence. In the winter of 1742, he was admitted a bachelor of civil law; and a short recreation of his studies appears in a 'Fragment of an Address to Ignorance,' which contains a satire on the University where he resided,* whose system of education he always disliked and ridiculed, and against which he used to speak so openly, as to create many enemies. It is plain, from his Letters, that he

will hardly be considered as the *sole motives*." Dr. Parr, however, does not assign any other motives that influenced Gray, in his choice of the University for a residence.

Nec tu credideris urbanæ commoda vitæ
Quærere Nasonem, quærit et illa tamen.
Ov. Ep. ex Pont. 1. 8. 29.

* In p. 117 of the Spital Sermon, Dr. Parr says: "At that very time in which Mr. Gray spoke so contemptuously of Cambridge, that very University abounded in men of erudition and science, with whom the first scholars would not have disdained to converse: and who shall convict me of exaggeration, when I bring forward the names of Bentley, Davies, Asheton — of Jesus: Provost Snape, Middleton, Tunstall the public orator, Baker — of St. John's: Edmund Law, John Taylor, Thomas Johnson, Waterland, Whaley (afterwards regius professor of divinity), Smith (the nephew of Cotes), afterwards master of Trinity, Roger Long, Colson, the correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Saunderson?"

thought the attention and time bestowed there on mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, would have been more profitably spent in classical studies. There is some resemblance in the style of this Fragment to part of Pope's Dunciad; the fourth book of which had appeared but a year or two before: and Gray, I should think, had that poem in his mind when he wrote these lines, to ridicule what he calls "that ineffable Octogrammaton, the power of laziness."

In 1744 the difference between Walpole and Gray was adjusted by the interference of a lady who wished well to both parties. The lapse of three years had probably been sufficient, in some degree, to soften down, though not entirely obliterate, the remembrance of supposed injuries on either side; natural kindness of temper had reassumed its place, and we find their correspondence again proceeding on friendly and familiar terms. About this time Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's College, whose poetical talents he had noticed; and some of whose poems he revised at the request of a friend. He maintained a correspondence with his intimate and respectable friend, Dr. Wharton, of Durham; and he seems to have lived on terms of familiarity with the celebrated Dr. Middleton,* whose loss

* Dr. Middleton died the 28th of July, 1750, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at Hildersham, in Cambridgeshire

he afterwards laments. "I find a friend (he says) so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it.

In the year 1747, the 'Ode to Eton College,' the first production of Gray that appeared in print, was published in folio, by Dodsley. Dr. Warton, in his Essay on Pope, informs us, that "little notice was taken of it, on its first publication."

Walpole wished him to print his own poems with those of his deceased friend West. This, however, he declined, thinking the materials not sufficient: but he complied with another wish of Walpole, in commemorating in an Ode the death of his favourite cat. To this little poem I may be permitted to apply the words of Cicero, when speaking of a work of his own: "Non est enim tale, ut in arte poni possit, quasi illa Minerva Phidiæ; sed tamen, ut ex eâdem officinâ, exisse appareat."* Soon after this, he sent to Dr. Wharton a part of his poem 'On the Alliance of Education and Government.' He never pursued this subject much further. About a hundred lines remain; and the commentary proceeds a little beyond the poem. Mr. Mason thinks that he dropped it from finding some of his best thoughts forestalled by M. de Montesquieu's L'Esprit des Loix,† which ap-

* *Vide* Ciceronis Præf. Paradoxa. ed. Olivet, vol. iii. p. 356 Paris.

† Compare Montesquieu, L'Esprit des Loix, liv. xiv. chap 8.

peared at that time: and other reasons, which I have elsewhere stated, probably concurred in inducing him to leave unfinished, a very fine specimen of a philosophical poem. Some time after, says Mr. Mason, he had thoughts of resuming his plan, and of dedicating his poem by an introductory Ode to M. de Montesquieu; but that great man's death, which happened in 1755, made him drop his design finally.

Gray was now forming for his own instruction a Table of Greek Chronology, which extended from the 30th to the 113th Olympiad, a period of 332 years; and which, while it did not exclude public events, was chiefly designed to compare the time of all great men, their writings and transactions. Mr. Mason, who saw this work, says, "that every page was in nine columns: one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the Public Affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators." *

Greek literature about this time seems to have been his constant study. He says in a letter: "I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through; and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar, and Lysias; for I take verse and prose together like bread and cheese."

* See Gibbon's Rome, vol. iii. p. 249. A plan similar to this has been executed by Edw. Corsinus, in his '*Fasti Attici*,' four volumes 4to. Florence, 1764

In the year 1749, on the death of Mrs. Antrobus, his mother was deprived of a sister and affectionate companion; which loss, if we may judge by a letter of Gray, was a most severe affliction. It is not improbable that this circumstance may have turned his thoughts towards finishing his 'Elegy,'* which was commenced some time before. Whether that were the case or not, it now however received his last corrections, was communicated to Walpole, and handed about in manuscript with great applause, among the higher circles of society. It was so popular, that when it was printed, Gray expressed his surprise at the rapidity of the sale; which Mr. Mason attributed, and, I think, justly, to the affecting and pensive cast of the subject. "It spread," he said, "at first, on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the subject, just like Hervey's Meditations on the Tombs. Soon after its publication, I remember sitting with Mr. Gray in his College apartment, he expressed to me his

* The thought of that fine stanza in the Elegy, especially of the latter lines —

"Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" —

is expressed more briefly in the following passage of Plautus

"Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent.
Hic qualis imperator, nunc privatus est."
Captiv. act. iv. sc. 2

surprise at the rapidity of its sale.' I replied:

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

He paused awhile, and taking his pen, wrote the line on a printed copy of it lying on his table. 'This,' said he, 'shall be its future motto.' 'Pity,' cried I, 'that Dr. Young's Night Thoughts have preoccupied it.' 'So,' replied he, 'indeed it is.' He had more reason to think I had hinted at the true cause of its popularity, when he found how different a reception his two odes at first met with." *

Pathetic composition, which is employed in describing to us our own griefs, or the sufferings of others, makes its way to the heart at once; it always finds some disposition of the mind favourable to receive it, some passion which cannot resist its power, some feelings which participate in its sorrows. Much time elapses, before works of elaborate structure, of lofty flight, and of learned allusion, gain possession of the public mind, and are placed in their proper rank in literature. While the 'Bard' and the 'Progress of Poetry' were but little read on their first appearance, Gray received at once the full measure of praise from the 'Elegy:' and perhaps even at this time, the Elegy † is the most popular of all his poems. Dr.

* Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 84.

† This Elegy was translated into Latin verse by Messrs. Anstey and Roberts, and not so successfully by Mr. Lloyd. It has been translated also into Greek by Dr. Cooke, of King's College,

only son of the learned Dr. Bentley, and the friend of Walpole; a person of various and elegant acquirements, as well as of very considerable talents. To him Gray addressed a Copy of Verses, highly extolling his powers as a painter. The original drawings in Walpole's possession, Mr. Mason says, are infinitely superior to the prints; but even with this allowance, the praise must be considered rather friendly than just; since their merit consists in the grotesque and quaint fancy which marks the designs; in the whimsical manner in which the painter has embellished the images of the poet; and which, if it were intended to correspond to the style of the 'Long Story,' would not be an unsuccessful effort of the sister-art. The tributes, however, which are paid by Friendship to Genius, ought not to be sparing or scanty: and Gray might remember the example of Dryden and of Pope, in their complimentary eulogies on Kneller.

In March 1753, he lost the mother, whom he had so long and so affectionately loved; and he

plate in the etchings of Bentley; and that his uncle has completely libelled both his poet and his patron without intending to do so." Mr. Cumberland says, at p. 216 of the same volume, that Gray wrote an elaborate critique on a play of Bentley's writing called 'Philodamus,' which was acted at Coven Garden. For an account of R. Bentley see Brydges' Restituta, vol. iv. p. 364. Scott's Lives of the Novelists, vol. ii p. 235. Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons, i. p. 360. R Bentley died Oct. 1782.

placed over her remains an inscription which strongly marks his piety and sorrow:

> Beside her Friend and Sister,
> Here sleep the Remains of
> Dorothy Gray,
> Widow; the careful tender Mother
> Of many Children; one of whom alone
> Had the Misfortune to survive her.
> She died March xi. MDCCLIII.
> Aged LXXII.*

It is usually supposed that Gray's 'Ode on the Progress of Poetry' was written in 1755. From a letter to Walpole it appears that it was then finished, excepting a few lines at the end. He mentions his being so unfortunate as to come too late for Mr. Bentley's edition, and talks of inserting it in Dodsley's Collection. In 1754, it is supposed that he wrote the Fragment of 'An Ode to Vicissitude,' as it is now called. The idea and some of the lines are taken from Gresset's '*Epître sur ma Convalescence*.' Another Ode was also sketched, which might be called 'The Liberty of Genius,' though some of Gray's biographers, for what reasons I am ignorant, have called it 'The Connection between Genius and

* The latter part of Gray's epitaph has a strong resemblance to an inscription on a sepulchral cippus found near the Villa Pellucchi, at Rome, now (I believe) in the British Museum —D. M. Dasumiæ. Soteridi Libertæ Optimæ et Conjugi Sanctissimæ. bene. mer fec L. Dasumius Callistus cum qua vixit. An XXXV. sine. ulla. querella optans ut ipsa sibi potius superstes. fuisset quam se sibi superstitem reliquisset

Grandeur.' The argument of it, the only part which was ever written, is as follows: "All that men of power can do for men of genius is to leave them at their liberty; compared to birds that, when confined to a cage, do but regret the loss of their freedom in melancholy strains, and lose the luscious wildness and happy luxuriance of their notes, which used to make the woods resound." The supplement to this Poem is very inferior to the original, so that we may unite in opinion with an eminent critic, that it is better to leave the unfinished creations of genius in their imperfect form. 'Nobis placet exemplum Priscorum, qui Apelleam Venerem imperfectam maluerunt, quam integram manu extraneâ.'* Gray, as Walpole remarked, was indeed "*in flower*" these last three years. The 'Bard' was commenced, and part of it communicated to Mr. Stonehewer and Dr. Wharton, 1755. In these letters he for the first time complains of listlessness and depression of spirits, which prevented his application to poetry: and from this period we may trace the course of that hereditary disease in his constitution, which embittered in a considerable degree the remainder of his days; and the *fatal strength* of which, not even the temperance and regularity of a whole life could subdue. In his pocket journal for this year, besides a diary of the weather and a very accurate calendar of observations on

* Vide Gruteri not; ad Plautum, vol. i. p. 295, 4to

natural history, he kept a regular account of his health in Latin. By this it appears that his constitution was much enfeebled and impaired, that alarming attacks of the gout were perpetually recurring and disordering his frame. He speaks constantly of the sleepless night, and the feverish morning; and seems seldom to have been free from pain, debility, and disease. Expressions similar to the following, are in almost every page: 'Insomnia crebra, atque expergiscenti surdus quidam doloris sensus; frequens etiam in regione sterni oppressio, et cardialgia gravis, fere sempiterna."

"The Bard" was for some time left unfinished; but "the accident of seeing a blind harper (Mr. Parry) perform on a Welsh harp,* again (he says) put his Ode in motion, and brought it at last to a conclusion."† This poem appears to have been submitted to the critical opinion of his friends. He mentions a remark upon it by Dr. Hurd; and he had recourse to the judgment of Mr. Mason, "whose cavils (Walpole says) almost induced him to destroy his two beautiful and sublime Odes."

Some time previous to this, Dodsley had published his Collection of Poems, in three volumes,‡

* For an Account of Parry, see Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, vol. ii. p. 213.

† See *Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 46

‡ Dodsley published *three* volumes of this Collection, in 1752

which Walpole sent to Gray. The observations made by the latter, as they were not published in Mr. Mason's Life, and as it is interesting to read the opinions which he entertained of his poetical contemporaries, I shall extract from the letter to his friend, in as short a compass as I can.

"To begin, (he says,) with Mr. Tickell:—This is not only a state poem (my ancient aversion), but a state poem on the Peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience. But this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison, who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry; sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but such as soon tire and satiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy. However, I forgive him for the sake of his Ballad, which I always thought the prettiest in the world. All there is of Mr. Green here, has been printed before; there is a profusion of wit every where. Reading would have formed his judgment, and harmonized his verse; for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music. The 'School-Mistress'* is excellent in its kind

the fourth volume was published in 1755; and the fifth and sixth volumes, which completed the Collection, in 1758.

* The School-Mistress is by far the best of Shenstone's poems. The variations from the first edition are very curious

and masterly: and 'London' is one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of the original. The same man's* Verses at the Opening of Garrick's Theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer has more of poetry in his imagination, than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious. I should range Mr. Bramston only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and 'Pre-existence' is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttleton is a gentle elegiac person.† Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own Ode. I like Mr. Whitehead's little poems, (I mean The Ode on a Tent, The Verses to Garrick, and particularly those to Charles Townshend,) better than any thing I had ever seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Brown and the rest, to come at you. You know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it — none: for though, as Mr. Chute said extremely well, 'the still small voice' of Poetry was not made to be heard in a

His writings in prose abound with sound reflection, and knowledge of human nature; and are written in a neat and unaffected manner, displaying great benevolence of mind and gentleness of disposition. Mr Graves (the author of the Spiritual Quixote) wrote a pamphlet, called 'Recollections of some Particulars in the Life of William Shenstone, Esq &c.' to vindicate his friend from the censure of Dr. Johnson, *Gray*, and Mason.

* Dr. Samuel Johnson. See W. S. Landor's Satire on Satirists, p. 14.

† See Walpole's Noble Authors, vol 1 p. 549, and Warton's Pope, vol. iv 309

crowd, yet Satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends...... What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the Rev. Mr. Brown, Seward, &c.... If I say, 'Messieurs! this is not the thing: write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all,' they will disdain me and my advice. Mr. S. Jenyns now and then can write a good line or two, such as these:

'Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear.'

I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable; and an Ode the last of all, by Mr. Mason; a new acquaintance of mine, whose *Musæus* too seems to carry with it the promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor West was before his charming Ode, and called it any thing rather than a Pindaric. The Town is an owl, if it don't like Lady Mary; and I am surprised at it. We here are owls enough to think her Eclogues very bad: but that, I did not wonder at. Our present taste is Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters," &c.*

In 1756 Gray left Peter-house, where he had resided above twenty years, on account of some incivilities he met with, which are slightly mentioned in his correspondence. He removed to Pembroke-hall, where his most intimate friends resided; and this he describes, "as an æra in a life so barren of events as his."

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p 393.

In July 1757, he took his Odes to London, to be published. "I found Gray (says H. Walpole) in Town, last week. He brought his two Odes * to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press." Although the genius of Gray was now "in its firm and mature age," and though his poetical reputation was deservedly celebrated; it is plain that these Odes were not favourably received. "His friends (he says) write to him, that they do not succeed," and several amusing criticisms on them are mentioned in the Letters. Yet there were not wanting some better judges who admired them. They had received the judicious and valuable approbation of Mason and of Hurd; † and if Gray felt any pleasure in the poem which Garrick wrote in their praise, he must have been yet more gratified, when Warburton, while he bestowed on them his honest applause, shewed his indignation at those who condemned, without being able to understand them. ‡

* Of these Odes, a thousand copies were printed at Strawberry-Hill.

† It is, I believe, *to Gray* that Hurd alludes in the Essay on the Marks of Imitation, as to the "common friend of Mason and himself," who had suggested an imitation of Spenser, by Milton: see vol. iii. p. 48

‡ Gray's *Odes* were reviewed in the Monthly Review for 1757, p. 239. They were also reviewed in the Critical Review, vol. iv. p. 167; in which the critic mistook the *Αἰολία λύρη* (the Æolian lyre), for the Æolian harp, the instru

About ten years before this time, the Odes of Collins* were published, and received with the most unmerited neglect. The public had been so long delighted with the wit and satire of Pope, had formed their taste so much on his manner of versification, and had been so accustomed to dwell upon the neat and pointed style of that finished writer; that they were but ill prepared to admire the beauties of the lofty and magnificent language, in which Collins arrayed his sublime conceptions; and which was tasteless to those, who, but a few years before, had received the last book of the Dunciad, from the dying hands of their favourite poet; and who could not pass from wit, and epigram, and satire, to the bold conceptions, the animated descriptions, and the wild grandeur of lyric poetry.† The very works which have now raised

ment invented by Kircher about 1649; and, after being forgotten for a century, discovered by Mr. Oswald. A passage in this Review, suggested to Dr. Johnson an objection of which he made use, in his criticism on Gray; viz. "Is there not, (says the Critical Review) a trifling impropriety in this line, 'Weave the warp, and weave the woof;'— Is not the warp laid, and the woof afterwards woven? Suppose he had written 'Stretch the warp, and weave the woof.'" Compare Johnson's Life of Gray, vol. xi. p. 377, ed. Murphy.

* The Odes of Collins were published in 1746. The open manner in which Goldsmith in his Threnod. Aug. borrowed whole lines and stanzas from Collins, is a strong proof how little Collins' Poems were then known.

† See T. Warton's Preface to Milton's Minor Poems, p. 10, for a support of this opinion, and Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 12

Gray and Collins to the rank of our two greatest lyric poets, were either neglected, or ridiculed by their contemporaries; while to appreciate the justness of their thoughts, the harmony of their numbers, and the splendid creations of their genius, was left for the more correct decisions of time.

Those who are really competent judges of the merit of poetry, in any age, are necessarily but few; the great and general mass of poetical readers are constantly varying among the favourites of the time; raising with their breath the bubble of that reputation to-day, which they take the same pains to destroy to-morrow.

> Quod dedisti
> Viventi decus, atque sentienti
> Rari post cineres habent Poetæ.*

But a poet who receives the praise of an enlightened age, may with confidence expect its continuance; if he write, not for the fluctuation of taste, nor the caprice of fashion; but on his own extended views of nature, on his own confirmed knowledge and experience, and on the solid principles of the art. He who acquires the admiration of the present time, by addressing himself to their taste, by following their judgment, and by soliciting their applause, may be sure that his productions will be superseded by the favourite rivals of the age to come. *Πῶς ἂν ὁ μετ' ἐμὲ πᾶς ἀοίδετ' ἐν αἰῶν,*

* See Martial Eleg Lib 1 2, 4, and Bentivoglio's Letters, p 144, and Johnson's *Life of Cowley*, p 62

was the sensible advice of Longinus,* to those, who "with a noble ambition aim at immortality."

There is a passage in the Life of Thomson written by his friend, in which he mentions the reason of the discouragement shewn, by some critics of that day, to the poetry of that interesting writer and which applies equally in the case of Collins and of Gray; as the same cause that impeded the favourable reception of the Seasons, still continued to exert its powerful influence. "The Poem of Winter, (says Mr. Murdoch, who speaks from his own observation,) was no sooner read, than universally admired; those only excepted, who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit; a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme; or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired, or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original." From that time, till after the death of Gray, the strong and almost exclusive influence of Pope's versification was felt on English poetry. Mason, speaking o

* Vide Longinum περὶ Ὕψους. Sect. XIV. iii. p. 57.

Gray's Hymn or Address to Ignorance, says,—"Many of the lines are so strong, and the general cast of the versification so musical, that I believe it will give the generality of readers a higher opinion of his poetical talents, than many of his lyrical productions would have done. I speak of the generality; for it is a certain fact, that their taste is founded upon the ten syllable couplet of Dryden and Pope, and of these only."

In this year Cibber died at an advanced age, and the Laureatship was offered by the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, to Gray with a remarkable and honourable privilege, to hold it as a mere sinecure. This he respectfully declined; and some of his reasons for refusing it, he gives in a letter to Mr. Mason: "The office itself (he says) has always humbled the possessor hitherto:—if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession; for there are poets little enough, even to envy a poet-laureat." *

Upon Gray's refusal, the laurel was accepted by Mr. Whitehead, who joined to very competent talents, what made those talents respectable—modesty and worth. Mr. Mason had by him letters of Gray, in which he gave Whitehead's first and second odes great encomiums. To Cibber indeed,

* See Mason's Life of Whitehead, vol. i. p. 92, and G Colman's Works, vol. iii. p. 161.

he was in every respect infinitely superior: but it is no disgrace to Mr. Whitehead to affirm, that to the genius of that poet who succeeded him, we are indebted for the finest productions that have ever ennobled an office, in itself not most friendly to the Muses. Mr. Mason was not quite overlooked on this occasion. "Lord John Cavendish (he says) made an apology to him, 'that being in orders, he was thought less eligible than a lay man.'" A little tinge of that satire which occasionally darted its shafts into the world from the retirement of Aston, is now visible in Mr. Mason's narrative,* when he adds, "that he wonders the same privilege, of holding the office as a sinecure, was not offered to Mr. Whitehead; as the king would readily have dispensed with hearing poetry, for which he had no taste, and music, for which he had no ear." †

In 1758, Gray describes himself as composing, for his own amusement, the little book which he calls 'A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, &c., in England and Wales;' and which he drew up on the blank pages of Kitchen's English Atlas. After his death it was printed and distributed by Mr. Mason to his friends. ‡

* See Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 87, and on T. Warton's Lyrical merits, p. 93.

† See Johnson's Epigram, in his Poems by Park, p. 72.

‡ A new edition was printed in 1787 for sale. Mr. Mason was only intended for presents.

About this period, much of his time seems to have been employed in the study of architecture; in which his proficiency, as indeed in all other branches of learning which he pursued, was accurate and deep. Some of his observations on this subject afterwards appeared in Mr. Bentham's History of Ely. In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1784, a letter from Gray to Mr. Bentham is published, which contains all the information afforded to the latter. It was printed in consequence of the circulation of a report, that the whole of the Treatise on Saxon, Norman, and Gothic Architecture, published in the History of Ely, was written by Gray.* On the 15th of January 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public; and Gray went to London to read and transcribe the manuscripts which were collected there from the Harleian and Cottonian libraries. A folio volume of his transcripts was in Mr. Mason's hands; out of which, one paper alone — The speech of Sir Thomas Wyatt† before the Privy Council — was published in the second number of Lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities; but,

* See Bentham's preface to the History of Ely, (new edit.) p. 13; Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. ii. p. 249; and Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 489; and Gentleman's Magazine, vol. liii. p. 37. 138, 301, 375; vol. liv. p. 243

† See Chalmers's Life of Sir Thomas Wyatt in the British Poets, vol. ii. p. 363

as I understand from a note in Dr. Nott's Edition of Lord Surrey, very imperfectly.*

He was, as Dr. Johnson observed, but little affected by two Odes of Obscurity and Oblivion† written by Messrs. Colman and Lloyd, which then appeared in ridicule of him, and Mr. Mason. The humour of these poems, in my opinion, has been much over-praised. Warburton calls them "two miserable buffoon Odes."‡ Like all other productions of a personal and satirical nature, their subject ensured to them a short period of popularity. We know with what avidity those works are perused, which hold up to the derision of the public the peculiarities of genius and learning. Almost every author of talent, at some time or other, becomes the mark at which ridicule is aimed. In this particular case, the most modest and retired habits, as well as the most exalted talents, were dragged out with circumstances of laughter and contempt, by men very inferior to Gray, either in the strictness of their moral character, or in the depth and extent of their literary attainments. Yet, while I think their ridicule was not happy or successful, I do not see those marks of rancour and malevolence in their design, which

* See Nott's Surrey, vol. ii. p. lxiv.

† The Ode to *Obscurity* was directed chiefly against Gray that to *Oblivion* against Mason. See Lloyd's Poems, vol. p. 120.

‡ See Warburton's Letters, by Hurd, Lett. cxli.

so often imbitter and disgrace the Satires of Churchill;* which the intemperance of youth, I am afraid, can hardly excuse; and which must raise constant disgust in those, who read the works of that powerful, though unfinished writer. Dr. Warton, in his notes on Pope,† says, "The Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius; *who, however, once owned to me, that they repented of the attempt.*"

During Gray's residence in London, he became slightly acquainted with the amiable naturalist Mr. Stillingfleet, whose death took place a few months after his own.‡ At the request of Mr. Montagu, he wrote an 'Epitaph on Sir William Williams,' who was killed at the siege of Belleisle. In 1762 the professorship of modern history became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner. By the

* Churchill mentions Gray in the Ghost—"And plaintive fops debauched by Gray," — also in the Journey, in which poem Armstrong is saterized, in language of unbecoming and inexcusable asperity. Mrs. Chapone, in a Letter dated 1764, says, — "You keep my genius down continually by throwing cold water on its dying embers; and terrifying my poor muse, as much as Churchill does that of Gray." Chapone's Letters, vol. ii. p. 164, date 1764.

† See Warton's Pope, vol. i. p. 236. See also G. Colman's Works, vol. i p. xi.

‡ Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet died December 15, 1771, aged 69 A very pleasing tribute to his memory has lately been paid by the Rev. Mr. Coxe; by a careful selection from his unpublished Works, and a Life of him, and his literary friends, in three volumes 8vo. 1811.

advice of his friends, he applied to Lord Bute for the place, through the medium of Sir Henry Erskine. He was refused; and the professorship was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther. "And so (says Gray, humourously passing over his disappointment) I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead."

In the summer of 1765, he took a journey into Scotland, to improve his health, which was becoming more weak and uncertain, as well as to gratify his curiosity with the natural beauties and antiquities of that wild and romantic country. He went through Edinburgh and Perth to Glamis-Castle, the residence of Lord Strathmore, where he stayed some time. Thence he took a short excursion into the Highlands, crossing Perthshire by Loch-Tay, and pursuing the road from Dunkeld to Inverness, as far as the pass of Gillikrankie. Then returning to Dunkeld, he travelled on the Stirling road to Edinburgh. "His account of his journey, (says Dr. Johnson,) so far as it extends, is curious and elegant: for as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events." In Scotland he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Beattie; who had been the first to welcome him on his arrival in the North, with a testimony of the high admiration in which he held his genius and his character; and which was truly valuable, because i

was the voluntary praise of one, who himself possessed the feeling and power of a poet. I transcribe Dr. Beattie's Letter, from his Life, published by Sir William Forbes:—

"Marischal College of Aberdeen,
30th of August, 1765.

"If I thought it necessary to offer an apology for venturing to address you in this abrupt manner, I should be very much at a loss how to begin. I might plead my admiration of your genius, and my attachment to your character; but who is he that could not with truth urge the same excuse for intruding upon your retirement? I might plead my earnest desire to be personally acquainted with a man, whom I have so long and so passionately admired in his writings; but thousands, of greater consequence than I, are ambitious of the same honour. I, indeed, must either flatter myself that no apology is necessary, or otherwise, I must despair of obtaining what has long been the object of my most ardent wishes. I must for ever forfeit all hopes of seeing you, and conversing with you.

"It was yesterday I received the agreeable news of your being in Scotland, and of your intending to visit some parts of it. Will you permit us to hope, that we shall have an opportunity at Aberdeen, of thanking you in person, for the honour you have done to Britain, and to the poetic art, by your inestimable compo-

tions, and of offering you all that we have that deserves your acceptance; namely, hearts full of esteem, respect and affection? If you cannot come so far northward, let me at least be acquainted with the place of your residence, and permitted to wait on you. Forgive, sir, this request: forgive me, if I urge it with earnestness, for indeed it concerns me nearly: and do me the justice to believe, that I am with the most sincere attachment, and most respectful esteem," &c.

Gray declined the honour which the Univer sity of Aberdeen was disposed to confer on him, (of the degree of doctor of laws,) lest it might appear a slight and contempt of his own University, "where (he says) he passed so many easy and happy hours of his life, where he had once lived from choice, and continued to do so from obligation." In one of his conversations with Dr. Beattie,* who expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Gray thought his due; he told him, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great poet; and pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification was singularly happy and harmonious." — "Remember Dryden, (he also wrote,) and be blind to all his faults."†

* See Beattie's Essay on Poetry and Music, 4to. p. 360 (note).

† Mr. Mason, in his Life of Whitehead, p. 17, says "that

Part of the summer of 1766 Gray passed in a tour in Kent, and at the house of his friend Mr. Robinson, on the skirts of Barham Down. In a letter in my possession, from Mrs. Robinson to a friend, dated June 2, 1766, she says: "I have met with several interruptions, partly owing to our having had for almost a fortnight a very agreeable gentleman in the house, whose conversation is both instructive and entertaining; after what I have said, you will wish to know his name — 'tis Mr. Gray — who is well known for having wrote several pretty elegies; he is also an acquaintance of your friend Mr. Rycroft," &c.* In 1767 he again left Cambridge, and went to the North of England, on a visit to Dr. Whar-

Gray, who admired Dryden almost beyond bounds, used to say of a very juvenile poem of his, in Tonson's Miscellany, written on the Death of Lord Halifax, that it gave not so much as the slightest promise of his future excellency, and seemed to indicate a bad natural ear for versification. I believe Derrick reprinted this poem in his edition of Dryden." There is no poem that I can discover by Dryden on the Death of Lord Halifax; but I suppose Mr. Mason meant a Poem on the Death of Lord Hastings, (See Scott's Life of Dryden, p. 28.) written when Dryden was only eighteen, and at Westminster School, and which is the first poem in Derrick's Collection, and is also in p. 116 of the first volume of Tonson's Miscellany. These lines are certainly most singularly inharmonious, with much of the strained allusion and rough style of Donne. At the end of 'Halifax's Miscellanies,' there is an anonymous poem to his memory, of considerable merit, but I am not able to say by whom it was written. See also Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 451.

* See Miss Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montagu, vol. i. p. 364.

ton. He had intended a second tour to Scotland, but returned to London without accomplishing his design. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his Poems was published by Foulis at Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the 'Long Story' was omitted, as the plates from Bentley's designs were worn out: and Gray said, "that its only use, which was to explain the prints, was gone." Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian Poetry, written in a bold and original manner,* were inserted in its place: of which the 'Descent of Odin' is undoubtedly the most valuable, though in many places it is exceedingly obscure. I have mentioned, in the notes to this poem, that Gray translated only that part of it which he found in the Latin version of Bartholinus; and to this cause much of the obscurity is owing. In a letter to Walpole† he says, "As to what you say to me civilly,— that I ought to write more,—I reply in our own words, like the pamphleteer who is going to confute you out of your own mouth; 'What has one to do, when turned of fifty, but really to think of finishing?' However, I will be candid, for you seem to be so with me, and avow to you, that

* See Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 81. See also Dryden's Miscell. v. vi. p. 387, for a translation that may have turned Gray's thoughts to the Northern Poetry.

† See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 374, Letter viii.

till fourscore and upward, whenever the humour takes me, I will write; because I like it, and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot."—"Gray," says Walpole, "has added to his Poems three ancient odes from Norway and Wales. The subjects of the two first are grand and picturesque, and there is *his* genuine vein in them; but they are not interesting, and do not, like his other poems, touch any passion: our human feelings, which he masters at will in his finer pieces, are not here affected. Who can care through what horrors a Runic savage arrived at all the joys and glories they could conceive,—the supreme felicity of boozing ale out of the skull of an enemy *in Odin's Hall?*"* *To his Odes, Gray now* found it necessary to add some notes, "Partly (he says) from justice, to acknowledge a debt when I had borrowed anything: partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader, that Edward the *First* was not *Oliver Cromwell* nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor."† Walpole, in a letter to G. Montagu, says: "You are very particular, I can tell you, in liking Gray's Odes; but you must remember the age likes Akenside, and did like Thomson. Can the same people like both? Milton was forced to wait till the world had done admiring Quarles. Cam

* See Letter to G. Montagu, p. 435

† See Southey's Life of Cowper, vol. i. p. 325.

bridge told me t'other night, that my Lord Chesterfield had heard Stanly read them as his own, but that must have been a mistake of my Lord's deafness. Cambridge said—'Perhaps they are Stanly's, and not caring to own them, he gave them to Gray.' I think this would hurt Gray's dignity ten times more than his Poetry not succeeding."

In 1768 the professorship of modern history again became vacant by the accidental death of Mr. Brocket; and the Duke of Grafton, then in power, at the request of Mr. Stonehewer, immediately bestowed it upon Gray.* In 1769, on the death of the Duke of Newcastle,† the Duke of Grafton was elected to the chancellorship of the University. His installation took place in the summer; and Gray wrote his fine Ode that was set to music on the occasion: "He thought it better that Gratitude should sing, than Expectation."‡ He told Dr. Beattie, "that he considered himself bound in gratitude to the Duke of Grafton, to write this Ode; and that he foresaw

* The professorship became vacant on Sunday, and the Duke of Grafton wrote to Gray on the following Wednesday: see Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 137, and Pursuits of Literature, p. 51, and H. Walpole's Letter to Conway, Aug. 9 1768.

† The Duke of Newcastle died in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the 17th of November 1768, in the 77th year of his age.

‡ Pope told Lord Halifax he would be troublesome 'out of gratitude, not expectation.' v. Johnson's Life of Pope, p. 94.

the abuse that would be thrown on him for it, but did not think it worth his while to avoid it." He did not appear to set much value on the poem, for he says, "it cannot last above a single day, or if its existence be prolonged beyond that period, it must be by means of newspaper parodies, and witless criticism." Posterity however has more correctly estimated this beautiful production, than the author; it is a very splendid creation raised on an apparently barren subject.*

When this ceremony was past, he went on a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His friend Dr. Wharton, who was to be his companion on the journey, was seized with the return of an asthmatic attack on the first day, and went home. To this accident we are indebted for a most elegant and lively journal of his tour, intended for his friend's amusement. The style in which these letters are written, is evidently the production of a person thoroughly accustomed to the contemplation of his subject; it is peculiarly clear, simple and elegant; and abounds with those picturesque descriptions, which, though they can never enable language

* "Gray," says a writer of very superior talent and taste, "has finely glanced at the bright point in Henry's character — 'The Majestic Lord' — in that beautiful stanza where he has made the founders of Cambridge pass before our eyes like shadows over a magic glass." See Hallam's Constitut. History, vol. I. p. 42

totally to supply, can at least make it much assist, the local powers of the pencil. "He that reads his epistolary narrative (says Dr. Johnson) wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment: but it is by staying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement."

In April 1770 he complains much of a depression of spirits, talks of an intended tour into Wales in the summer, and of meeting his friend Dr. Wharton at Mr. Mason's. In July, however, he was still at Cambridge, and wrote to Dr. Beattie, complaining of illness and pain in his head; and in this letter, he sent him some criticisms on the first book of the Minstrel, which have since been published.* His tour took place in the autumn: but not a single letter is preserved in Mr. Mason's book on this journey, to any of his correspondents. He wrote no journal, and travelled with Mr. Nicholls,† of Blundeston, in Suffolk, a gentleman of much accomplishment,

* See Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. i. p. 197, 4to. letter xlv.

† The taste of Mr. Nicholls enabled him to adorn, in the midst of a flat and unvaried county, and on the bleak eastern shore of England, a little valley, near Lowestoff, with beauties of no ordinary kind. Οὐ γάρ τι καλὸς χῶρος, οὐδ' ἐφίμερος, οὐδ' ἐράτος, οἷος ἀμφὶ Σίριος ῥοαῖς. v. Archilochi, Fr. p. 63 ed Liebel. "La villa (says Mr. Mathias) del Sig. Nicholls, detta *Blundeston*, alla spiaggia Orientale della contéa de *Suffolk*, due miglia lontana dal mare, disposta, ed ornata da lui

and who was admitted, more than any other person, into intimate and unreserved friendship with Gray. He was I believe the Octavius of the Pursuits of Literature. The sketch of his life was written by Mr. Mathias, in 1809, in the Gent. Mag. and subsequently enlarged. The letters of Gray to Mr. Nicholls, which Mr. Dawson Turner possesses, fully prove the truth of Mr. Mathias's belief—'that with the single exception of Mr. West, Gray was more affectionately attached to him than to any other person.'

In May 1771 he wrote to Dr. Wharton, just sketching the outlines of his Tour in Wales and some of the adjacent Counties. This is the last letter that remains in Mr. Mason's Collection. He there complains of an incurable cough, of spirits habitually low, and of the uneasiness which the thought of the duties of his professorship gave him, which, after having held nearly three years, Mr. Mason says he had now a determined resolution to resign. He mentions also different plans of amusement and travel, that he had pro-

con singolare fantasia, e con giudizio squisito. Il Sig. Gray, de' Lirici Britanni Sovrano, vide già con ammirazione, e molto ancora attendea dal genio del disegnatore." See a note in the first volume of '*Aggiunta ai Componimenti Lirici*,' &c. p. ii. and xi But alas! instead of the "i mobili cristalli d'un limpidissimo lago," are we not reminded of

"—— Questi valli
Circondati di stagnanti fumi
Quando cade dal ciel, più lenta pioggia—"

jected; but which unfortunately were not to be accomplished. Within a few days after the date of this last letter, he removed to London, where his health more and more declined. His physician, Dr. Gisborne, advised freer air, and he went to Kensington. There he in some degree revived, and returned to Cambridge, intending to go from that place to Old Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend Dr. Wharton.* In the spring of 1769 or 1770, his friend Mr. Robinson saw Gray for the last time, in his lodgings in Jermyn Street. He was then ill, and in a state of apparent decay, and low spirits. He expressed regret that he had done so little in literature; and began to lament, that at last, when he had become easy in his circumstances, he had lost his health. But in this he checked himself, feeling that it was wrong to repine at the decrees of Providence. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College hall, he was seized with an attack of the gout† in his stomach. The violence of the disease resisted all the powers of medicine: on the 29th he was seized with convulsions, which returned more violently on the 30th; and he expired in the even-

* See H Stevenson's Works, vol. ii. p. 210.

† In a letter from Paris, August 11, 1771, H. Walpole says, on hearing the report of Gray's death, — "He called on me, but two or three days before I came hither: he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach; but I ex pected his death no more than my own."

ing of that day, in the fifty-fifth year of his age; sensible almost to the last: aware of his danger, and expressing, says his friend Dr. Brown, no visible concern at the thought of his approaching death. The care of his funeral devolved on one *of his executors, Dr. Brown, the president ot* Pembroke-hall; who saw him buried, as he desired in his will, by the side of his mother, in the church-yard of Stoke. His other executor and friend Mr. Mason was at that time absent in a distant part of Yorkshire, and when Dr. Brown wrote to him during Gray's short illness, he says, "as I felt strongly at the time what Tacitus has so well expressed on a similar occasion, I may with propriety use his words: 'Mihi, præter acerbitatem amici erepti, auget mœstitiam, quod adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu non contigit.'"*

Such was the life of Gray, who, however few

* In 1778 Mason erected a monument for Gray in Westminster Abbey, with the following inscription, which seems to have this defect, that it is as much applicable to a monument *to Milton, as to Gray:*

"No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay.
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

See Mason's Works, vol. I. p. 141. On Penn's Cenotaph to *Gray, see Repton's Inquiry into the Changes of Taste in Landscape Gardening*, p. 71; see Roberts's Epistle to C. Anstey on the English Poets, p. 110, on the death of Gray.

his works,* must still hold a very distinguished rank among the English poets, for the excellence of his compositions, and for the splendour of his genius. Though the events of his life which I have briefly sketched, are of common occurrence, and offer nothing in themselves to excite great interest in the reader; yet there is surely some pleasure in contemplating the progress of a virtuous and enlightened mind, early withdrawn from public life to the stillness of the academic cloister; and confining its pleasures and prospects within the serenity of a studious retirement. Nor is it, I think, without some feelings of admiration, that we reflect on the history of a life so constantly and unremittingly devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, and the general improvement of the mind, for its own sake, and as a final purpose. Motives, which have no honourable connection with literature, are yet often instrumental in increasing it. The pursuit of wealth, of station, or of rank in a profession, is the constant and common incentive to mental exertion; and is dignified, perhaps not improperly, by the name of honest ambition. Even among those of a nobler nature, the desire of being distinguished in their own, and after-ages, for the endowments of their mind, and the

* "Gray joins to the sublimity of Milton the elegance and harmony of Pope; and nothing is wanting, to render him, perhaps, *the first poet in the English language, but to have written little more.*" — A. Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, vol. p. 255.

energies of their genius, acts as a perpetual spur towards the increase of their exertions. Much of this feeling does not appear to have existed in the mind of Gray. To him, study seemed to bring all the reward he asked, in its own gratification; and his progress in learning was constant; even in the absence of those quickening motives, which, in almost all cases, are necessary to preserve men, either from weariness in the toil of original composition, or from indolence in the acquisition, and arrangement, of the materials of collected knowledge. That the publications of Gray, however, were so few, is to be attributed, I think, to several causes: — to the natural modesty and reservedness of his disposition; to the situation of life in which he was placed, without any profession or public duty that might lead his thoughts and studies in a particular direction; to his habit of submitting nothing to publication, without bestowing on it that polish and correctness, which demands long and patient attention, and which indeed seems incompatible with works of any magnitude or number; to the extent and variety of his research; and to the great temptations to read,* in a place which afforded a ready and almost boundless supply of materials to satisfy him in any branch of knowledge; and which would constantly induce him, to make fresh accessions to his in-

* Mr. Mason says, that Gray often mentioned to him, that reading was much more agreeable to him than writing.

formation, and to open new channels of inquiry "I shall be happy (says Mr. Mason in a letter to Dr. Beattie) to know that the remaining books of your 'Minstrel' are likewise to be published soon. The next best thing, after instructing the world profitably, is to amuse it innocently. England has lost that man (Gray) who, of all others in it, was best qualified for both these purposes; but who, from early chagrin and disappointment, had imbibed a disinclination to employ his talents beyond the sphere of self-satisfaction and improvement."

Of Gray's person, his biographer has given no account: and Lord Orford* has but just mentioned it. The earliest picture of him, is that which was taken when he was fifteen years of age, by Richardson. It is now in the possession of Mr. Robinson of Cambridge, and by his permission has been engraved. Another portrait was painted by Eckardt, and engraved in the Works of Lord Orford.† It is at Strawberry-Hill, and the design was taken from the Portrait of a Musician, by Vandyck, at the Duke of Grafton's. This print was intended to be prefixed to Bentley's edition of Gray's Odes, with a motto from Lucan, (x. 296).

"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre:"‡

* See Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 95.

† See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 431, 436; and vol. v. p. 353.

‡ Dr. Warton, in his Notes on Pope (vol. i. p. 282), r

but Gray's extreme repugnance to the proposal, obliged his friends to drop it after the engraving was commenced. The print which Mr. Mason placed before his edition of the Life of Gray in quarto, was from a picture by Wilson, drawn after the death of Gray, from his own and Mr. Mason's recollection; and which is now in the possession of Pembroke-College, by the bequest of Mr. Stonehewer. The engraving, however, has not preserved the character of the countenance, and is, on the whole, an unfavourable likeness. It is from this same picture, I understand, that the print prefixed to Mr. Mathias's edition is taken. To the edition of the Life in octavo, is prefixed a better resemblance, etched by W. Doughty,* from a drawing by Mr. Mason: and from this outline, two other portraits have proceeded: one by a Mr. Sharpe of Cambridge; and the other, which is now extremely rare, by the late Mr. Henshaw, a pupil of Bartolozzi's.† In this latter print, a very correct and

marks that Fontenelle had applied the very same line to Newton: and he adds —"A motto to Mr. Gray's few, but exquisite poems might be from Lucretius, lib. iv. ver. 181 and 907:

"'Suavidicis potius quam multis versibus edam,
Parvus ut est cycni melior canor ——'"

* See an account of this *picture*, and of W. Doughty, in Northcote's Life of Reynolds, p 232.

† Dr Turner, the late Master of Pembroke-Hall, and

spirited likeness is preserved. A portrait of Gray bearing a resemblance to Mr. Mason's etching,* and painted by Vandergutch, I have seen in the library of Lord Harcourt, at Nuneham.

The Political opinions of Gray, H. Walpole says he never rightly understood: "sometimes he seemed inclined to the side of authority, and sometimes to that of the people."† Mr. Mason has mentioned nothing concerning any singularity in his sentiments about Religion; and there is, I believe, no passage in his published Letters, either to support, or absolutely to oppose, the assertion made on this subject in the Walpoliana.‡ I must confess myself disinclined to believe it, in any degree, upon the authority of a few words, apparently used in conversation, and which afterwards appeared, without proof or comment, in an anonymous publication. The personal friends of Gray, who could have cleared up this point, are, I believe, all dead: but I cannot find, that, in the place where he so constantly resided, or among those who have enjoyed the best opportunities of

Dean of Norwich, had two profile shades of Gray, taken with an instrument for that purpose, by a Mr. Mapletoft, formerly a fellow of that college, one of which conveys a strong resemblance.

* See Gent. Mag. May, 1814, p. 427.

† See Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 29, published by Mr. Pinkerton.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 95.

hearing about his opinions, the slightest suspicions existed, which could at all confirm the assertion of Walpole. It is a consideration of no small weight, that these supposed opinions of Gray have been delivered on the authority of two writers, neither of them, I believe, favourable to the cause of Christianity.* I shall merely mention, that in a letter to Mr. Mason,† speaking of Rousseau's 'Lettres de la Montagne,' he says "It is a weak attempt to separate *miracles* from the *morality* of the Gospel; the latter he would think, he believes was sent from God, and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture." In a letter to H. Walpole,‡ he gives an account of some manuscript writings of Middleton against Waterland, on the doctrine of the Trinity; but he expresses an approbation of no other part of them than of the style. He tells Dr. Wharton,§ — "Though I do not approve the spirit of his (Middleton's) books; methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer." Whenever Gray writes to his friends on religious subjects, it is with uncommon seriousness, warmth, and piety. Even Walpole calls him "a violent enemy of atheists, such as he took Voltaire and

* See Johnson's Life of Browne, vol. xii. p. 305: he there speaks the language of wisdom, religion, and humanity.

† See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 95.

‡ See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 391

§ See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 124

Hume to be." His sentiments on Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke are well known: and Mr. Mason* has very properly pointed out to the attention of his readers, the scorn and contempt with which he invariably mentions the works of those writers who endeavoured to disseminate the baneful doctrines of infidelity.

—"In conversation, H. Walpole† mentions, that Gray was so circumspect in his usual language, that it seemed unnatural, though it was only pure English." In a letter to G. Montagu he says, "I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen and formed into sentences. His writings are admirable, he himself is not agreeable:" and in another letter, "My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too. *Gray* is in their neighbourhood. My Lady Carlisle says, *he is extremely like me in his manner*. They went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my Lady, I believe so.'"‡ Dr. Beat-

* See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 210: and Walpoliana vol. i. p. 95; and Mathias's Observations, p. 34–6.

† See Walpole's Thoughts on Comedy, p. 332

‡ See Letters to G. Montagu, p. 53, 199.

he writes,* "Gray's letters very much resemble what his conversation was. He had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was, in general company, much more silent than one could have wished." And in a letter to Sir William Forbes, he says,—"I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return: you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which, however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or any other nation; I found him possest of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontaneously, without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished." †

"From my friend, the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, of

* See Beattie's Letters to Sir W. Forbes, in the 'Life of Dr. Beattie,' vol. ii 4to. p. 321.

† "I once met Gray the Poet, when I was a boy, at old Mrs. Hamilton Campbell's, in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. He talked with great reserve, and seeming difficulty."—Clavering's Autobiog in Metropolitan Mag , No. xiii. p 157. 1837

Pembroke College, who died at Walthamstow," (says Mr. Cradock,) "I obtained at times many specimens of Gray's peculiar humour. Gray's satire on Lord Holland's seat at Kingsgate, was at first denied to be his. When stories were told of Gray by those who knew him, they were thought so unlike, that several were imputed to Dr. Johnson, nay, were even printed among the Johnsonia, which Mr. Boswell says, the Doctor was much offended at. I can give one strong instance: Dr. Johnson is made to reply to some impudent man, 'that in that face the north-west wind would have the worst of it.' Now, the truth was this: some friends of mine were educated at Christ's Hospital, and went from thence to Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, where Gray then resided; one of them was rather a favourite of Gray, but to another he had taken a particular dislike. Standing by the fire in the Hall, the offensive gentleman, who was then curate of Newmarket, thus addressed the celebrated poet: 'Mr. Gray, I have just rode from Newmarket, and never was so cut in my life, the north-west wind was full in my face.' Gray, turning to the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, said, 'I think in that face the north-west wind would have the worst of it.' This I had from Mr. Sparrow. Again, it was the custom at Cambridge, when a book was ordered at a coffee-house, that four subscribers' names should be previously signed. The young men, knowing

that Mr. Pigot wished to be particularly thought to be the intimate of Gray, and Mr. Gray equally wished not to be considered as the intimate of Mr. Pigot, so contrived it, that Gray expressed his anger, that wherever he wrote his name, the next was erased, and Mr. Pigot's inserted in its stead; and, according to his *peculiar humour*, he said to my friend, 'That man's name wherever I go, *piget*, he *Pigot's* me.' This was true, but could not then be credited."*

To record the trifling and minute peculiarities of manners, unless they reflect considerable light upon the character which is delineated, does not seem to be a necessary part of the duty of a biographer. The little and singular habits of behaviour which are gradually formed in the seclusion of a studious life, are not always viewed in a just light, and without prejudice, by our contemporaries; and at a distance of time they are necessarily represented without those nice but discriminating touches that belong to them; and are stripped of that connection of circumstances, with which they can alone be painted with justness and precision. Some few observations, however, of this nature, made by the friends of Gray, I have placed in this edition, without presuming myself to make any remarks on their correctness but I have great pleasure in adding a slight sketch of his character, drawn by a contemporary poet, the

* See Cradock's Memoirs, vol iv p 226.

late translator of Æschylus.* —"If there is a writer (says Mr. Potter) who more than others has a claim to be exempted from his [Dr. Johnson's] petulance, Mr. Gray has that claim. His own polished manners restrained him from ever giving offence to any good man; his warm and cheerful benevolence endeared him to all his friends; though he lived long in a college, he lived not *sullenly* there, but in a liberal intercourse with the wisest and most virtuous men of his time. He was perhaps the most learned man of the age, but his mind never contracted the rust of pedantry. He had too good an understanding to neglect that urbanity which renders society pleasing: his conversation was instructing, elegant, and agreeable. Superior knowledge, an exquisite taste in the fine arts, and, above all, purity of morals, and an unaffected reverence for religion, made this excellent person an ornament to society, and an honour to human nature."

Soon after the death of Gray, a sketch of his character was drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Temple.†

* See Inquiry into some Passages in Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets, particularly his Observations on Lyric Poetry, and the Odes of Gray; by R. Potter, 4to. 1783.

† William Johnson Temple, LL.B., of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, 1766, formerly rector of Mamhead, Devon, to which he was presented by the Earl of Lisburne; and exchanged it for St. Gluvias. He published an Essay on the Clergy, their Studies, Recreations, Doctrines, Influence, &c., 1774, 8vo. See Annual Register, 1796, p. 64. He also published 'Historica

This account has been adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson: it was considered by the former to be an impartial summary of its character, and it seems therefore not improper to introduce it into this narrative; though I must confess that, in my own opinion, it appears to be defective in several material points; nor is it sketched in that masterly and decisive manner, that leaves a fuller likeness scarcely to be desired. Its prominent defect however is, that it has thrown into the back-ground the peculiar and distinguishing features of the mind of Gray;—I mean his poetical invention, and his rich and splendid imagination;—while it is too exclusively confined in detailing the produce of his studies, and the extent of his acquired knowledge. Nor is any mention made in this portrait of his mental character, of that talent of *humour** which he possessed in a very

and Political Memoirs,' 8vo.; and 'On the Abuses of Unrestrained Power, an Historical Essay,' 1778, 8vo. He died August 8, 1796. This character of Gray originally appeared in the London Magazine for March 1772. "I never saw Mr. Gray, but my old and most intimate friend the Rev. Mr. Temple knew him well; he knew his foibles, but admired his genius, and esteemed his virtues. I know not if you was acquainted with Mr. Gray. He was so abstracted and singular a man, that I can suppose you and him never to have met." Boswell to Garrick, v. Garrick's Corresp. i 435, see also Polwhele's Traditions and Recollections, vol. i. p 327 where is a Letter by Mr. Temple.

* See some observations on this subject in Mason's Memoirs of Gray, vol. iii p 127.

considerable degree: and which was displayed, both in his conversation and correspondence. Lord Orford used to assert, "that Gray never wrote any thing easily, but things of humour;" and added, "that humour was his natural and original turn." Mr. Hey mentions Gray as excelling in delicate and well-bred ridicule.* A late writer (Dr. Campbell) has remarked "the transcendant excellence of Shakspeare in the province of *humour*, as well as in the *pathetic;*"† and I have elsewhere had occasion to observe, how strongly the bent of Gray's mind inclined towards this latter quality of composition; and with what distinguishing features it appears in his poetry. The examples of these two eminent writers whom I have mentioned, appears sufficiently to strengthen the excellent observation made by Mr. D. Stewart, *in a note to his Philosophical Essays* (p. 584): "that a talent for the *pathetic*, and a talent for *humour*, are generally united in the same person: *wit*," he observes, "is more nearly allied to a taste for the *sublime*."

To return, however, to the observations of Mr. Temple:—"Perhaps (he writes) Mr. Gray was the most learned man in Europe: he was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that, not superficially, but thoroughly

* See Hey's Lectures, vol. i. p. 455; see Mason on Gray's Humour, vol. iii. p. 127, of his Memoirs.

† See 'Philosophy of Rhetoric,' vol. i. p. 57.

He knew every branch of history both natural and civil; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics,* made a principal part of his study. Voyages and Travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.† With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been

* How comprehensive the account is, which Mr. Temple gives of the studies of Gray, which embraced criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics, may be seen by comparing it with the following passage of Hume, as quoted by Mr. D Stewart in his Life of Reid, p. lviii "In these four sciences, of logic, (which is here meant, says Mr. Stewart, as that science which explains the principles and operations of our reasoning faculty, and the nature of our ideas,) morals, criticism, and politics, is comprehended almost every thing which it can any way import us to be acquainted with, or which can tend to the improvement or ornament of the human mind"

† Mr Mason says that Gray disclaimed any skill in gardening, and held it in little estimation, declaring himself to be only charmed with the bolder features of unadorned nature See also in Mason's English Garden, book iii. 25, the speech which he puts into the mouth of Gray, as agreeable to his sentiments:

"——Sovereign queen!—
Behold, and tremble, while thou view'st her state
Throned on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
To build her such a throne, that art will feel
How vain her best pretensions! trace her march
Amid the purple crags of Borrow-dale,
And try like those, to pile thy range of rock,
In rude tumultuous chaos!"

equally instructing and entertaining. But he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his, was an affectation in delicacy* or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Congreve. Though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters: and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains, to leave no memorials but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr.

* Shenstone, in his Essays, (p. 248,) remarks "the *delicacy* of Gray's manners:" and the editor of the Censura Literaria says, "I have learned from several who knew him intimately, that the sensibility of Gray was even morbid; and often very fastidious, and troublesome to his friends. He seemed frequently overwhelmed by the ordinary intercourse, and ordinary affairs of life. Coarse manners, and vulgar, or unrefined sentiments overset him." Vol. v. p. 406. — But Mr. Mason says, "it was rather an affectation in delicacy and effeminacy, than the things themselves: and he chose to put on this appearance chiefly before persons whom he did not wish to please." See Memoirs, vol iv. p. 237; see Censura Literaria, vol. vii. p. 396

Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science. His mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened. The world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God has *placed us*."

To this account Mr. Mason has added more particularly, from the information of Mr. Tyson,* of Bene't College, that Gray's skill in zoology was extremely accurate. He had not only concentrated in his Linnæus, all that other writers had said, but had altered the style of the Swedish naturalist, to classical and elegant Latin. From modern writers he had also illustrated many difficult passages in the zoological treatises of Aristotle. His account of English Insects was more perfect than any that had then appeared; and it has lately been mentioned,† "as a circumstance

* This appears by a note in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vii. For an account of Tyson, see Brydges' Restituta vol. iv. p. 236-9. I presume that he was the author of "Illuminated MSS in the Library of Christ. Coll. Camb 1770, 4to "

† *See Shaw's Zoological Lectures, vol* I. *p* 3. In the library of the late Rev. George Ashby, of Barrow, was a copy of Linnæus, 12th edit. 1766, interleaved, in 3 vols. 4to with MS. notes and additions by Gray, with drawings of shells,

not generally known, that he translated the Linnæan Genera, or Characters of Insects, into elegant Latin hexameters; some specimens of which have been preserved by his friends, though they were never intended for publication." Sir J. Mackintosh very justly observes, in a letter which he addressed to the Bishop of Landaff:—"In the beautiful scenery of Bolton Abbey, where I have been since I began this note, I was struck by the recollection of a sort of merit of Gray, which is not generally observed—that he was the *first* discoverer of the beauties of nature in England, and has marked out the course of every picturesque journey that can be made in it."*

Botany, which he studied in early life, under the direction of his uncle, Mr. Antrobus, formed also the amusement and pursuit of his later years. He made frequent experiments on flowers, to mark the mode and progress of their vegetation. "For many of the latter years of his life (says Mr. Cole), Gray dedicated his hours to the study of Botany; in which he was eminently conspi-

&c. Another copy of Linnæus, in the same library, included a few Ornithological papers in the handwriting of Gray, which I now possess; and which serve as an additional proof of the accuracy and minuteness with which he prosecuted that branch of his studies in natural history.—Since this note was originally written, extracts from these works have been published in the edition of Mr. Mathias. See vol. ii. 548 to 580.

* See Life of Sir J. Mackintosh, vol. ii. p. 497

cuous. He had Linnæus's Works interleaved, always before him, when I have accidentally called upon him." His knowledge of architecture has been mentioned before. Mr. Mason says, that while Gray was abroad, he studied the Roman proportions both in ancient ruins, and in the works of Palladio. In his later years, he applied himself to Gothic and Saxon architecture, with such industry and sagacity, that he could, at first sight, pronounce on the precise time when any particular part of our cathedrals was erected. For this purpose he trusted less to written accounts and books, than to the internal evidence of the buildings themselves. He invented also several terms of art, the better to explain his meaning on this subject. Of heraldry, to which he applied as a preparatory science, he was a complete master, and left behind him many curious genealogical papers. "After what I have said of Gray, (I use the words of the Rev. Mr. Cole,) in respect to the beauty and elegance of his poetical compositions, it will hardly be believed, that he condescended to look into the study of antiquities. Yet he told me that he was deeply read in Dugdale, Hearne, Spelman, and others of that class; and that he took as much delight in that study, as ever he did in any other. Indeed, I myself saw many specimens of his industry in his collections from various manuscripts in the British Museum. His collections related chiefly to Eng

lish history little known, or falsified by our historians, and some pedigrees."* His taste in music was excellent, and formed on the study of the great Italian masters who flourished about the time of Pergolesi,† as Marcello, Leo, and Palestrina; he himself performed upon the harpsichord. And it is said that he sung to his own accompaniment on that instrument, with great taste, and feeling.‡ Vocal music, and that only, was what he chiefly regarded. Gray acquired also great facility and accuracy in the knowledge of painting. When he was in Italy, he drew up a paper containing several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed:

* "You know how out of humor Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. * * Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations, to every body's composition." Walpole's Lett. to G. Montagu, p. 70.

† Gray was not partial to the music of Handel: but Mr. Price (from whom I derive this information) adds, "that he used to speak with wonder of that Chorus in the Oratorio of Jephtha, beginning,—'No more to Ammon's God and King.'" —See 'Essays on the Picturesque,' vol. ii. p. 191, note; ed 1794, and Cradock's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 125. Mr. R. Nares says,—'The Oratorio of the Messiah is as perfect a composition of the kind, as the faculties of human nature are capable of producing.'

‡ Cole, in his MSS. notes, says "Gray latterly played on the pianoforte, and sang to *him*, but not without solicitation MS Note of Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne.

and affixed the names* of different masters to each piece, to show which of their pencils he thought would be most proper to treat it. A curious List of Painters, from the Revival of the Art, to the Beginning of the last Century, was also formed by him, with great accuracy and attention. It was published for the first time, in Mr. Malone's edition of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds;† and has been lately reprinted among the collected productions of Mr. Mason. In his Anecdotes of Painting, H. Walpole owns himself much indebted to Gray, for information both in architecture and painting.‡ "He condescended to correct (he says) what he never would have condescended to write:" again, "I am come to put my Anecdotes of Painting into the Press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it." And to him was owing the discovery of a valuable artist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose name was Theodore Haveus, for some time employed at Caius-College,‖ at Cambridge; who was at once an

* See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p 98.

† See Sir J. Reynolds's Works, vol iii. p. 293; and Mr Mason's Works, vol. iii. p. 227.

‡ See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, p 99 and 141, and Letters to G Montagu, p. 226.

‖ "In Caius-College, is a good portrait on board of Dr Keys (not in profile) undoubtedly original, and dated 1563, ætatis suæ 53; with Latin verses and mottos and in the same

architect, sculptor, and painter; and who possessed that diversity, as well as depth of talent in the arts, which appeared in such extraordinary splendour at the revival of literature, but of which, I believe, we have no instance recorded in the history of ancient times.*

To the papers of Gray, the late Mr. Pennant owned himself much indebted for many corrections and observations on the antiquities of London.† Indeed, the variety and extreme accuracy of his studies, even considering the leisure which

room hangs an old picture (bad at first, and now almost effaced by cleaning), of a man in a slashed doublet, dark curled hair, and beard, looking like a foreigner, and holding a pair of compasses, and by his side a polyedron, composed of twelve pentagons. This is undoubtedly *Theodore Haveus* himself, who, from all these circumstances, seems to have been an *architect, sculptor*, and *painter*; and *having worked many* years for Dr. Caius and the College, in gratitude left behind him his own picture." Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, p. 143, 4to.

* Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Julio Romano were architects and I believe sculptors, as well as painters; but it was reserved for the genius of Michael Angelo, to add to the most profound knowledge of those arts, the mind and the expression of the poet. When Dr. Warton, in his Essay on Pope (vol. i. p. 157), said that he could not recollect any painters that were good poets, except Salvator Rosa, and Charles Vermander, of Mulbrac, in Flanders; he surely did not mean to except the poetry of this most extraordinary man Pliny, in his Natural History, mentions the names of some ancient artists who were philosophers: see lib. xxxv. c. 10, 11

† See Pennant's 'London,' p. 62, 4to. Mr. Pennant has the use of an interleaved copy of 'London and its Environs.

he possessed, is not a little surprising; and though he published little or nothing, his reputation for extensive learning was thoroughly established. *Retinuit famam, sine experimento.* "Excepting pure mathematics (says Mr. Mason), and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them, a consummate mastery." He followed most implicitly the rule, which he so often inculcated to his friends,* that happiness consists in employment. "To find one's self business (he writes) I am persuaded is the great art of life. I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than com-

with notes by Mr. Gray, which is in Lord Harcourt's possession. The Witch of Woky, a Poem by Dr. Harrington, was published in Percy's Reliques; it was given to the Public with a note — that it had been altered by the celebrated *Gray*, author of the Churchyard Elegy See Annual Biog and Obituary, 1817, p. 403.

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 339, Lett. XI. And Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 17, Lett. XXV., and p 53, Lett XXXVI. to Dr Wharton.

mon) is required to teach a man how to employ himself."

With regard to Classical learning, there seems every reason to suppose that he was a profound, as well as an elegant scholar. He thought once, it is said, of publishing an edition of Strabo, and left behind him many copious notes, and curious geographical disquisitions, particularly with respect to Persia and India. He made a selection from the Anthologia Græca, inserting critical emendations and additional epigrams, besides a copious index.* On Plato (Mr. Mason says) he bestowed indefatigable pains; leaving a quantity of critical and explanatory notes on almost every part of his works. These notes have now been published † in the edition of Mr. Mathias, and they are fully sufficient to shew the respect and attention with which he studied the writings of that great philosopher. They relate chiefly to antiquity and history; whether he attended much

* A Transcript of this work on the Anthologia by Mr. Mathias, was in the possession of Mr. Heber, at the sale of whose Library it was purchased by Mr. Pickering. There is very little original matter in it, consisting of a few translations in Latin verse: but the Selection of the Epigrammata is made with Gray's judgment and fine taste.

† Some notes on the Ion of Plato, by Thomas Gray, were published in the 'Musæi Oxoniensis Literarii Conspectus,' Fasc. ii. p. 39—48; a publication which was conducted by the present Bishop of St. David's, and which consists of three numbers. "Grayii (says the editor) poetæ celeberrimi, ob-

to verbal criticism, either in the Greek or Latin language, does not appear. I should be inclined to think, that he read the ancient writers, not so much as a critic, but with the more extended, and ampler views of the historian and the philosopher; and all that was in any way connected with the fine arts, with the poetry, the philosophy, and the history of Greece and Rome, he studied with attention; and some of the authors whom he perused, could only be relished by one, who possessed an intimate and copious knowledge of the language in which they wrote. How far Mr. Mathias may have consulted the reputation of Gray, in the extracts which he has lately made from the manuscripts at Pembroke, the voice of the public will decide. In the meanwhile, I *cannot but observe, that so far as regards the* observations on English metre, the remarks on

servationes in Platonis Ionem, pro liberalitate suâ, mihi describendas benignissime permisit poeta celeberrimus, Gulielmus Mason. Excerptæ sunt e spisso volumine Grayii observationum meditarum in universa Platonis Opera, in Strabonem, et Geographos antiquos, in vetustissimos Poetas Anglicos, in Ecclesias Cathedrales Angliæ, &c scriptarum magna eruditione, summa diligentia, raro ingenio et judicio acri, ita ut poeta ille cultissimus in vatum eruditorum numero, unà cum Miltono, merito censeri queat. Observationes in Ionem quantumvis paucæ sint, doctrinæ ubertatem produnt, et judicii acumen. Ex his, quidem nonnullæ de rebus haud obscuris scriptæ videantur, pauci tamen homines de aliqua re admoneri dedignabuntur, quam sui gratia notatu dignam putavit Grayius."

Lydgate, the excellent and highly entertaining analysis of the Aves of Aristophanes, and the English and Latin translations, there surely can be but one sentiment of approbation and gratitude. I confess that, if I had been placed in the situation of the editor, I should have hesitated most, as to the propriety of publishing the notes on Aristophanes, and the geographical disquisitions on India.

It is not, I believe, generally known, that Gray assisted Ross* (the editor of the Epistolæ Familiares of Cicero, with English notes) in an anonymous pamphlet† which he published against the Criticisms of Markland, on some of the Epistles

* See the Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 392. In the miscellaneous Tracts of Bowyer, 4to. are many letters of Markland, shewing great contempt for a person, whose name is not mentioned. — This was *Ross*. See p. 573, 574, 576, &c. The letters at p. 575, 518, dated June 20, 749, and June 14th, 1756, which speak in severe terms of a book then published, relate, I believe, to Hurd's Horace.

† The title of this pamphlet is, ' A Dissertation in which the Defence of P. Sylla, ascribed to M. Tullius Cicero, is clearly proved to be spurious, after the manner of Mr. Markland; with some introductory Remarks on other Writings of the Ancients, never before suspected.' It is written in a sarcastic style, against Markland; but with a display of learning very inferior to that of the excellent scholar against whom it was directed, and in a disposition very dissimilar to the candour and fairness which accompanied the writings of Markland. In a MS. note in the first leaf of his copy of Markland, Gray writes: — " This book is written in an ingenious way, but the irony not quite transparent."

and Orations of Cicero. Gray's own copy of Markland's Treatise is now before me. The notes which he has written in it, display a familiar knowledge of the structure of the Latin language, and answer some of the objections of that ingenious critic; who had not then learnt the caution, in verbal criticism and conjectural emendation, which he well knew how to value, when an editor of Euripides.*

* In 1741, Orator Tunstall (with some assistance from Markland) published his doubts of the authenticity of the letters between Cicero and Brutus (which Middleton had considered as genuine in his Life of Cicero), in a Latin Dissertation. This Middleton called, "a frivolous, captious, disingenuous piece of criticism," answered it in English, and published the disputed epistles with a translation. Upon this, Orator Tunstall, in 1744, published his 'Observations on the Epistles, representing several evident marks of forgery in them, in answer to the late pretences of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton.' Markland, in 1745, published his arguments on the same side of the question, adding a Dissertation on four Orations ascribed to Cicero, viz. 1. Ad Quirites post reditum. 2. Post reditum in Senatu. 3. Pro Domo suâ, ad Pontifices. 4. De Haruspicum Responsis. This called forth the pamphlet from *Ross*, I believe, in the following year, but the book has no date. This controversy was continued by a 'Dissertation, in which the Observations of a late Pamphlet on the Writings of the Ancients, after the Manner of Mr. Markland, are clearly answered, those Passages in Tully corrected, on which some of the Objections are founded, with Amendments of a few Pieces of Criticism in Mr. Markland's Epistola Critica. London, 1746, 8vo.' Gesner published some Strictures on Markland in the Comm. Acad. Reg. Gotting. t. iii. 223—284, which Wolf wonders Markland did not answer, as he had *blown his pipes louder* than Tunstall. Saxius mistakes

In the Latin poems of Gray,* some errors have been pointed out in the notes. One or two of them are evidently mistakes arising from haste; and the others do not at all derogate from the reputation which he has acquired for his classical attainments, and the elegance and purity of his compositions. Salmasius discovered some mistakes in quantity, among the poems of Milton, when they first appeared; and Varassor† detected many inaccuracies in metre and grammar, in the poetical volume published by Beza. The Latin poems of Buchanan, beautiful and classical as they are in their spirit and language, are not without defects both of grammar and of prosody. Indeed some faults ‡ of this kind are certainly not inexcusable, when composing in a language not

Ross's pamphlet for a serious one; and says that he attacks Cicero's Oration pro Sulla "Harduininâ pæne licentiâ"

* In the Gentleman's Magazine, 1801, vol. lxxi. p. 591 is a letter from a Mr. Edmund C. Mason, Sheffield, relating an anecdote of Gray, and containing a Latin poem, which he says is the production of the poet; and a Greek translation of it, by West. This gentleman, however, has not given any account of the authenticity of his manuscript.

† See Scaligeriana; art.: Barclay and Beza. See Irvine's Lives of the Scottish Poets, v. i. p. 164.

‡ Mr. Mason says, "A learned and ingenious person, to whom I communicated the Latin poems after they were printed off, was of opinion that they contain some few expressions not warranted by any good authority; and that there are one or two false quantities to be found in them. I had once an intention to cancel the pages, and correct the passages objected to, according to my friend's criticisms; but, on second

our own. Gray's Latin poetry, however, appears to me to be peculiarly forcible and correct; and formed attentively after the best models — Virgil and Lucretius. Dr. Johnson, who was a good judge of the purity of Latin composition (although he did not always himself compose with that classical exactness which may be desired), allowed, "that it were reasonable to wish Gray had prosecuted his design of excelling in Latin poetry; for though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and some harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few possess; and his lines, even when imperfect, discover a writer whom practice would have made skilful." If Gray, however, should need any further defence, it must be observed, that his Latin poems were never intended by him for publication, if we except the two that he wrote at College; that they were found by his executors among his own papers, or those of his friends, and that they did not receive his last corrections.*

thoughts, I deemed it best to let them stand exactly as I found them in the manuscripts. The accurate classical reader will perhaps be best pleased with finding out the faulty passages himself; and his candour will easily make the proper allowances for any little mistakes in verses, which, he will consider, never had the *author's last hand*." Memoirs, vol. iv p 234.

* The ode written at the Grande Chartreuse perhaps ought also to be excepted

I have never understood that his knowledge of modern languages extended beyond the French and Italian: these, however, he studied when he was abroad with considerable diligence, and cultivated afterwards, in the leisure which he enjoyed at home. Indeed his acquaintance with the beautiful works of the Tuscan bards, has contributed, in no small degree, to enrich and adorn many passages of his English poetry:—

> "Dum vagus, Ausonias nunc per umbras,
> Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit."

It remains now only to speak of an intended publication in English literature, mentioned by Gray in an advertisement to the Imitation of the Welsh Odes, and which was an 'History of English Poetry.' It appears that Warburton had communicated to Mason a paper of Pope's, containing the first sketch of a plan for a work of that nature, and which was printed in the Life of Pope by Ruffhead, and subsequently in many other works.

"Milton (says Dryden in the preface to his Fables) was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." Upon this principle, Pope* drew up his little catalogue

* Pope observed to Spence that "Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spenser, and Fairfax another. Milton, in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spenser too, in his famous Allegro and Penseroso, and some others. Carew (·

of the English poets;* and Gray was so much pleased with the method of arrangement which Pope had struck out, that on Mr. Mason's agreeing to assist him, he examined and considerably enlarged the plan. He meant in the introduction to ascertain the Origin of Rhyme; to give specimens of the Provençal Scaldic, British, and Saxon poetry: and when the different sources of English poetry were ascertained, the history was

and Waller), Waller himself and Lord Lansdown are all of one school; as Sir John Suckling, Sir John Minnes, and Prior are of another. Crashaw is a coarse sort of Cowley, he was a follower too of Petrarch and Marino, but most of Marino. He and Cowley were good friends; and the latter has a good copy of verses on his death. About this pitch were Stanley (the author of the Opinions of Philosophers), Randolph, though rather superior; and Sylvester, though rather of a lower form. Cartwright and Bishop Corbet are of this class of poets; and Ruggle, the author of Counter-Scuffle, might be admitted among them. Herbert is lower than Crashaw, Sir John Beaumont higher, and Donne a good deal so." [Spence's Anecdotes, quoted in] Malone's Dryden, vol. iv. p. 599

* I have placed Pope's Catalogue of the Poets in the Appendix D. (with Gray's Letter on the same subject), with some observations upon it. It is singular that this sketch of Pope's should have been so often printed, without any of the editors, except Mr. Malone, pointing out its mistakes and inaccuracies. It disagrees also, in many points, with the account which he gave to Spence; printed in the preceding note. I must observe, that this catalogue is printed by Mr Mathias, in a far more correct manner than that in which it usually appears. It is published by him from Gray's own handwriting; and many of the inaccuracies pointed out by Mr. Malone, are only the blunders of printers and transcribers

to commence with the school of Chaucer. Mr. Mason collected but few materials for this purpose; but Gray, besides writing his imitations of Norse and Welsh poetry, made many curious and elaborate disquisitions into the origin of rhyme, and the variety of metre to be found in the ancient poets. He transcribed many passages from Lydgate, from the manuscripts which he found at Cambridge, remarking the beauties and defects of this immediate scholar of Chaucer.*

About this time, however, T. Warton was engaged in a work of the same nature: and Gray, fatigued with the extent of his plan, relinquished his undertaking, and sent a copy of his design to Warton; of whose abilities, from his observations on Spenser, Mr. Mason says, he entertained a high opinion. It is well known, that Warton did not adopt this plan; and gave his reasons for his departure from it, in the preface to his history. Gray died some years before Warton's publication appeared;† but Mr. Mason mentions it with praise, in a note in the fourth volume of his Memoirs of Gray, where he calls it, "a work, which, as the author proceeds in it through more enlightened periods, will undoubtedly give the

* See Mathias' Edition of Gray, vol. ii. p. 1 to p. 80.

† Gray died in July, 1771, and Warton's first volume appeared in 1774.

world as high an idea of his critical taste, as the present specimen does of his indefatigable researches into antiquity."

Sir James Mackintosh has given a sketch of Gray's poetical character with his usual temperance of judgment, and delicacy of taste, which may with propriety be introduced, as our narrative is drawing to a close. "Gray (he writes, after some observations on the merits of Goldsmith) was a Poet of a far higher order, and of an almost opposite kind of merit. Of all English Poets he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendour of which poetical style seems to be capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away, are not indeed always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification, which is felt from the perusal of those poems, which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm. But to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions ex-

cited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellencies. Almost all his poetry was lyrical — that species which, issuing from a mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which, for a long composition, the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and rapidity, only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration.* Of the two grand attributes of the Ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice, but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects. In his Letters he has shewn the descriptive powers of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have

* In another place, the same writer observes: "The obscurity of the Ode on the 'Progress of Poetry,' arises from the variety of the subjects, the rapidity of the transitions, the boldness of the imagery, and the splendour of the language; to those who are capable of that intense attention, which the higher order of poetry requires, and which poetical sensibility always produces, there is no obscurity. In the 'Bard' some of these causes of obscurity are lessened; it is more impassioned and less magnificent, but it has more brevity and abruptness. It is a lyric drama, and this structure is a new source of obscurity."

caught from Madame de Sevigné, (though it must be said he was somewhat quaint) he was eminently happy. It may be added, that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet* since Milton."†

In the short, and I am afraid, imperfect account which I have now given of the life and character of Gray, I may be permitted, before I close the narrative, to express my own sincere admiration of that splendid genius, that exquisite taste, that profound and extensive erudition, those numerous accomplishments, and those real and unassuming merits, which will preserve for him a very eminent reputation, exclusively of that which he so justly enjoys in his rank among the English poets. His life, indeed, did not abound with change of incident, or variety of situation, it was not blessed with the happiness of domestic endearments, nor spent in the bosom of social intercourse, but it was constantly and contentedly

* Gray and Mason first detected the imposition of *Chatterton*. See Archæological Epistle to Dean Milles, Stanza xi It appears that Gray did not admire Hudibras "Mr Gray," says Warburton, "has certainly a true taste I should have read Hudibras with as much indifference as perhaps he did, were it not for a fondness of the transactions of those times, against which it is a satire"—Warburton's Letters, xxxi p 290. He appears highly to have praised some of W. Whitehead's poems. See Mason's Life of Whitehead, p 40, &c, and he *approved* H. Walpole's Tragedy of the Mysterious Mother. See Lett. to G Montagu, p 406.

† See Life of Sir J Mackintosh, vol. ii. p 172

employed in the improvement of the various talents with which he was so highly gifted; in a sedulous cultivation both of the moral and intellectual powers; in the study of wisdom, and in the practice of virtue.

To present his poetry to the public, more correctly than it has yet appeared, has been the design of this edition. And I am willing to hope, that I have made no unacceptable present to the literary world, in enabling them for the first time to read the genuine correspondence of Gray, in an enlarged as well as authentic form. Assuredly, to some, his letters will not be less interesting than his poetry;* and they will be read by all who are desirous of estimating, not only the variety of his learning, and the richness and playfulness of his fancy, but the excellence of his private character, the genuine goodness of his heart, his sound and serious views of life, and his warm and zealous affection towards his friends.†

* 'I have been reading Gray's Works,' says Cowper, 'and think him sublime. . . . . I once thought Swift's Letters the best that could be written, but I like Gray's better. His humour, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet I think equally poignant with the Dean's.' Hayley's Ed. 4to. vol. ii. p. 231.

† [The letters here referred to are contained in the Aldine edition of Gray's Works.]

APPENDIX.

Appendix A.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THOMAS GRAY.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

In the Name of God. *Amen.* I Thomas Gray of Pembroke-Hall i[illegible]
mind and i[illegible]
these blessi[illegible]
Last Will a[illegible]
First, I do [illegible]

[illegible]

Antrobus of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the

parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Kortgeth perfumer, provided that she pay, out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, Mrs. Jane Olliffe, my aunt, of Cambridge, widow, the sum of twenty pounds *per annum* during her natural life; and after the decease of the said Jane Olliffe I give the said estate to the said Mary Antrobus, to have and to hold to her heirs and assigns for ever. Further; I bequeath to the said Mary Antrobus the sum of six hundred pounds new South-sea annuities, now standing in the joint names of Jane Olliffe and Thomas Gray, but charged with the payment of five pounds *per annum* to Graves Stokely of Stoke-Pogeis, in the county of Bucks, which sum of six hundred pounds, after the decease of the said annuitant, does (by the will of Anna Rogers my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the mean-time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's Treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, all now tanding in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park in the Bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen Hempstead, the sum of fifty pounds reduced Bank annuities, and if he continues in my service to the time of my death I also give him all my wearing-apparel and linen. I give to my two cousins above-mentioned, Mary Antrobus and Dorothy Comyns, all my plate, watches, rings, china-ware, bed-linen and table-linen, and the furniture of my chambers, at Cambridge, not otherwise bequeathed, to be equally and amicably shared between them. I give to the Reverend William Mason, precentor of York, all my books manuscripts, coins, music printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preserve or destroy at his own discretion. And after my just debts and the expenses of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate, whatsoever, I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them, desiring them to apply the sum of two hundred pounds to an use

[illegible]

THO. GRAY.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Thomas Gray, the testator, as and for his Last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have signed our names as witnesses hereto.

RICHARD BAKER.
THOMAS WILSON.
JOSEPH TURNER.

Proved at London the 12th of August, 1771, before the Worshipful *Andrew Coltre Ducarel*, Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, by the oaths of the Reverend William Mason, Clerk, Master of Arts, and the Reverend James Browne,* Clerk, Master of Arts, the executors to whom administration was granted, having been first sworn duly to administer.

JOHN STEVENS,
HENRY STEVENS, } *Deputy Registers*
GEO. GOSTLING, *jun.*

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* Mr. Gray used to go with his friend Browne to a reading- [illegible]

Appendix B.

The following curious paper I owe to the kindness of Sir Egerton Brydges and his friend Mr. Haslewood. It was discovered in a volume of manuscript law cases, purchased by the latter gentleman at the sale of the late Isaac Reed's books. It is a case submitted by the mother of Gray to the opinion of an eminent civilian in 1735; and it proves that to the great and single exertions of this admirable woman, Gray was indebted for his education, and consequently for the happiness of his life. The sorrow and the mournful affection with which he dwelt on his mother's memory, serves to shew the deep sense he retained of what she suffered, as well as what she did for him. Those who have read the Memoirs of Kirke White in Mr. Southey's Narrative, will recognise the similarity of the situation in which the two poets were placed, in their entrance into life; and they will see, that if maternal love and courage had not stept in, in both cases, their genius and talents would have been lost in the ignorance, or stifled by the selfishness, of those about them.

CASE.

"Philip Gray, before his marriage with his wife, (then Dorothy Antrobus, and who was then partner with her sister Mary Antrobus,) entered into articles of agreement with the said Dorothy, and Mary, and their brother Robert Antrobus, that the said Dorothy's stock in trade (which was then 240*l.*) should be employed by the said Mary in the said trade, and that the same, and all profits arising thereby, should be for the sole benefit of the said Dorothy, notwithstanding her intended coverture, and her sole receipts alone a sufficient discharge to the said Mary and her brother Robert Antrobus, who was made trustee. But in case either the said Philip or Dorothy dies, then the same to be assigned to the survivor.

"That in pursuance of the said articles, the said Mary with the assistance of the said Dorothy her sister, hath carried on the said trade for near thirty years, with tolerable success for the said Dorothy. That she hath been no charge to the said Philip; and during all the said time, hath not only found

APPENDIX C.

Miscellaneous Extracts from the Manuscript Papers of the Rev. William Cole, of Milton in Cambridgeshire, relating to Gray; now in the British Museum.

I.

On Tuesday July 30th, 1771, Mr. Essex calling on me, in his way to Ely, told me that Mr. Gray was thought to be dying of the gout in his stomach. I had not heard before that he was ill, though he had been so for many days. So I sent my servant in the evening to Pembroke-Hall, to enquire after his welfare; but he was then going off, and no message could be delivered; and he died that night. He desired to be buried early in the morning at Stoke-Pogeis;* and accordingly was put in lead, and conveyed from Cambridge on Sunday morning, with a design to rest at Hoddesdon the first night, and reached on Monday night, from whence he might be very early on Tuesday morning at Stoke. He made the master of Pembroke (his particular friend) his executor; who, with his niece Antrobus, Mr. Cummins a merchant of Cambridge, who had married her sister, and a young gentleman of Christ's-College with whom he was very intimate, went in a mourning-coach after the hearse, to see him put into his grave. He left all his books and MSS. to his particular friend Mr. Mason, with a desire that he would do with the latter what he thought proper. When he saw all was over with him, he sent an express to his friend Mr. Stonehewer, who immediately came to see him; and as Dr. Gisborne happened to be with him when the messenger came, he brought

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* Gray's tomb is at the end of the chancel of Stoke-Pogeis church. At Strawberry-Hill there is a drawing by *Bacon* of Gray's tomb, by moonlight; given to *Lord Orford*, by Sir Edward Walpole. See Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 425. Not far from the churchyard is the Cenotaph erected by Mr. Penn to the memory of Gray, from a design, I believe, by the late Mr. Wyatt.

him down to Cambridge with him; which was the more lucky, as *Professor* Plumptre * had refused to get up, being sent to in the night. But it was too late to do any good: and indeed he had all the assistance of the faculty† besides at Cambridge. It is said, that he has left all his fortune to his two nieces at Cambridge; and just before his death, about a month, or thereabout, he had done a very generous action, for which he was much commended.

His aunt Olliffe, an old gentlewoman of Norfolk, had left that county, two or three years, to come and live at Cambridge; and dying about the time I speak of, left him and Mr. Cummins executors and residuary legatees; but Mr. Gray generously gave up his part to his nieces, one of whom Mrs. Olliffe had taken no notice of, and who wanted it sufficiently. * * * * I was told by Mr. Alderman Burleigh, the present mayor of Cambridge, that Mr. Gray's father had been an Exchange-broker, but the fortune he had acquired of about 10,000*l.* was greatly hurt by the fire in Cornhill; so that Mr. Gray, many years ago, sunk a good part of what was left, and purchased an annuity, in order to have a fuller income. I have often seen at his chambers, in his ink-stand, a neat pyramidal bloodstone seal, with these arms at the base, viz. ‡ a lion rampant, within a bordure engrailed, being those of the name of Gray, and belonged, as he told me, to his father. His mother was in the millinery way of business. His person was small, well put together, and latterly tending to plumpness. He was all his life remarkably sober and temperate. I think, I heard him say he never was across a horse's back in his life. He gave me a small print or etching of himself by Mr. Mason, which is extremely like him.

II.

I am apt to think the characters of Voiture and Mr. Gray were very similar. They were both little men, very nice and

* Dr. Plumptre certainly refused to get up to attend Gray in his last illness; but it was to be considered, that he was grown old, and had found it necessary to adopt this rule with all his patients. Ed.

† Dr. Glynn was Gray's physician at Cambridge, and likewise a very intimate friend. Ed.

‡ Sir Egerton Brydges informs me, that Gray's arms are the same as those of Lord Gray of Scotland; who claimed relationship with him, (see Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. lett. 35,) and as the present Earl Grey's.

exact in their persons and dress, most lively and agreeable in conversation, except that Mr. Gray was apt to be too satirical, and both of them full of affectation. In Gil Blas, the print of Scipio in the arbour, beginning to tell his own adventures to Gil Blas, Antonio, and Beatrix, was so like the countenance of Mr. Gray, that if he sat for it, it could not be more so. It is in a 12mo edition in four volumes, printed at Amsterdam, chez Herman Vytwerf, 1735, in the 4th volume, p. 94. — p.m. It is ten times more like him than his print before Mason's life of him, which is horrible, and makes him a fury. That little one done by Mr. Mason is like him; and placid Mr. Tyson spoilt the other by altering it.

III.

[illegible] fastidious to a great degree, to all who were not acquainted with his manner. Indeed, there did not seem to be any probability of any great intimacy from the style and manner of each of them. The one a cheerful, companionable, hearty, open, downright man, of no great regard to dress or common forms of behaviour: the other, of a most fastidious and recluse distance of carriage, rather averse to sociability, but of the graver turn; nice, and elegant in his person, dress, and behaviour, even to a degree of finicalness and effeminacy. [illegible] ance, had soon after too much reason to lament his loss, and the shortness of their acquaintance.

IV.

[Two Latin Epitaphs in the Church of Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Gray (published from Cole's MSS. in the European Magazine, July 1794.)]

Huic Loco prope adsunt Cineres
ROBERTI ANTROBUS.
Vir fuit, si quis unquam fuit, Amicorum amans,
Et Amicis amandus.
Ita Ingenio et Doctrinâ valuit,
Ut suis Honori fuerit, et aliis Commodo.
Si Mores respicis, probus et humanus.
Si Animum, semper sibi constans.
Si Fortunam, plura meruit quam tulit.
In Memoriam defuncti posuit
Hoc Marmor
Frater { amantissimus
mœstissimus } J. Rogers, A.D. 1731.

M. S.
Jonathani Rogers,
Qui Juris inter Negotia diu versatus,
Opibus modicis laudabili Industriâ partis,
Extremos Vitæ Annos
Sibi, Amicis, Deo dicavit.
Humanitati ejus nihil Otium detraxit,
Nihil Integritati Negotia.
Quænam bonæ Spei justior Causa,
Quam perpetua Morum Innocentia
Animus erga Deum reverenter affectus,
Erga omnes Homines benevolo ?
Vixit Ann. lxv. Ob. Stoke in Com. Bucks.
A.D. MDCCXLII. Octob. xxxi.
Anna, Conjux mœstissima,
per Annos xxxii.
Nullâ unquam intercedente
Querimoniâ
Omnium Curarum Particeps,
Hoc Marmor
(Sub quo et suos Cineres juxta condi destinat)
Pietatis Officium heu ! ultimum,
P. C.

V

From the Information of Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J.M P.

Among the friends of Gray, was the Rev. William Robinson, (third brother of Mrs. Montagu,) of Denton Court, near Canterbury, and rector of Burfield, Berks. He was

Mason had executed his task better than he had expected. The 'Lines on Lord Holland's House at Kingsgate,' were written when on a visit to Mr. Robinson, and found in the drawer of Gray's dressing table after he was gone. They

thought Gray not only a great poet, but an exemplary, amiable, and virtuous man. Gray's poem on 'Lord Holland' first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol xlvii. p. 624, and vol. xlviii. p. 88; that on 'Jemmy Twitcher,' in vol. lii. p. 39.

When he went to court to kiss the king's hand† for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride, which he expressed to one of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill-humour.

VI.

the Chancellor himself; for the press was teeming with abuse,

* See the beautiful description of Kentish scenery, written on this tour, in Gray's Letters by Mason.

† 'What if for nothing once you kist
Against the grain, a monarch's fist'
Swift's Misc vol v. p. 162

and a very satirical parody was then preparing, which soon afterwards appeared. His own delicious ode must always be admired, yet this envenomed shaft was so pointedly levelled at him, though he affected in his letter to Mason to disregard it, that with his fine feelings he was not only annoyed, but very seriously hurt by it. — v. Cradock's Mem. p. 107–8.

From time to time I had treasured up many bon-mots of Gray communicated by Mr. Tyson, and by the former fellow-collegian of Gray, the Rev. Mr. Sparrow, of Walthamstow, who was always attentive to his witty effusions. Some few of these have been printed incorrectly, and freely bestowed on others in the Johnsoniana. Johnson was highly displeased, that any should be attributed to him, as mentioned by Mr. Davies. When he was publishing his life of Gray, I gave him several anecdotes, but he was very anxious as soon as possible to get to the end of his labours. Not long since I received a very kind message from the Rev. Mr. Bright, Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, to inform me that he had wished to deposit with me all the remaining documents and papers of Gray, as bequeathed to him by Mr. Stonehewer, but that he found that they all had been carried off to Rome inadvertently by a learned Editor. If recovered they should certainly be consigned to me. — Id. p. 1834.

Appendix D.

(See page xxix. *.)

'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,'

Dr. Warton would read "The curfew tolls! — the knell of parting day." The curfew-*bell* is the general expression of the old poets; the word 'toll' is not the appropriate verb; it was not a slow bell tolling for the dead; hence,

'Curfew was *ronge* — lyghts were set up in haste.'

[illegible]

bell,' then also is the time incorrect; and a *knell* is not tolled for the *parting*, but for the *parted*.

'And leaves the world to *darkness* and to me.'
'Now *fades* the *glimmering* landscape on the sight.'

Here the incidents, instead of being progressive, fall back, and make the picture confused and inharmonious; especially, as it appears soon after, that it was not *dark*; for 'The moping owl *does** to the *moon* complain.'

'Molest her *ancient* solitary reign.'

This line would have been better without *ancient*; but Gray

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* The expletives 'does,' and 'do,' and 'did,' were, we considered, discarded from English poetry, by Pope's taste and skill; who proved that he could construct his musical lines without them. They have lately come to life again (or rather, appear only to have been banished, and not destroyed,) in our modern tragedies, of which Mr. Maturin's *Bertram* affords a good specimen, as pointed out by Mr. Coleridge.

'The Lord and his small train *do* stand appall'd,
With torch and bell from their high battlements,
The monks *do* summon,' &c.

had the 'antiqua regna' of the Latin poets in his mind, and the 'deserta regna.' Besides, to '*molest a reign*,' is a very ungraceful and most unusual expression; and only endured for the rhyme's sake.

'Where *heaves* the turf in many a mouldering *heap*.'

This is redundant.

'For them no more the *blazing* hearth shall *burn*.'

If the hearth *blazes*, of course it must *burn*; but 'blazing hearth' Gray had from Thomson, and 'burn' was added for the rhyme, 'return.'

'No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.'

Here the epithet *lowly*, as applied to *bed*, occasions an ambiguity, as to whether the poet meant the bed on which they sleep, or the grave in which they are laid, which is in poetry called a *low* or *lowly bed*. Of course the former is designed; *but Mr. Lloyd, in his Latin translation, mistook it for the latter.* There can be no greater fault in composition than a doubtful meaning, — vitanda in primis ambiguitas.

'Or busy housewife *ply* her evening *care*.'

To *ply a care*, is an expression that is not proper to our language, and was probably formed for the rhyme — 'share.'

'Their furrow oft the *stubborn glebe* has broke;
How jocund did they drive their *team afield*;
How bent the woods beneath their *sturdy stroke*.'

This stanza is made up of various pieces inlaid. 'Stubborn glebe,' is from Gay; 'drive afield,' from Milton; 'sturdy stroke,' from Spenser. Such is too much the *system* of Gray's compositions, and *therefore* such the cause of his imperfections. Purity of language, accuracy of thought, and even similarity of rhyme — all give way to the introduction of certain poetical expressions; in fact, the beautiful jewel, when brought, does not fit into the new setting, or socket. Such is the difference between the flower *stuck* into the ground, and those that grow from it.

'Their homely joys and destiny *obscure*;
The short and simple annals of the *poor*.'

A very imperfect rhyme, such as Swift would not have allowed, and ought not to have appeared in such a poem, where the finishing is supposed to be high, and the expression said to be select.

'And all that beauty, all that wealth *e'er gave*.'

This expression simply means 'beauty and wealth,' and is much weakened by the addition *e'er gave*, which was necessary for the rhyme 'grave.'

'Nor you, ye proud, *impute to these the fault*.'

A prosaic and colloquial line.

'Can Honour's voice *provoke* the silent dust?'

An unusually bold expression, to say the least. Pope has,

'But when our country's cause *provokes* to arms.'

Again,

'Perhaps in this neglected spot *is* laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,' &c.

Incorrect in the syntax:—'Some hands *is* laid.'

'Hands that the *rod of empire* might have sway'd.'

The 'rod of empire' is rather a semi-burlesque expression, than a serious one, and degrades the image. Tickell has a better:—

'Proud names, that once the *reins* of empire held.'

But then the rhyme 'sway'd' would not have done. We see, while writing this, that 'reins' was in the original MS., and undoubtedly dispossessed of its place for the sake of the verb.

'But knowledge to *their* eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,' &c.

It is necessary to go back six stanzas to find the subject to which the relative *their* refers, i. e.

'The short and simple annals of the Poor.'

'*Rich with the spoils of time*, did ne'er unroll.'

This fine expression is taken from Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici—'Rich with the spoils of Nature.'

'Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage.'

The use of the word 'rage' for desire, if not introduced by Pope, was too much used by him

'So just thy skill, so regular *thy rage*,'

And,

> 'So justly warm'd by your own *native rage*.'

> 'Some village Hampden, *that* with dauntless breast.

It should be 'who,' instead of 'that.'

> 'To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.'

This is from Tickell —

> 'To scatter blessings on the British land.'

'From insult to protect.' 'Sculpture deck'd,' is not an allowable rhyme; and what is the force or meaning of the word *still* erected nigh?'

> 'Their lot forbade, — nor circumscrib'd alone
> Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd —
> Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
> Or shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
>
> The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
> To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
> Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
> With incense kindled at the muse's flame.'

Who does not feel how flat and superfluous is the *latter* stanza, after the fine concluding couplet of the *former?* The two stanzas ought to have been remodelled; part of the second thrown into the first, and then the whole should conclude with the *greatest crime*, the grandest imagery, and the finished picture, —

> 'Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
> Or shut the gates of mercy on mankind.'

There should the description close; all after that must be weak and superfluous.

> 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray.'

There is an ambiguity in this couplet, which indeed gives a sense exactly contrary to that intended; to avoid which, one must break the grammatical construction. The first line is from Drummond: — 'Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords.'

> 'Left the *warm precincts* of the cheerful day.

Precincts,' a lifeless and prosaic word; and unsuited to the epithet 'warm.' How superior is Tasso —

> 'E lascio mesta l'*aure* suave della vita.'

'And *many* a holy text around she strews,
That *teach* the rustic moralist to die.'

This is ungrammatical. 'Many a holy text that *teaches*,' it ought to be.

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some *pious drops* the *closing eye* requires,
E'en from the tomb the *voice of Nature* cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

'Pious drops' is from Ovid — 'piæ lacrymæ;' 'Closing eye,' is from Pope's Elegy; '*Voice of Nature*,' from the Anthologia; and the last line from Chaucer —

'Yet in our ashes cold is fire yreken.'

[illegible]

'There at the foot of yonder nodding *beech*,
His listless limbs at noontide would he *stretch*.'

Such imperfect rhymes are not allowable in short and finished poems. And so, in the following stanza, 'we saw him *borne*' — 'beneath yon aged *thorn*.' And in the XX and XXI stanzas, there are four lines in the rhymes of similar sound, as 'nigh,' 'sigh,' 'supply,' 'die.'

'Now drooping *woful-wan*, like one forlorn.'

[illegible]

'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.'

A very bald, flat, prosaic line.

'Fair *Science* frown'd not on his humble birth.'

Such personifications are not in the taste of our old and best writers, but grow up in modern times. Dodsley's Specimens are full of them. So little did the printer know about it, that he has not even printed *science* with a capital letter. Horace is correct, as well as beautifully poetical —

'Quem tu, *Melpomene* semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris.'

'*Or* draw his frailties from their dread abode.'
It should be 'Nor.'

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow.'
Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat.

So Lady M. Montagu, in one of her *Town Eclogues*, written in 1715:

'Where the *tall jar* erects its stately pride,
With antic shapes in *China's azure dy'd*.'
Friday—The Toilette. D.

'Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.'
Elegy.

So Lady M. Montagu:

'She said, and slowly leaves the realms of night,
While the curs'd phantoms praise her *droning flight*.'
The Court of Dullness. D.

'Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus,' &c. *Progress of Poesy.*

Compare Gabriel Harvey:

'It is not long, since the goodlyest graces of the most noble commonwealthes upon earth, Eloquence in speech, and Civility in manners, arriued in these remote parts of the world: it was a happy reuolution of the heauens, and worthy to be chronicled in an English Liuy, when Tiberis flowed into the Thames; Athens removed to London; pure Italy and fine Greece planted themselues in rich England; Apollo with his delicate troupe of Muses forsooke his old mountaines and riuers, and frequented a new Parnassus, and an other Hellicon, nothinge inferiour to the olde, when they were most solemnely haunted of diuine wittes, that taught Rhetorique to speake with applause, and Poetry to sing with admiration.' *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, p. 15. D.

'Amazement, in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.'
The Bard, St. ii. 1.

So Swift:

'On he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the Rear.'
Battle of the Books D.

Appendix E.

Memorabilia — from Mr. Bray's notes. See Mrs. Bray's Description of Devonshire, in letters to R. Southey, esq., vol. iii. p. 311.

[illegible] commonplace book of Gray, and it contained very copious extracts from the Commentary of Crescembini He told me that he could gratify me with a sight of Gray's hand writing, and fetched from his library a fac-simile, being a kind of com- [illegible] always with a crow-quill.

Observing no obliterations or erasures, and indeed only one or two interlineations, I remarked that it must have been a fair copy, and wondered how he could have taken so much pains, unless he had intended it for publication But Mr. Mathias assured me, that Gray was so averse to publication, that had not a surreptitious copy of his 'Elegy in a Country Church-yard' appeared, he never would have published it, and even when he did, it was without his name. The reason that he was so correct, was that he never committed any thing to paper till he had most maturely considered it before hand.

Mr. Mathias explained to me how he was so well acquainted with these particulars respecting Gray, by informing me that he was most intimate with Mr Nichols, the familiar friend [illegible] was in possession of any such precious reliques, lest he should be plagued with requests to have them copied, or at least to shew them He therefore in a manner enjoined me to secrecy.

and I consequently commit the pleasant memoranda to paper, merely for my own satisfaction, that, on occasional inspection, the pleasure I received from this conversation may be more firmly brought to my recollection. For the same reason, and as these MSS. are never likely to be made public, I shall enter more at large upon the consideration of them; at least as much as a cursory inspection during a morning call would permit.

As Gray always affixed the date to everything he wrote, which, as Mr. Mathias assured me, was the custom of Petrarch, it seems that he wrote his remarks on Pindar at rather an early age. I think the date was 1747. It is very closely written: the Greek characters are remarkably neat. He begins with the date of the composition, and takes into his consideration almost every thing connected with it, both chronologically and historically. The notes of the Scholiasts do not escape him, and he is so minute as to direct his attention to almost every expression. He appears to have reconciled many apparent incongruities, and to have elucidated many difficulties. I the more lament these valuable annotations remain unpublished, as they would prove that, in the opinion of so great a man, the English language is in every respect adequate to express everything that criticism the most erudite can require. It presented to my eye a most gratifying novelty, to see the union of Greek and English, and to find that they harmonized together as well as Greek and Latin.

The remarks on the plays of Aristophanes were so minute, not only expressing where they were written and acted, but when they were revived, that, as Mr. Mathias justly observed, 'one would think he was reading the account of some modern comedy, instead of the dramatic composition of about two thousand years old.' Gray also left behind him very copious remarks upon Plato, which had also formerly been in Mr. Mathias's hands, likewise large collections respecting the customs of the ancients, &c. And so multifarious and minute were his investigations, that he directed his attention even to the Supellex, or household furniture of the ancients, collecting together all the passages of the classics that had any reference to the subject.

Mr. Mathias shewed me likewise many sheets copied by Gray from some Italian author; also, I believe, an historical composition, and a great many genealogies, of which Gray was particularly fond. On my remarking that I wished Gray had written less genealogies and more poetry, he informed me that the reason he had written so little poetry, was from the great exertion it cost him (which he made no reserve in confessing) in the labour of composition. Mr. Mathias informed me that he had seen the original copy of Gray's 'Ode on the

Appendix F.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE POETS,

FORMED BY POPE.

(*See Observ. on the English Poets, by Pope, in Spence's Anecdotes, ed. Malone, p.* 81, 145.)

ÆRA I.

Rymer, 2d part, p. 65, 66, 67, 77. Petrarch, 78. Catal. of Provençals. [Poets.]

1. School of Provence.	Chaucer's Visions.* Romaunt of the Rose. Pierce Plowman. Tales from Boccace. Gower.
2. School of Chaucer.	Lydgate. T. Occleve. Walter de Mapes. Skelton.
3. School of Petrarch.	Earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Wyat. Sir Philip Sydney. G. Gascoyne. Translator of Ariosto's Comedy.
4. School of Dante.	Mirror of Magistrates. Lord Buckhurst's Induction. Gorboduck.—[Original of good Tragedy.—Seneca his Model.]

ÆRA II.

Spenser Col. Clout, from the School of Ariosto, and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

5. School of Spenser, and from Italian Sonnets.	W. Brown's Pastorals. Ph. Fletcher's Purple Island. Alabaster. Piscatory Eclogues. S. Daniel. Sir Walter Raleigh. Milton's Juvenilia. Heath Habington.

* Read. Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. Visions of Pierce Plowman. [Malone.]

Translators from Italian. { Golding.
Edw. Fairfax.
Harrington.

3. School of Donne. { Cowley. Davenant.
Michael Drayton.
Sir Thomas Overbury
Randolph
Sir John Davis.
Sir John Beaumont.
Cartwright.
Cleiveland.
Crashaw.
Bishop Corbet.
Lord Falkland.

{ Carew, T. Carey, } in matter, } Models to Waller.
{ G. Sandys, in his Par. of Job, Fairfax, } in versification, }

{ Sir John Mennis, *Tho. Baynal,* } Originals of Hudibras.

Tho. *Randal,* were the same person. [Malone.]*

To these observations by Mr. Malone, I shall add, that there does not seem to be any just ground for placing Chaucer in the

school of Provence. Mr. Trywhitt says, "As to Chaucer's language, I have not observed, in any of his writings, a single *phrase or word*, which has the least appearance of having been fetched by him from the south of the Loire. With respect to the *manner* and *matter* of his compositions, till some clear instance of imitation be produced, I shall be slow to believe, that in either he ever copied the poets of Provence, with whose works, I apprehend, he had very little, if any, acquaintance." [Cant. Tales, pref. p. xxxv.] Even T. Warton, in his Emendations and Additions to his second volume [p. 458], says: "I have never affirmed that Chaucer imitated the Provençal bards; although it is by no means improbable that he might have known *their tales*." Secondly, Davenant and Drayton can never be placed in the school of *Donne*.* Drayton should be ranked with Spenser; where indeed Pope, in his conversation with Spence, placed him: and Davenant is a poet who approaches nearer to Shakspeare, in the beauty of his descriptions, *the tenderness of his thoughts, the seriousness of his* feeling, and the wildness of his fancy. Cartwright did not imitate Donne; † and Cleveland is a writer of a very peculiar style, which he formed for himself. "The obtrusion of *new words* on his hearers (says *Dryden*) is what the world has blamed in our satirist Cleveland. To express a thing hard, and unnaturally, is his new way of elocution. There is this difference between his Satires and Donne's, that the one gives us *deep* thoughts in common language, through rough cadence; *the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words*." Essay on Dramatic Poesy, p. 63, 64. [See this Catalogue in Mathias's Gray, vol. ii. p. 8.]

Letter from T. Gray to Thomas Warton, in the possession of Al. Chalmers, Esq. See his Life of T. Warton, v. British Poets, vol. xviii. p. 80.

Sir, — Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having *long ago desired me*, in your name, to communicate any fragments or sketches of a

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* Perhaps Pope alluded to Suckling's verses to Davenant: —

"Thou hast redeem'd us, Will: — and future Times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Death of fierce Wit. Since the *great Lord of it*
DONNE parted hence: no man has ever writ
So near him, in his own way." ——

Dryden first called Donne metaphysical. See Warton's Pope, vol. iv. p. 252.

design I once had to give a History of English Poetry,* you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request; [illegible] any thing, so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan, for I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the Poetry of the Gallic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced. On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

PART I.

On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrventes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnetts, ballades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French; and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others. State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of *Edward the Third*, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country. His charac-

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* See a letter from Thos. Warton to Garrick, June 28, 1769, in which he says Gray had once an intention of this sort, (of writing the History of English Poetry), but he dropt it, as you may see by an Advt. to his Norway Odes. See Garrick's Corres. vol. 355

ker, and merits at large. The different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

PART III.

Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c., an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this and the former age, introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character. Subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention: but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the second Italian school. — Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This school ends in Milton. A third Italian school, full of conceit, began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James, and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration, — Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope, — which has continued to our own times.

You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe you have a copy. You will also see, I had excluded Dramatic poetry entirely; which if you had taken in, it would at least double the bulk and labour of your book.

I am, sir, with great esteem,
Your most humble and obedient servant,
THOMAS GRAY.

Pembroke Hall,
April 15, 1770.

Note. There is a most objectionable Classification of the Poets in Dr. J. Warton's Essay on Pope. v. Ded. V. 1. p. 12

POEMS

ODES.

I. ON THE SPRING

[illegible]
p. 411. This Ode is formed on Horace's Ode ad Sestium, i. iv. Translated into Latin in Musæ Etonens. Vol. ii. p. 60.]

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!

NOTES — Ver. 1. "The Graces, and the *rosy-bosom'd Hours.*" Milton. Comus, v 984. *W.* Thoms. Spring, 1007.

V. 2. So Homer. Hymn. ad Vener. ii. 5

τὴν δὲ χρυσάμπυκες ὧραι
Δέξαντ' ἀσπασίως περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἵματα ἕσσαν

The *Hours* also are joined with *Venus* in the Hymn. ad Apollin. v. 194. And Hesiod places them in her train ·

ἀμφὶ δὲ τήνγε
Ὧραι καλλίκομοι στέφον ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖσι. Erg ver. 75.

V. 3. "At that soft season when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and *wake the rising flowers.*"

Pope Temple of Fame, b. i v 1. *W* — In some editions "expected" is printed for "expecting" "The fowers that in its womb expecting lie" Dryden Astræa Redux *Rogers*

V. 4. Apuleius Nuptiis Cupid. et Psyc. vi. p. 427, ed Oudendorp · "*Horæ*, rosis, et cæteris floribus *purpurabant*.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
  The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

---

omnia." Also in the Pervigil. Vener. v. 13: "Ipsa gemmis *purpurantem* pingit *annum* floribus." Pope has the same expression in his Past. i. 28: "And lavish Nature paints the *purple year*." "Gales that wake the purple year." Mallet. Zephyr.

V. 5. Martial. Epig. i. 54: "Sic ubi multisona fervet sacer *Atthide* lucus." Also in the Epitaphium Athenaidos apud Fabrettum, p. 702: "Cum te, nate, fleo, planctus dabit *Attica Aedon*." And "*Attica* volucris." Propert. II. xvi. 6.—Ovid. Halieut. v. 110: "Attica avis vernâ sub tempestate queratur." Add Senecæ Herc. Œt. v. 200. And Milton. Par. R. iv. 245: "The *Attic bird* trills her thick-warbled notes." The expression "pours her throat" is from Pope. Essay on Man, iii. 33: "Is it for thee the linnet *pours her throat?*" So Ovid. Trist iii. 12. 8. "*Indocilique* loquax *gutture* vernat avis."

V. 7 —"The hollow Cuckoo sings
The symphony of Spring."—
Thoms. Spring. *Luke.*

V. 10. —"Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods." Par. L. viii. 515.

v. Comus. v. 989. and P L. iv. 327. "Cool Zephyr." *Luke.*

V 12. Milton. Par. L. iv. 246: "The unpierc'd *shade*

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet, hark, how thro' the peopled air

Var. V. 19. "How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!"

So these lines appeared in Dodsley. The variation, as Mason informs us, was subsequently made to avoid the point "*little* and *great*."

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embrown'd the noontide bowers." "And breathes a *browner* horror o'er the woods," Pope. Eloisa, 170. *W.*—Thomson. Cast. of Ind. i. 38: "Or Autumn's varied *shades embrown* the walls."

V. 13. "A bank *o'ercanopied* with luscious woodbine." Mids. N. Dr. act ii. sc. 2. *Gray.*

"The *beech* shall yield a cool *safe canopy*."

Fletcher. Purpl. Is. i. v. 30. And T. Warton's note on Milton's Comus, v. 543.

V. 15. "The rushy-*fringed* bank." Comus. *Luke.*

V. 22. "Patula pecus omne sub ulmo est." Pers. Sat. iii. 6. *W.*—But Gray seems to have imitated Pope. Past. ii. 86:

"The lowing *herds* to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer *shades the panting* flocks remove."

"Jam pastor umbras cum *grege languido*
Rivumque fessus quærit." Hor. lib. III. Od. xxix. 21

V. 23. Thomson. Autumn, 836: "Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play the *swallow-people*." And Walton, Complete Angler, p. 203. "Now the wing'd *people* of the sky shall sing." Add Beaumont. Psyche, st. lxxxviii. p. 46. "Every tree *empeopled* was with birds of softest throats." so Alciphr. Ep. p. 341. [illegible] and Max. Tyr. See Reiske's note, p. 82.

The busy murmur glows!
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest:

V. 24. Thus Milton. Par. R. iv. 248: "The sound of bees' *industrious murmur*." Wakefield quotes Thomson. Spr. 506: "Thro' the soft air the *busy nations* fly." And, 649: "But restless hurry thro' the *busy air*." Compare also Pope. T. of Fame, 294.

V. 25. "Some to the sun their *insect-wings* unfold."
Pope. Rape of the Lock, ii. 59. *W.* This expression may have been suggested by a line in Green's Hermitage, quoted in Gray's Letter to Walpole: (see note at ver. 31.)

"From *maggot-youth* thro' change of state
They feel, like us, the turns of fate."

V. 26. See Milton, as quoted by Wakefield: Il Pen. 142, Lycid. 140, Sams. Ag. 1066.

V. 27. "Nare per æstatem liquidam," Georg. iv. 59. *Gray.* — To which, add Georg. i. 404; and Æn. v. 525; x. 272. "There I suck the liquid air." Milton. Comus, v. 980.

V. 30. "Sporting with *quick glance*, show to the *sun* their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold," Par. L. vii. 410. *Gray.* — See also Pope, Hom. Il. ii. 557; and Essay on Man, iii. 65.

V. 31. "While insects from the threshold preach," Green, in the Grotto. Dodsley, Misc. v. p. 161. *Gray.* — Gray, in a

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown.
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

---

letter to H. Walpole, says (see Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 395) "I send you a bit of a thing for two reasons; first, because it is one of your favorite's, Mr. M. Green, and next, because I would do justice the *thought on which my second Ode turns*, (The Ode to Spring, afterwards placed *first*, by Gray,) is manifestly stole from thence. Not that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before; to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and forgetting the author, I took it for my own." Then follows the quotation from Green's Grotto. Wakefield seems to have discovered the original of this stanza in some lines in Thomson. Summer, 342

V. 37. "The varied colours run," Thoms. Spring. *Lake.*

V. 47.

"From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their *painted wings*."

Par. L. vii. 433. W. And so Thomson. Spring, 582, Virg. Georg. iii. 243; Æn. iv. 525, Claudian, xv. 3. "*Picturque plumas.*" Ruæi Rap. iii. v. 14.

V. 49. [illegible] Theocrit. Idyll i. 102. W. Alexis ap. [illegible] [illegible] Plato has the same words, [illegible] expression

II.* ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

[On a favourite cat called Selima, that fell into a China Tub with gold fishes in it, and was drowned, MS. Wharton. Walpole, after the death of Gray, placed the China Vase on a pedestal at Strawberry Hill, with a few lines of the Ode for its inscription.]

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;

Var. V. 4. In the first edition the order of these lines was reversed:

" The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Demurest of the tabby kind "

ἡμεῖς δ'ἐν δυσμαῖς τοῦ βίου, de Legib. tom. ii. p. 770, ed. Serrani; and Aristotelis Poetica, cap. 35: καὶ τὸ γῆρας 'Εσπέραν βίου. Add Catull. ad Lesb. c. 5. v. 5. " Nobis, cum semel occidet brevis lux." Twining, in his translation of the Poetics, together with this line from Gray, has quoted Com. of Err. (last scene): " Yet hath my *night of life* some memory," see p. 105. It is a phrase very common among the old English poets. — Herrick has,

" Sunk is my sight, *set is my sun*,
And all the loom of life undone."

and " My sun begins to set," Rowley's All's lost by Lust, p. 63, 4to. with many others.

* This Ode first appeared in Dodsley. Col. vol. ii. p. 274, with some variations; only one of which is given by Mason. They are all noticed in this edition, as they occur.

V. 3. This expression has been accused of redundance by

Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:

Var. V. 14. First edit. "Two beauteous forms;" a reading that appears to me preferable to the one now in the text.

Dr. Johnson and Wakefield. See Todd's Ed. of Comus, p. 113. Gray, however, could have defended it by the usage of the ancient poets. See Ovid. Metam. ix. [illegible] "[illegible] jactura decora." And [illegible] "[illegible] jactura [illegible]." Ovid [illegible] "Jura [illegible] [illegible] legum." In [illegible] Tracts, vol. i. p. [illegible], some examples of such [illegible] expressions are collected from the Greek and Latin poets. See on this subject also the notes of [illegible] on Propertius, lib. II. vii. v. 63; on Ovid. Met. ii. 66, and on [illegible] Tr. i. el. 8. 37. In the Prog. of Poesy, ii. 2. [illegible] "The [illegible] flowers that round them blow." "[illegible] [illegible]," Drummond. Madrigal. *Luke.*

V. 15. Thomson, in his Spring, v. [illegible], [illegible] speaking of fish:

"—— In whose [illegible] wave
The little Naiads love to sport at large."

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Var. V. 24. "*A foe to fish.*" First edit.
V. 25. *Looks*] Eyes. MS.

V. 17. "*Aureus* ipse; sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum
Funduntur, violæ *sublucet purpura* nigræ."
Virg. Georg. iv. 274. W.

V. 18. "His shining horns diffus'd a *golden gleam,*" Pope. Winds. For. 331. "And lucid amber casts a *golden gleam,*" Temp. of Fame, 253.

V. 42. This proverbial expression was a favourite among the old English poets:

"But all thing, which that *shineth as the gold,*
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told."

See Chaucer. Chanones Yemannes Tale, v. 16430. Tyrwhitt refers to the Parabolæ of Alanus de Insulis, quoted by Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Æv. 1074: "Non teneas aurum, totum quod splendet ut aurum." Among the poems published with Lord

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
  Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
  A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
  And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
  Nor all, that glisters, gold.

Var. V. 35. "nor *Harry* heard.
What favourite has a friend?" First edit.
V. 40. Strikes, &c.

[illegible]
is not, that doth *golden* seem."

"Not every thinge that gives a gleame and *glitt'ring* showe,
Is to be counted *gold* indeede, this proverbe well you knowe."
Turberville. Answer of a Woman to her Lover, st. 19

"All as they say, that *glitters* is not *gold*."
Dryden. H. and Panther.

This poem was written later than the first, third, and fourth Odes, but was arranged by Gray in this place, in his own edition.

III.* ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

'Ανθρωπος, ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

Menander. Incert. Fragm. ver 382. ed. Cler. p. 245.

[See Musæ Etonenses, vol. i. p. 229, and Brit. Bibliographer. vol. ii. p. 214.]

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her Henry's † holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,

---

* This, as Mason informs us, was the *first English* production of Gray which appeared in print. It was published in folio, in 1747, and appeared again in Dodsley, Col. vol. ii. p. 267, without the name of the author. A Latin poem by him, On the Prince of Wales's Marriage, had appeared in the Cambridge Collection, in 1736, which is inserted in this edition.

V. 2. "Haunt the watery glade."—
Pope. Wind. For. *Luke*

† King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

V. 4. So in the Bard, ii. 3: "And spare the meek usurper's *holy head.*" And in Install. Ode, iv. 12: "The murder'd *saint.*" So Rich. III. act v. sc. 1: "*Holy* King Henry." And act iv. sc. 4: "When *holy Henry* died." This epithet has a peculiar propriety; as Henry the Sixth, though never canonized, was regarded as a *saint.* See Barrington on the Statutes, p. 416, and Douce. Illust. of Shakesp. ii. 38. "Yea and *holy Henry* lying at Windsor." Barclay. Eclog. p. 4, fol.

Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen

V. 5 "and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his *princely brow*."
Thoms. Sum. 1412. W.

V. 10. "The vale of Thames *fair-winding up*." Thoms. Sum. 1417. Fenton in his Ode to Lord Gower, which was praised by Pope and Akenside, had these two lines, st. 1:

"Or if invok'd where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play."

Spenser, vol. v. p. 37: "Silver-streaming Thames."

V. 15. "L'aura gentil che rasserena i poggi
Destando i fior per questo ombroso bosco
Al soave suo spirto riconosco." Petrarca, Son. clxi.

V. 19. "And bees their honey *redolent of spring*." Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System. *Gray*.—"And every field is *redolent of spring*." L. Welsted's Poems, p. 23. It appears also in the Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century, by Mrs. Manly, 1716, vol. ii. p. 67. "The lovely Endimion, *redolent of youth*." See Todd, in a note to Samp. Agonist. (Milton, vol. iv. p. 410.)

V. 21. This invocation is taken from Green's Grotto: see Dodsley Col. vol. v. p. 159.

Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,

Var. V. 29. "To chase the hoops illusive speed." MS.

"*Say, father Thames*, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view, what beauties grace
Your flowery banks, *if you have seen*."

Perhaps both poets thought of Cowley, vol. i. p. 117:

"Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, *say*,
Have you not seen us walking every day."

Dryden. An. Mirab. St. ccxxxii. "Old *father* Thames rais'd up his reverend head."

V. 23. "By slow Mæander's *margent green*." Milton. Com 232. W.

V. 24. "To virtue, in the *paths of pleasure* trod." Pope. Essay on Man, iii. 233.

V. 26. "On the glassy wave." Todd. ed. of Comus, p. 118

V. 27. This expression has been noticed as tautologous Thomson, on the *same* subject, uses somewhat redundant language, Spring. 702:

"Inhuman caught; and in the narrow cage
From *liberty confined* and boundless air"

And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

V. 30. "The senator at cricket *urge the ball*"
Pope. Dun. iv. 592.

V. 37. This line is taken from Cowley Pindarique Ode to Hobbes, iv. 7. p 223: "Till *unknown regions it descries.*"

V. 40. "Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum *gaudia pallent.*" Stat. Theb. i. 620 For other expressions of this nature, see Wakefield's note. Add Sil. Ital. xvi 432, "la toque pavore." *Luke.*

V. 44 "Eternal *sunshine* of the spotless *mind.*" Pope. Eloisa, ver 209. Add Essay on Man, iv. 167, "The soul's calm sunshine."

V. 47. "In either cheeke depeyncten *lively cheere,*" Spenser. Hobbinol's Dittie, ver. 33 W. See Milton. Ps. lxxxiv. 5. "With joy and gladsome cheer." *Luke.*

V. 49. "The temperate sleeps, and *spirits light as air.*" Pope. Im. of Horace, I. 73, Hor. Od. ii. xi. 7. "facilemque somnum:" and Par. L. v. 3:

"——His *sleep*
Was *airy light,* from *pure* digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland"

That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,

V. 68. "With praise enough for *Envy* to look wan." Milton. Son. to Lawes, xiii. 6 W. Par. L. i. 601, "*Care* sate on his *faded* cheek." *Luke.*

[illegible]

[illegible] isag'd Despair." *Todd.*

V. 76 "Affected *Kindness* with an *alter'd* face," Dryden Hind and Panth. part iii

[illegible]

V. 81. "Declin'd into the *vale of years*," Othello, act iii sc. 3. Compare also Virg Æn vi 275

The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
  Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,

V. 83. "Hate, Fear, and Grief, the *family of Pain,*" Pope. Essay on Man, ii. 118. Dryden, State of Innoc. act v. sc. 1: "With all the numerous *family of Death.*" Claudian uses language not dissimilar: Cons. Honor. vi. 323: "Inferno stridentes agmine Morbi." And Juv. Sat. x. 218: "Circumsedit agmine facto Morborum omne genus." Hor. Od. I. iii. 30. "Nova febrium terris incubuit cohors."

V. 84. See T. Warton's Milt. p. 432, 434, 511.

V. 90. "His *slow-consuming* fires." Shenstone. Love and Honour.

V. 95. We meet with the same thought in Milton. Com. ver. 359.

> "Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite
> To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
> For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
> What need a man forestall his date of grief?" *W.*

V. 98. Soph. Ajax, v. 555: Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γαρ μηδεν ἥδιστος βίος. *W.* See Kidd's note to Hor. Ep. xi. 2. 140.

V. 99. See Prior, (Ep. to Hon. C. Montague, st. ix.)

> "From ignorance our comfort flows,
> The only wretched are the wise."—*Luke.*

Add Davenant Just Italian, p. 32, "Since knowledge is but

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.*

— Ζῆνα —

. . . .
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάθος
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

AESCH. AGAM. VER. 181.

[This Ode, suggested by Dionysius' Ode to Nemesis v. Aratus ed. Oxford, p. 31, translated by S. Meyrick, in Bell's Fug. Poetry, vol. xviii. p. 181.]

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,

---

sorrow's eye, it is not safe to know." And Dodsley. Old Plays, xi. p. 113.—

— "Ignorance is safe;
I then slept happily; if knowledge mend me not,
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin
To wake me into judgment."

* This Hymn first appeared in Dodsley. Coll. vol. iv. together with the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" and not, as Mason says, with the three foregoing Odes, which were published in the second volume. In Mason's edition it is called an Ode; but the title is now restored, as it was given by the author. The motto from Æschylus is not in Dodsley.

V. 1. 'Ἄτη, who may be called the goddess of Adversity is

Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,

---

said by Homer to be the daughter of Jupiter: Il. τ. 91 Πρέσβα Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄτη, ἣ πάντας ἀᾶται. Perhaps, however, Gray only alluded to the passage of Æschylus which he quoted, and which describes Affliction as sent by Jupiter for the benefit of man. Potter in his translation has had an eye on Gray. See his Transl. p. 19.

V. 2. "Then he, great *tamer* of all *human art*," Pope. Dun l. 163.

V. 3. "Affliction's *iron flail*." Fletcher. Purp. Isl. ix. 28.

Ibid. In Wakefield's note, he remarks an impropriety in the poet joining to a material image, the "torturing hour." If there be an impropriety in this, it must rest with Milton, from whom Gray borrowed the verse:

"—— when the *scourge*
Inexorably, and the *torturing hour*,
Calls us to penance." Par. Lost, ii. 90.

But this mode of speech is authorized by ancient and modern poets. In Virgil's description of the lightning which the Cyclopes wrought for Jupiter, Æn. viii. 429.

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri:
Fulgores nunc horrificos, *sonitumque*, *metumque*
Miscebant," &c.

In Par. Lost, x. 297, as the original punctuation stood:

"Bound with Gorgonian *rigor* not to move.
And with Asphaltic *slime*."[1]

---

[1] This punctuation is now altered in most of the editions The new reading was proposed by Dr Pearce.

To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
  And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
  Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
  And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;

V. 5. 'Αδαμαντίνων δεσμῶν ἐν ἀῤῥήκτοις πέδαις Æsch.

[illegible]

chains shall Death be bound," Pope. Messiah, ver 47, and lastly, Manil. Astron. lib i. 921 And Boisson. on Philost. [illegible]

[illegible]

Lib c. vii. *Luke.*

V. 8. "Strange horror seize thee, *and pangs unfelt before.*" Par. L. ii. 703.

V. 13. An expression similar to this occurs in Sidney. Arcadia, vol iii. p 100· "Ill fortune, my awful governess."

V. 16. "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco" *Luke*

V 20 "If we for HAPPINESS COULD LEISURE find," Hurd's Cowley, vol i. p. 136, and the note of the editor "And know I have not yet *the leisure to be good,*" Oldham Ode, st. v. vol. i p 83.

V. 22. "——For *men*, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the *summer*"
Troil and Cress A iii. sc 3

By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band

Also, "The common people swarm like *summer flies*,
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun."

Henry VI. P. iii. act 2. sc. 9. "Such summer-birds are men!" Tim. of Ath. act iii. sc. 7. But the exact expression is George Herbert's: "fall and flow, like leaves, about me, or like *summer-friends*, flies of estates and sunshine," Temple, p. 296. And (The W. Devil) v. Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. vi. p. 292. "One summer she." Quarles. Sion's Elegies, xix. "Ah, summer friendship with the summer ends." Mr. Rogers quotes Massinger's Maid of Honor, "O summer friendship." Gray seems to have had Horace in his mind, lib. I. Od. xxxv. 25.

V. 25. "O'erlaid with *black*, staid *Wisdom's* hue."
Il Penser. 16. *W.*

V. 28. "With a sad *leaden* downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast."

Il Penser. 43. *W.* "So leaden eyes." Sidney. Astroph. and Stella, Song 7. "And stupid *eyes that ever loved the ground*," Dryden. Cim. and Iphig. v. 57. "Melancholy lifts her head," Pope. Ode on St. Cec. v. 30. "The sad companion, *dull-eyed Melancholy*," Pericles, act i. sc. 2. And so we read "leaden

(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

Contemplation" in Love's Lab. Lost, act iv. sc. 3. In Beaument. Passionate Madman, act iii. sc. 1:

"A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound."

V. 31. "To Servants kind, to Friendship clear,
To *nothing but herself severe.*"

Carew. Poems, p. 87. And

"*Judge* of thyself alone, for none there were
Could be so *just*, or could be so *severe*."

Oldham. Ode on Ben Jonson, p. 71, vol. ii. "Forgiving others, to himself severe," Dryden Misc. vi. 322. "The Muses' friend unto himself severe," Waller. Poems, p. 149. "Candid to all, but to himself severe," E. Smith. El. on J. Philips, v. Lintot. Misc. p. 161.

Ver. 32. "Ours be the lenient, not *unpleasing tear*," Thomson. Mr. Rogers quotes Dryden. Virg. Æn. x. a "sadly-pleasing thought."

V. 35. "*Gorgoneum* turpes crinem mutavit in hydros.
Nunc quoque, ut *attonitos formidine terreat hostes*"
Ovid Met. iv. 801.

"—— Horrentem colubris, *vultuque tremendam*
Gorgoneo." —— Val. Flac. vi. 175

Milt. Par. L. ii. 611 "Medusa with Gorgonian terrors."

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

[Finished in 1754. Printed together with the Bard, an Ode Aug. 8, 1757. MS.]

> *Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς*
> *Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων*
> *Χατίζει.* PINDAR. OL. II. V. 152.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

Var. V. 1. "Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake." MS
V. 2. *Rapture*] Transport. MS.

---

* When the author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty. *Gray.*

V. 1. "Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp."
David's Psalms. *Gray.*

"Awake, awake, my lyre,
And tell thy silent master's humble tale."
Cowley. Ode of David, vol. ii. p. 423.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, *Αἰολὶς μολπὴ*, *Αἰολίδες χορδαὶ*, *Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν*, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute. *Gray.*[1]

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its

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[1] This note was occasioned by a strange mistake of the Critical Reviewers, who supposed the Ode addressed to the "Harp of Æolus." See Mason. Memoirs, let. 26, sec. 4; and Crit. Rev. vol. iv. p. 167. And the Literary Magaz. 1757, p. 422; at p. 466 of the same work, is an Ode to Gray on his Pindaric Odes.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
  A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

---

more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions. *Gray.*

V. 3. Thomson has joined the subject and simile in a passage strongly resembling this

> "In thy full language speaking mighty things,
> Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
> A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
> Thro' all the winding harmony of sound."
>
> Liberty, ii. 257.

And see Quinctil. Inst. xii. 10. 61. "At ille qui saxa devolvat," &c.

In Huntingford, Apology for his Monostrophics, p. 80, referred to by Wakefield, several passages of Pindar are pointed out, to which he supposes that Gray alluded, viz. Ol. ii. 62, 229. vii. 12. xii. 6

V. 4. "The melting voice through mazes running"
Milt. L'Allegro, 142. *Lake.*

V. 5. "Albaque de viridi *riserant lilia* prato," Petron. cap. 127. "*Ridenti* colocasia fundet *acantho*," Virg Ecl. iv. 20; and Achilles Tatius has the expression, τὸ *πέταλον τῷ ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ*. See Burm. ad Ovid. v ii p. 1023.

V. 6. "Bibant violaria fontem," Virg. Georg. iv. ver. 32. *W.*

> "And mounting in loose robes the skies
> *Shed light and fragrance as she flies*"
>
> Green. Spleen, v. 79.

V. 7. This couplet seems to have been suggested by some lines of Pope. Hor. Epist. II. ii. 171

> "Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
> Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong."

Wakefield refers to Pope Cecilia, 10.

> "While in more lengthened notes, and slow,
> The *deep majestic* solemn organs blow"

Dr. Berdmore of the Charter-House, in his pamphlet on Literary Resemblance, p. 16, supposes that Gray had Horace in his mind. Od. III xxix 32

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War

Var. V. 11. "With torrent rapture, see it pour." MS.

V. 9. Shenstone. Inscr. "Verdant vales and fountains bright." *Luke.*

V. 10. "Immensusque ruit profundo Pindarus ore."
Hor. Od. iv. 2. 8.

V. 12. "And *rocks* the *bellowing* voice of boiling seas resound," Dryden. Virg. Georg. i. "Rocks rebellow to the roar," Pope. Iliad.

V. 13. Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar. *Gray.*

V. 14. Milton. Comus, 555, "A soft and solemn-breathing sound." See Todd's note.

"V. 15. "While *sullen Cares* and wither'd Age retreat," Eusden. Court of Venus, p. 101. "Revengeful *Cares* and *sullen* Sorrows dwell," Dryden. Virgil. Æn. vi. 217. "*Care* shuns thy soft approach, and *sullen* flies away," Dryden. Ceyx. vol. iv p. 33, the same expression occurs in many other poets.

V. 17. "The *God of War*
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car."
Dryden, vol. iii. 60. ed. Warton.

And Collins in his Ode to Peace, ver. 4:
"When War, by vultures drawn afar,
To Britain bent his *iron car.*"

"Mavortia Thrace," Statii Ach. 1. 201, Theb. vii. 34, and "Mars Thracen occupat," Ovid. Ar. Am. ii. ver. 588. Virg. Æn. iii. 35. "Gradivumque patrem Geticis qui præsidet arvis." v. Bentl. on Hor. Od. i. xxv 19.

Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrors of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

Var. V. 23. *Dark*] Black. MS.

V. 19. "Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear."
Collins Ode to Mercy, ver. 5.

In the Lusus Poetici of Jortin (Hymn to Harmony, p. 45), published in 1722, is the following couplet, strongly resembling Gray's, and from the same source

"Thou mak'st the *God of War* forsake the field,
And *drop his lance*, and lay aside his shield."

See also Ovid. Fasti, iii. v. 1· "Bellice, depositis clypeo paulisper et hastâ, Mars, ades." Claudiani Præf. in Rufin. lib. ii. "Thirsty blade," Spens. F. Q. i. v. xv.

V 20. This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode. *Gray*. Pyth. i. ver. 10; and see D. Stewart. Philos. Essays, p. 373. For an error in the imagery of this line, see Class. Journ. No. xiii. p. 285.

[illegible]

eag [illegible] flagging wing.'" See Works, vol. ii. p. 463. Philips (Past.) "She hangs her flagging wings;" *Lake* Add A. Behn on the D. of Buckingham, v. Works, v ii. p 208 "Now with their broken notes and flagging wing" See Wakef. on Virg. Georg iv. 137; G. Steevens quotes Ronsard, Ode xxii. ed. 1632, fol.

V. 25. Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. *Gray*

V. 26. "Tempering their sweetest notes unto thy lay,"

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day;
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures, a
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
  Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,

Var. V. 30. *Sport*] Sports. MS.
V. 34. *In cadence*] The cadence. MS.

Fletcher, P. Island, c. ix. s. iii. and Lycidas, 32. *Luke.*

V. 27. "At length a fair and spacious *green* he spide,
Like calmest waters, plain; like *velvet*, soft."
Fairfax. Tasso, xiii. 38.

"She rears her flowers, and spreads her *velvet-green*."
Young. Love of Fame, Sat. v. p. 128.

This expression, it is well known, has met with reprehension from Dr. Johnson; who appears by his criticism to have supposed it first[1] introduced by Gray. It was numbered, however, among the absurd expressions of Pope, by the authors of the *Alexandriad*, (some of the heroes of the Dunciad,) see p. 258. It occurs in a list of epithets and nouns which Pope had used, and which these authors held up to ridicule.

V. 30. "I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your *antic round*."
Macb. act. iv. sc. 1. *W.*

V. 31. "In *friskful* glee, their *frolics* play,
Thoms. Spring. *Luke.*

V. 32. Wakefield refers to Callimachi Hymn. Dian. 3. and Hom. Il. Σ. 593.

V. 35. Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Hom. Od. Θ. ver. 265. *Gray.*

"Or rustling turn the *many-twinkling* leaves
Of aspin tall."
Thoms. Spring, 157. *W.*

---

[1] Shakespeare has, "Make boot upon the summer's *velvet* *bean*," Hen. V. act i. sc. 2.

Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

V. 36. Compare the following stanza of a poem by Barton Booth, in his Life, written in 1718, published 1733:

"Now to a *slow and melting air* she moves,
So like in air, in shape, in mien,
She passes for the Paphian queen;
The Graces all around her play,
The wond'ring gazers die away;
Whether her *easy body* bend,
Or her faire *bosom heave* with sighs;
Whether her *graceful arms extend,*
Or gently fall, or slowly rise,
Or *returning or advancing,*
Swimming round, or sidelong glancing,
Strange force of motion that subdues the soul."

And Apuleu Metam. Lib. x. p. 349. ed Delph.

V. 37. "For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd."
Dryden Flower and Leaf, v. 191.

V. 39. "Incessu patuit Dea," Virg. Æn i 405. And see Heyne's quotation from Eustathius. "On all sides round environ'd, wins his way." Par Lost, ii. 1016.

V. 41 *Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι*
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος
Phrynicus apud Athenæum. *Gray.*

"——*lumenque* juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores"

Virg. Æn i. 594. W. Add Ovid Amor. ii 1 38 "*Purpureus* quæ mihi dictat *Amor*" And ix 34 "Notaque *purpureus* tela resumit *Amor.*" And Art. Amor i 232 Fast vi. 252 "purpureâ luce" Dryden Brit Rediviva, p 92 "Breath'd Honour on his eyes, and his *own purple light,*" Pope. Hor. Od iv. 1 "Smiling loves and young desires." *Rogers.*

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;

V. 42. To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night. *Gray.*

V. 46. "His fond complaints," Addison. Cato, A. 1, 6.

V. 49. Wakefield refers to Milton. Hymn to the Nativity, xxvi. and Par. Reg. iv. 419. But a passage in Cowley is pointed out by his last editor, Dr. Hurd, as alluded to by Gray, vol. i. p. 195:

"Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They skreen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere"
Thomson. Spring, "Sickly damps."

V. 50. "Love not so much the doleful knell
And news the *boding night-birds* tell."
Green. Grotto, 126

"Obscœnique Canes, *importunæque Volucres*
Signa dabant." Virg. Georg. i. v. 470

"He withers at the heart, and looks as *wan*
As the *pale spectre* of a murder'd man."
Dryden. Pal. and Arcite. B. 1.

V. 52. "Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar"
Cowley. *Gray*

The couplet from Cowley has been wrongly quoted by Gray and so continued by his different editors. It occurs in Brutus an Ode, stan. iv. p. 171. vol. 1. Hurd's ed.:

Till down the astern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts
of war.

Var. V. 52.
"Till fierce Hyperion from afar
Pours on their scatter'd rear, his glitt'ring shafts of war,
Hurls at their *flying*,
o'er scatter'd
shadowy
Till o'er from far
Hyperion hurls around his." MS.

"One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar"

In Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, containing a Journal of his *Tour to the Lakes, he says* "*While I was here, a little* shower fell; red *clouds came marching up the hills from the east*," &c. Mason's ed. 4. p. 175, and Warton's Note on Milton, p. 304.

V. 53. In Mant's edition of Warton (vol. ii. p. 41), and in Steevens's note on Hamlet (act i. sc. 2), it is remarked that all the English poets are guilty of the same *false quantity, with regard to this word, except Akenside, as quoted by* Mant, Hymn to the Naiads, 46; and the author of 'Fumus Troes' by Steevens. See Dodsley. Old Plays, vii. p. 500. The assertions, however, of these learned editors are not correct, as will appear from the following quotations:

"That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread."
Drummond (of Hawthornd) Wand Muses, p. 180

"Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal"
West. Pindar, Ol. viii. 22, p. 63.

Gray has used this word again with the same quantity. Hymn to Ignorance, v. 12 "Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race."[1]

V. 53. "Non radii solis, neque *lucida tela* diei," Lucret.

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[1] The old English Poets (as Jortin remarks) did not regard quantity. Spenser has Iöle, Pylades, Caphāreus, Rhætēan, Amphȳon. Gascoyne in his "Ultimum Vale" "Kinde Erato,

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,

Var. V. 57. *Buried* natives, 'shivering' in the Marg. MS.
Chill abode, 'dull' in the Marg. MS.

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i. 148. vi. 39. Ausonii Mosell. 269: "*Luciferique* pavent letalia *tela diei.*" *W.* Add Eurip. Phœn. 171. ed. Porson.

Ἑῴοις ὅμοια φλεγέθων
βολαισῖν ἀελίου.

V. 54. Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse Norwegian, and Welsh fragments; the Lapland and American songs.]

" Extra anni solisque vias —" Virg. Æn. vi 795.

" Tutta lontana dal camin del sole. Petr. Canz. 2. *Gray.*

"Out of the *solar walk*, and heaven's high way," Dryden. Threnod. August. st. 12. "Inter solisque vias, Arctosque latentes," Manil. i. 450. Pope also has this expression. "Far as the *solar walk* and milky way," *Essay on Man*, ch. i. 102. Stat. Sylv. iv. 3. 156. "Ultra sidera, flammeumque solem." *Ἡελίοιο κελεύθους*. Dionys. Geogr. v. 17.

V. 56. "The nymphs in *twilight shade* of tangled thickets mourn." Milton. Hymn to Nativ st. xx. *W.*

---

and wanton Thalia." Turberville in the "Ventrous Lover," stanz. i:

" If so Leander durst, from Abydon to Sest,
To swim to Hero, whom he chose his friend above the rest."

Lord Sterline in his "Third Hour," st. xiii. p. 50: "Then Pleiades, Arcturus, Orion, all." Id. p. 87: "Which carrying Orion safely to the shore." But Orion has all the syllables doubtful. See Erythræi, Ind. Virg. art. Orion. Chaucer and Surrey have Cithĕron.

In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,

V. 59. "Earth was to them a *boundless forest* wild."
Thom. S. of Ind. c. ii. st. xiv. *Lake.*

V. 61. "Or *sweetest* Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes *wild*."

Milton. L'Alleg. 133 *W.* Hor. Od. iv ii. 12, "Numerisque fertur lege solutis."

V. 62. "Girt with feather'd cincture" Par. L. ix. 1116.

V. 62. "Reap their own fruits and woo their *sable loves*." Pope, Winds. For. 410. Gray's epithet, as Dr. Warton remarks, is the more correct. He has used it again. "The *dusky* people drive before the gale," Frag. on Educ. and Gov. v. 10.

[illegible]

the solemn and uniform flow of verse in this exquisite stanza, in retarding the pronunciation of the reader, so as to arrest his attention to every successive picture, till it has time to produce its proper impression."

V. 65. Akens. Pl. of Im. i 403 "Love's holy flame." *Lake.* "The unconquerable mind," is in Hor. Od. ii. 1 23 "Et cuncta terrarum *subacta*, præter atrocem animum Catonis."

V. 66. Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since. Gray

"With hollow shriek the *steep of Delphos* leaving"
Milton. Hymn to Nativ xix *W.*

Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
  Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
  Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
  How do your tuneful echoes languish,
  Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
  Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
  Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Var. V. 76. "Murmur'd *a celestial sound.*" MS

V. 67. So Dionsyii Perieg. v. 4:

—— ἐν γὰρ ἐκείνῳ
Πᾶσα χθὼν, ἅτε νῆσος ἀπείριτος ἐστεφάνωται.

Ovid. Metam. v. 388: "Silva *coronat* aquas." And Seneca Œdip. 488: "Naxos Ægæo *redimita* Ponto." And Jortin, in Lusus Poetici, vol. i. p. 4:

"Cyclades sparsas ubi Naxos inter
Surgit *Ægæo redimita Ponto.*"

V. 69. "There Susa by Choaspes, *amber stream*," Par. Reg. iii. 288. "Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her *amber stream*," Par. Lost, iii. 359. Callimachi Cer. 29:

—— τὸ δ', ὥστ' ἀλέκτρινον ὕδωρ
ἐξ ἀμαρᾶν ἀνέθυε. *W.*

To which add Eurip. Hipp. ver. 741. "Purior electro campum petit amnis," Virg. Georg. iii. 520.

V. 70. "Non secus ac liquidis Phrygiis Mæandros in arvis Ludit, et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque," Ov. Met. viii. 162.

V. 71. In the Quarterly Review for July, 1814, p. 314, some lines are quoted from Addison's letter from Italy, containing an idea similar to these of Gray: "Poetic fields encompass me around," &c.

V. 73. "Like that *poetic mountain* to be hight," G. West. Educ. C. 1. *Luke.*

V. 75. Virg. Ecl i. 53, "fontes sacros." *Luke.*

V. 80. "Servitude that hugs her chain," Ode on the Install. V. *W*

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
  Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
  And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

  Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
  To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child

V. 83. "Piu lontan del Ciel," Dante. Il Inferno, c. ix.

V. 84. "Nature's darling." Shakespeare. *Gray.* — This expression occurs in Cleveland. Poems, p. 314:

> "Here lies within this stony shade,
> *Nature's darling;* whom she made
> Her fairest model, her brief story,
> In him heaping all her glory"

Stat. Theb. iv 786, "At puer in gremio vernæ telluris."

> "The flowery May, who from her *green lap* throws
> The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."
> Milton. Son. on May Morn. *Gray.*

V. 85. Senec. Thyest. 129, "gelido flumine *lucidus* Alpheos." *Lake.*

V. 86. "The *mighty mother*, and her son who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings."
Pope. Dunc. i. 1.

"A cloud of fogs dilates her *awful face.*" Id i. 262. *W.* See also Virg. Georg. i. 466, by Dryden

> "On the *green turf* thy careless limbs display,
> And celebrate the *mighty mother's* day."

V. 87. "Animosus infans," Hor iii. 4 20 *Lake.* Wakefield refers to Virg. Eclog iv. 60 "Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem." And Berdmore, in his Literary Resemblances, p. 40, to the description of the infant Hercules in

Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime

Var. V. 93. *Horror*] Terror. MS.

Theoc. Idyll. xxv. 55. But the two lines in Gray are the same as two in Sandys. Ovid, p. 78, ed. 12mo. (see Metam. iv. 515.)

"——*the child*
Stretch'd forth its little arms, and on him smil'd."

See also Catulli Ep. Jul. et Manl. c. lxi. ver. 216.

——"Parvolus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat."

V. 89. Milton. P. L. v. 24, "How nature paints her colours." *Luke.*

V. 91. Similar, perhaps, *καθαρὰν ἀνοίξαντα κλῆδα φρενῶν*
Eurip. Med. 658.

"*Nature*, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts." Young. Resig.

"Yet some there be, that with due steps aspire
To lay their hands upon that *golden key*
That opes the palace of eternity." Milton. Com. 13. *W*

V. 92. See Soph. Antig. v. 803.

V. 95. Milton. P. L. vi. 771. *Gray.*

V. 97. This alludes to Milton's own picture of himself:

——"Up led by thee
Into the Heaven of Heavens, I have presum'd
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."
Par. L. vii. 12, also Eleg. v 15

Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

V. 98. "Flammantia mœnia mundi," Lucret. i. 74 *Grey.* See also Stat. Silv. iv. 3 156 "Ultra sidera, flammeumque solem." And Cicero de Finibus, ii. 31. Hor. Epist. I. xiv. 9

Ezek. i. 20, 26, 28. Gray — "The sapphire-colour'd throne," Poem at a solemn Music (Milton), ver. 7.

"Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

ver. 53.

L. vi. 758.

ibid ver. 771.

V. 101 "Dark with excess of bright thy skirts appear." Milt. P. L. iii 380. *Luke*

V. 102. Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν
Hom. Od. Θ ver 64 *Gray*

"In æternam clauduntur lumina noctem," Virg Æn. x 746.

W. "And closed her lids, at last, in endless night." Dryden.

V. 103. See Pope. Account of Dryden, Ep I b ii ver 267:

"Waller was smooth but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full *resounding* line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine."

V 105 "Æthereal race" is a phrase of Pope, v. Hom Il xi. 80

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit

Var. V. 108. *Bright-eyed*] Full-plumed. MS.

V. 106. "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" Job.—This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes. *Gray.*

"Currum, geminosque jugales
Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem."

Virg. Æn. vii. 280. *W.* "The long-resounding course." Thomson. Winter, 775, Hymn. 85.

V. 110. "Words that weep, and tears that speak," Cowley. Prophet, vol. i. p. 113. *Gray.* "Her words burn as fire," Eccles. ix. 10. *Rogers.* "Oaths are burning words," Dekker, Satirom. p. 65, 4to.

V. 111. We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses; above all in the last of Caractacus:

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?" &c. *Gray.*

V. 113. So Elegy, st. xii: "Or *wake* to extasy the living *lyre.*" And Lucret. ii. 412:

"Ac Musæa melo per chordas organicei quæ
Mobilibus digitis *expergefacta* figurant."

And Callimach. Hymn. Del. 312. *W.*

V. 114. "They shape his *ample pinions* swift as darted flame," Young. N. Thoughts.

V. 115. Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον, Olymp. ii. 159. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

Var. V. 118.

> " Yet when they first were open'd on the day
> Before his visionary eyes would run." MS.

V. 119. *Forms*] "shapes." MS.

---

regardless of their noise. *Gray*. See Spenser. F. Q. V. iv. 42:

> " Like to an eagle in his kingly pride
> Soaring thro' his wide empire of the aire
> To weather his brode sailes."

Cowley, (i. 166. ed. Hurd.) in his Translation of Hor. Od. IV ii. calls Pindar " the Theban swan. "

> " Lo! how the obsequious wind and swelling air
> The *Theban Swan* does upward bear."

Pope, Temple of Fame, 210, has copied Horace, and yoked four swans to the car of the poet:

> " Four swans sustain a car of silver bright."

See also Berdmore, Specimens of Lit. Resemblance, p. 102.

V. 117. Eurip. Med. 1294 *ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος* " Cœli fretum," Ennius apud Non Marcell 3. 92 Lucret. ii. 151. v. 277. " Aeris in magnum fertur mare." V Oppian. Κυνηγ iii. 497

Ἠέρος ἐξ ὑπάτοιο ἐπιπλώουσι κέλευθους

Timon of Athens, act iv sc 2. p. 126 ed. Steevens " Into this sea of air." And Cowley's Poems " Row thro' the trackless *ocean of the air*."

V. 118. See the observation of D. Stewart, Philosophy of the Human Mind, p 456: "that Gray, in describing the infantine reveries of poetical genius, has fixed with exquisite judgment on that class of our conceptions which are derived from *visible* objects." And see also his Philosophical Essays, p. 231 There is a passage in *Sir W Temple*. Essay on Poetry, vol. iii. p 402, which has been supposed to have been the origin of this passage See Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxi. p. 91

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

Var. V. 122. "Yet never can he fear a vulgar fate." MS.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. *Gray.* (See Barrington on the Statutes, p 358; Jones's Relics, vol. i. p. 38; Sayer's Essays, p. 20.)

I. 1.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait;

V. 120 Spenser. Hymn: "With much more *orient hew.*" Milt. Par. L. i. 545: "with *orient colours.*" *Luke.*

V. 123. "Still show how much the *good* outshone the *great.*" K. Philips, fol. p. 133.

"I have sometimes thought (says Prof. D. Stewart,) that in the last line of the following passage, Gray had in view the two different effects of words already described; the effect of *some*, in awakening the powers of conception and imagination; and that of *others* in exciting associated emotions:

"Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

V. Elem. of the Phil. of the H. Mind, vol. i. p 507.

V. 1. Shakes. Hen. VI. 2nd part, act i. sc. 3: "See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears" *Luke.*

Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
  They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
  To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
  From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
  Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side

V. 2. "Confusion waits." K. John, IV sc ult. *Rogers.*

V. 3. "Where the Norweyan *banners flout* the sky,
And *fan* our people cold" Macbeth, act 1. sc. 2.

V. 4. "Mocking the air with colours idly spread"
King John, act v sc. 1. *Gray.*

V. 5. The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion. *Gray*

"With helm and hauberk"
Rob. of Gloucester, vol. 1. p. 297.

"*Hauberks and helms* are hew'd with many a wound,"
Dryden. [illegible]
Trans. [illegible]
tanto [illegible]
See also [illegible]

V. 7. "Within her secret mind," v Dryden. Æn iv. *Rogers.*

V. 9. "The crested adder's pride"
Dryden. Indian Queen *Gray.*

[illegible]

speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann 1283) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte." *Gray*

The epithet "shaggy," applied to "Snowdon's side," is highly appropriate, as Leland says that great woods clothed

He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock whose haughty brow,
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair

---

the different parts of the mountain in his time: see Itin. v 45 Dyer. Ruins of Rome, p. 137:

"as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or *Snowdon's rugged sides,*
Stand in the clouds."

Lycidas, 54, "Nor on the *shaggy top of* Mona high," v. Par L. vi. 645. "By the shaggy tops," &c. Todd's note.

V. 12. "In long array," Dryden. E. xi. *Rogers.*

V. 13. Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward. *Gray.*

V. 14. Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. *Gray*

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition. *Gray.*

"Hastam quassatque trementem."
Virg. Æn. xii. 94. *Luke.*

V. 15. Hom. Il. Υ. ver. 151: Ἐπ' ὀφρύσι καλλικολώνης And Mosch. Id. ii. 48: Ἐπ' ὀφρύος αἰγιαλοῖο. Ap. Rhod. i. ver. 178. St. Luke, iv. 29. And Virg. Georg. i. 108: "Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis." *W.* "A huge aspiring rock, whose surly brow," Daniel. Civ. Wars, p. 58.

V. 16. "Above the foamy flood," v. Dyer. R. of Rome. *Luke.*

V. 17. "Perpetuo *mœrore*, et *nigra veste* senescant," Juvenal. Sat. x. 245. *W.* Also Propert. Eleg. IV. vii. 28: "*Atram* quis *lacrymis* incaluisse *togam.*" Senec. H. Fur. 694, "*aterque luctus* sequitur."

V. 19. The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Eze

Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

---

kiel. There are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans' collection at Paris. *Gray.*

V. 20. "Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."
Par. L. i. ver. 535. W. See Todd's note.

"The meteors of a troubled heaven."
Shaksp. K. Henry IV. pt. i. act i. sc. 1. *Luke.*

Todd mentions a passage very similar to this one in the text. "The circumference of his curly beard like the streaming rays of a meteor appeared," Persian Tales of Inatulla, vol. i. p. 41. This image is often used metaphorically, as Stat. Theb. iii. 521. And see Marl. Amor. ii. 540.

Ford, in his Perkin Warbeck, p. 23, ed. Weber:

"—— since the wars
Of this wild comet conjur'd into France."

V. 23. "The woods and desert caves." Lycidas.

V. 24. "The stream that down the distant rocks hoarse-murmuring fell." Thomson. *Luke.*

V. 27. See some observations on the poetical and correct use of "vocal," as used by Gray in this place, in Cunningham's ed. Appendix to the Memoir, p. 31.

V. 28. Hoel is called high-born, being the son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, by Finnog an Irish damsel. He was one of his father's generals in his wars against the English, Flemings, and Normans, in South Wales; and was a famous bard, as his poems that are extant testify. See Evans Spec. p. 25, 26; and Jones' Relics, vol. ii. p. 36, where he is

I. 3

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main: 3
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.

---

called the "*Princely* Bard Who says that he wrote eight pieces, five of which are translated by him in his interesting publication. The whole are given in Mr. Owen's translation in Mr. Southey's Madoc, vol. ii. p. 162.

V. 28. In a Poem to Llewellyn, by Einion the son of Guigan, a similar epithet is given to him (p. 22): "Llewellyn is a *tender-hearted* prince." And in another Poem to him, by Llywarch Brydydd y Moch (p. 32): "Llewellyn, though in battle he killed with fury, though he burnt like an outrageous fire, yet was a *mild prince* when the mead horns were distributed." Also in an Ode to him by Llygard Gwr (p. 39), he is called "Llewellyn the *mild*, and prosperous governor of Gwynedd." Llewellyn's '*soft Lay*' is given by Jones in his Relics, vol. ii. p. 64.

V. 29. *Cadwallo* and *Urien* are mentioned by Dr. Evans in his "Dissertatio de Bardis," p. 78, among those bards of whom no works remain. See account of *Urien's* death in Jones. Relics, i. p. 19. He is celebrated in the Triads, "as one of the three bulls of war." Taliessin dedicated to him upwards of twelve poems, and wrote an elegy on his death: he was slain by treachery in the year 560. Modred is, I suppose, the famous "Myrddin ab Morvryn," called Merlyn the Wild; a disciple of Taliessin, and bard to the Lord Gwenddolaw ab Ceidiaw. He fought under King Arthur in 542 at the battle of Camlan, and accidentally slew his own nephew. He was reckoned a truer prophet than his predecessor, the great magician Merdhin Ambrose. See a poem of his called the "Orchard," in Jones. Relics, vol. i. p 24. I suppose Gray altered the name "euphoniæ gratia;" as I can nowhere find a bard mentioned of the name of "Modred.'

V. 30. "Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath.
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."
Mids. N. Dream. act ii. sc. 2. *W.* Add Milt. Comus, 88

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,

"Who with his soft pipe and smooth dittied song
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And *hush* the waving woods." *Luke.*

So in the tragedy of Nero, 1624, p 27 "Hebrus stood still, *Pangæa bow'd his head*"

V. 35 The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite the isle of Anglesey. *Gray*

xii. 565. Ovid Met vii 550 Lucan. vi ver. 625. Stat Theb i. ver. 624. Prudent. Steph. 5, 400. It is also in Dryden. Pal. and Arcite, ver. 1142

"The fowl that scent afar the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky."

even has built its nest upon the peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol by Ray] *Gray*. "The Tempest sees their strength, and sighs and passes by," v Swift's Misc 4. 189

V. 40. "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart"
Jul Cæsar, act ii sc 1. *Gray.*

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
  Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
  On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
  Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.

See Callimach. H. Dian. v. 211. Theocr. Id. cap. 53 Quint. Smyrn. x. 475. Catul. xiv. 1. Virg. Æn. iv. 31. Otway, in his Venice Preserved, act v. p. 309, was more immediately in Gray's mind:

"Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee."

In Sydney's Arcadia, vol. ii. p. 415: "Oh, mother, said Amphialus, speak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine *eyes* or my *heart*, or if I have any thing more *dear than eyes or heart unto me*." King Lear, act 1. sc. 2: "Dearer than eye-sight."

V. 42. "And greatly falling with a falling state." Pope.
"And couldst not fall, but with thy country's fate,"
Dryden. *W*

V. 44. I have thought that this image was shadowed by the poet from the following passage of Stat. xi. 420. The third line is almost translated:

"Ipse quoque Ogygios monstra ad gentilia *manes*
Tartareus rector porta jubet ire reclusa.
Montibus insidunt patriis, tristique corona
Infecere diem, et vinci sua crimina gaudent."

"For neither were ye playing on the *steep*, where your old bards, *the famous Druids, lie*." Lycidas.

V. 48. See the Norwegian ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows. *Gray.*

V. 49. "No wool to work on, neither *weft nor warp*."
Swift's Misc. viii. p. 193, ed. Nich.

Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
  She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
  From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n. What terrors round him
    wait!

V. 51. "I have a soul that like an *ample* shield
  Can take in all, and *verge enough* for more"
    Dryden Sebastian, act i. sc. 1.

V. 55. Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle. *Gray.* See Drayton. Barons' Wars, v. lxvii.

"Berkley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
  Let thy sad *echoes shriek a deadly sound*
To the vast air; complain his grievous wrong,
  And keep the blood that issued from his wound."

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
queen *Gray*

This expression is from Shakespeare's Henry VI pt. iii act i. sc 4 "*She-wolf of France*, but worse than wolves of France." Latin writers have used the same language. Apo-

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
τε θηλείων τῆς λεαίνας, καὶ τῶν γυναικῶν τῆς ἐπαιρούσης, &c

V. 59. "This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
  Who tells of some infernal spirit seen"
    P L. iv 792. *Rogers.*

V. 60. Triumphs of Edward the Third in France *Grey.*
  "Circumque atræ formidinis ora,
Iræque, insidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur"
    Virg Æn xii. 335 *W*

Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?

Var. V. 63. *Victor*] Conqueror. MS.
V. 64. *His*] The. MS.
V. 65. *No, no*] What, what. MS.
V. 69. Hover'd in thy noontide ray. MS.

V. 61. Cowley has a couplet with similar imagery, vol. i p. 254:

"He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks, and empty desolation."

And Oldham in his Ode to Homer, stan. iii.

"Where'er he does his dreadful standard bear,
Horror stalks in the van, and slaughter in the rear."

"On he went, and in his van confusion and amaze,
While horror and affright brought up the rear." Swift

V. 62. "Care sat on his faded cheek." V. Milt. P. L. i 601.

V. 64. Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress. *Gray.*

"Lo! there the mighty warrior lies." Oldham. D. of Saul.

V. 65. The same *words*, with the same elliptical expression occur in the Instal. Ode, vi.:

"Thy liberal *heart*, thy judging *eye*,
The flower unheeded shall *descry*."

On this ellipsis see Jortin. Obs. on Spenser: Tracts, vol. i p. 91

V. 67. Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father. *Gray.*

"Hence Edward dreadful with his *sable shield*."
Prior. Poems, p. 210

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning
prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair

"The goodly London in her *gallant trim*,
. . . .
And on her shadow *rides* in floating *gold*."
Dryden. An. Mirab. 151.

V. 74. "Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido," Ov. Heroid. Ep. xv. 215. And so Petrarch: "E al governo, siede 'l Signor, anzi 'l nimico mio," Son. clvi.

V. 75. So in his Fragment on Education and Government, v. 48:

"And where the deluge burst with *sweepy sway*."

The expression is from Dryden. See Virg. Georg. i. 483:

"And rolling onwards with a *sweepy sway*."

And in Granada, act v. sc. 1:

"That whirls along with an impetuous *sway*,
And like cnain-shot *sweeps* all things in the way.'

And Ov. Met. "Rushing onwards with a *sweepy sway*."
And Æn. vii. "The branches bend before their *sweepy sway*."

V. 76. "So like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey."
Dryden. Sig. and Guise.

"Fermenting tempest brew'd in the *grim evening sky*."
Thomson.

V. 77. Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date. *Gray*.

For the profusion of Richard II. see Harding, Chron. quoted in the Preface to Mason's Hoccleve, p. 5; Daniel. Civil Wars

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
  A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
  Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
  Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Var. V. 82. *A baleful smile*] A smile of horror MS.

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iii. 67; and Pennant. London, p. 83, 4to. Dr. Berdmore compares this passage to the following lines of Virgil, Æn. vi. 603:

"Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, *epulæque ante ora paratæ*
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
Exsurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore."

V. 79. "Such is the robe that kings must wear,
  When death has *reft their crown*."
  Mallett. Will. and Marg. st. 3. *W.*

V. 80. "Regales inter mensas." Virg. Æn. i. 686. "Sate Matilda in the regal chair." Davenport. K. John and Matilda, p. 25, 4to.

V. 82.
"He ceas'd: for both seemed highly pleas'd; and Death
Grinn'd horrible a *ghastly smile*." Par. L. ii. 845 *W.*

So Hom. Il. E. 212 *Μειδιόων βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι.* And other examples cited in the note of Newton to the Par. Lost

V. 83. Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster. *Grey.*

V. 83. "Arms on armour clashing brayed."
  Milt. Par L. vi. 209 *Lake.*

V. 84. "Harry to Harry shall, not *horse to horse*." Shakes. Hen. IV. pt. i. act iv. sc. i. "Man to man, and horse to horse." Massing. M. of Honor. *Rogers.*

V. 86. "Cognatasque acies," Lucan. i 4 *W* — And so in Sidon. Apollin xv. 23 "*Cognatam* portans *aciem*." In Dryden, All for Love act i we find an expression similar to the text,

"*Mow* them out a *passage*,
And entering where the foremost *squadrons* yield"

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:

Var. V. 87. *Ye*] Grim. MS. V. 90. *Holy*] Hallow'd. MS.

V. 87. Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar. *Gray.*

V. 89. Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. *Gray.*

Ibid. Henry the Fifth. *Gray.*

V. 90. Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown. *Gray*

V. 91. The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster. *Gray.*

"—— no, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our *roses*."
Henry VI. pt. i. act ii. sc. 4.

V. 93. The silver boar[1] was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar. *Gray.*

"Nor easier fate the *bristled boar* is lent."

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[1] The crest or bearing of a warrior (says Scott in his notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, p. 300) was often used as a "nom de guerre." Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet,—"the Boar of York." In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, commonly but erroneously imputed to D. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan;* and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, *the White Lion.* See Dr. Nott. Surrey. i. p. 302, 301. And see the

The bristled boar in infant-gore
  Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, *
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

  " Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
  Half of thy heart we consecrate.

See Mirror for Magis. p. 417. Anon. 62, 63, 80. Again,

" At Stonie Stratford being upon my way,
The *bloodie bore my uncle* that did sime."

Mirror for Magis. p. 740. " The bristled baptist boar," Dryden. *The Princes are called the roses:*

" Oh! noble Edward, from whose royal blood
Life to their infant bodies nature drew,
Thy roses both are cropt e'en in the bud."

And p. 745, with the same allusion·

" Why didst thou leave that *bore* in time t' ensue
To spoil those *plants* that in thy garden grew."

See also the Battle of Flodden Field, st. 255; and Ford Perkin Warbeck, act i. sc. 1. p. 12 ed. Weber.

V. 96.

" If Fate weave common thread, I'll change the doom,
And with new purple weave a nobler loom." Dryd. Seb.

V. 93. " Yet rather let him live, and twine
His *woof of dayes* with some *thread* stolen from mine."

Cartwright. Poems, p. 239. Ἀγαμεμνονι πότμον ὑφαίνει. Tryphiod. v 403. Nonni. Dion. iv. 244.

V. 93 Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection

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Lay of the Last Minstrel, cant. iv. st. xxx.

" Yet hear, quoth Howard, calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear;
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the *Blanche Lion* e'er fall back?"

And so in Henry VI. part ii. act v sc 2 Warwick is called the *Bear*, from his father's badge, old Neville's crest

" The rampant *Bear* chained to the ragged staff"

(The web is wove. The work is done.) 103
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes. 104
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

Var. V. 101. *Thus*] Here. MS.
V. 102. *Me unbless'd, unpitied, here*] Your despairing Caradoc. MS.
V. 103. *Track*] Clouds. MS.
V. 104. *Melt*] Sink. MS.
V. 105. *Solemn scenes*] Scenes of Heaven. MS.
V. 106. *Glittering*] Golden. MS

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for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places. *Gray.*

V. 106. Milt. P. L. xi. 332. "Though but his utmost skirts of glory." *Luke.*

V. 107. From Dryden. State of Innocence, act iv. sc. I:

"Their *glory* shoots upon my *aching sight.*"

V. 109. It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would return again to reign over Britain.

V. 110. Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor. *Gray.*

V. 111. "Throngs of knights and barons bold," Milton. L'Alleg. 119. *Luke.*

V. 112. "His *starry front* low rooft beneath the skies," Milton. Ode on the Passion, iii. 18. "Sideribus similes oculos," Ovid. Met. i. 499. "Heu! ubi siderei vultus," Stat. Theb. v. 613. "Sidereo læta supercilio," Claud. xv v. 58; and "Sidereos oculos," Manilius Ast. iv. 905; and lastly, "Gli occhi sereni, et le *stellanti ciglia,*" Petr. Son. clxvii v 9.

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line:

Var. V. 110, 111. *No more our long-lost, &c.*]
"From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns." MS.
V. 111, 112. *Girt with, &c.*]
"Youthful knights, and barons bold
With dazzling helm, and horrent spear." MS.

V. 114. It has been remarked that there is an inaccuracy in this expression, as the Bard, whose own beard is compared to a *meteor*, would not be struck with the dignity of the *short curled beards of Elizabeth's days*. See Selections from Gentleman's Magazine, vol. ii. p. 237.

V. 116. So Peacham, in his 'Period of Mourning,' p. 16, speaking of Elizabeth:

"Where when I saw that brow, that cheeke, that eye
Hee left imprinted in *Eliza's face*."

Wakefield quotes a stanza from Spenser. Hobbinol's Dittie, in praise of Eliza:

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelike *face*,
Like Phœbe fayre!
Her heavenly haveour, her *princely grace*
Can you well compare?
The *redde rose* medled, with the *white* yfere
In either cheeke depeincten *lively chere*;
Her modest eye,
Her majestye,
When have you seene the like but there?"

England's Helicon, p. 13; and Spenser, ed. Todd, i. 44, and the note of T. Warton.

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd
wings.

Var. V. 117. *Her, her*] A, an. MS.

V. 117. Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes." *Gray.* See Puttenham, Engl. Poesy, iii. c. 24. p. 249, quoted by Dr. Nott on Surrey, vol. i p. 307. See Ellis's Lett. on Engl. Histy. iii. 41: a copy of this speech is in MS. Landsdowne, No. 94, art. 50.

V. 121. Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen. *Gray.* On his supposed sepulchre, see Wyndham. Tour in Wales, p. 100. See Evans. Spec. p. 18, who says, "Taliessin's poems, on account of their great antiquity, are very obscure." There is a great deal of the Druidical cabala introduced in his works, especially about the transmigration of souls. Evans says that he had fifty of Taliessin's poems, and that many spurious ones are attributed to him. At p. 56, Evans has translated one of his odes, beginning "Fair Elphin, cease to weep;" comforting his friend on his bad success in the salmon-fishery. There is a fuller account of him in Jones. Relics, vol. i. p. 18, 21. vol. ii. p. 12, 19, 31, 34, where many of his poems are translated; and Pennant's Wales, vol. ii. p. 316; and Turner's Vind. of the Ancient British Poems, p. 225, 237.

V. 123. From Congreve. Ode to Lord Godolphin, st. vi.:

"And soars with rapture while she sings."

V. 124. "It was as glorious as the *eye of Heaven.*" Cowley Add Warton. note to Milton, p. 87. "Interest that waves on

III. 2.

The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.

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party-colour'd wings." Pope. Dunc. iv 533. And, "Colours that change where'er they wave their wings." Rape of the Lock, ii. 65. Wakefield cites the Tempest, act iv. sc. 1: "Hail, many-colour'd messenger." See Milt. Par. L. vii. 641: "Wings he wore of *many a colour'd* plume."

"*Her angel's face*
As the great *eye of Heaven* shined bright."
Spenser. F Q. cant. iii.

Ovid. Met. iv. 228. "Mundi oculus" And Milton. Il Pens. ver. 141. "Hide me from *day's* garish *eye*." Par. Lost, b. v. ver. 171: "Thou *sun* of this great *world*, both eye and soul." Shakesp. *Rich II. act* iii. *sc.* 2 "The *searching eye of Heaven* is hid"

V. 126. "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song." Spenser. Proeme to the F. Q. *Gray*

V. 127. "*Truth*, Wisdom, Sanctitude *severe* and *pure*."
Milt. P L. iv. 233. *Lake*.

V. 128. Shakespeare. *Gray*. "Ennobled hath the *buskin'd* stage." Milt. Il Pens 102.

V. 129. F. Queen, vi. c. 9. s. x. "With sweet pleasing payne." Dryden. Virg. Ecl. iii. 171 "Pleasing pains of love." *Lake*.

V. 130. "Imaginative woe my *throbbing breast* inspires."
Thomson.

V 133. The succession of *poets* after *Milton's time*
Gray

song ended he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."

"Fine (says Mr. Mason) as the conclusion of this ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated *to celebrate virtue and valour;* but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakespeare, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable *of exposing vice and infamous pleasure;* and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire; but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaff! Milton, of all our great poets, was the only one *who boldly censured tyranny and oppression:* but he chose to deliver this censure, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of corruption and bribery, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig, and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a poet for his purpose. On these considerations Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan towards the conclusion: hence we perceive, that in the last epode he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakespeare *for his powers of moving the passions*, and Milton *for his epic excellence.* I remember the ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand, but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welsh harp at a concert at Cambridge, (see Letter xxv. sect. iv.) which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.

"Mr. Smith, the musical composer and worthy pupil of Mr. Handel, had once an idea of setting this ode, and of having it performed by way of serenata or oratorio. A common friend of his and Mr. Gray's interested himself much in this design, and drew out a clear analysis of the ode, that Mr. Smith might more perfectly understand the poet's meaning. He conversed also with Mr. Gray on the subject, who gave him an idea for the overture, and marked also some passages in the ode, in order to ascertain which should be recitative, which air, what kind of air, and how accompanied. This design was, however, not executed; and therefore I shal. only (in order to give the reader a taste of Mr. Gray's musical feelings) insert in this place what his sentiments were concerning the overture. 'It should be so contrived as to be

proper introduction to the ode; it might consist of two movements, the first descriptive of the horror and confusion of battle, the last a march grave and majestic, but expressing [illegible]

[illegible] voice, all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. The harmony may be strengthened by any other stringed instrument; but the harp should every where prevail, and form the continued running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice."

"I cannot (adds Mr. Mason) quit this and the preceding ode, without saying a word or two concerning the obscurity which has been imputed to them, and the preference which, [illegible]

[illegible] what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him,) I would ask, are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes, equally perspicuous? Among his odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, 'Descende cœlo, et dic, age, tibia,' Ode iv. lib. 3, so readily comprehended as 'Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,' Ode xxxviii. lib 1? And is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition on that account? Is 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,' Ode xxii lib 1, superior to 'Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,' Ode ii. lib 4, because it may be understood at the first reading, and the latter not without much study and reflection? Now between these odes, thus compared, there is surely equal difference in point of [illegible]

[illegible] that end." I will grant that if the obscurity be great, constant, and insurmountable, this is certainly true, but if it be only found in particular passages, proceeding from the nature of the subject and the very genius of the composition, it does not rob us of our pleasure, but superadds a new one, which arises from conquering a difficulty, and the pleasure which accrues from a difficult passage, when well understood, provided the passage itself be a fine one, is always more perma-

nent than that which we discover at the first glance. The Lyric Muse, like other fine ladies, requires to be courted, and retains her admirers the longer for not having yielded too readily to their solicitations. This argument, ending as it does in a sort of simile, will, I am persuaded, not only have its force with the intelligent readers (the ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙ), but also with the men of fashion: as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy. 'The *Gout de comparaison* (as Bruyere styles it) is the only taste of ordinary minds. They do not know the specific excellence either of an author or a composition: for instance, they do not know that Tibullus spoke the language of nature and love; that Horace saw the vanities and follies of mankind with the most penetrating eye, and touched them to the quick; that Virgil ennobled even the most common images by the graces of a glowing, melodious, and well-adapted expression: but they do know that Virgil was a better poet than Horace, and that Horace's Epistles do not run so well as the Elegies of Tibullus.'"

ODE FOR MUSIC.

(IRREGULAR.)

I. AIR.

* Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
  Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
  And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in *flowers.*

CHORUS.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,

V. 1. So Callim. H. in Apoll. ver. 2. Ἑκὰς ἑκὰς ὅστις ἀλιτρός. Virg. Æn. vi. 258. "Procul, O procul este profani." Stat. Sylv. iii. 3. "Procul hinc, procul ite nocentes." Claud. Rap. Pros. i. 3. "Gressus removete profani."

V. 2. "Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsy dance, and jollity." Milt. Com. 102. *W.*

"Though he and his cursed *crew*." Milt. Com. 653.

V. 7. "Near to her close and *consecrated bower.*"
Mids. N. Dr. act iii. sc. 2. *W.*

V. 9. "*Base Envy* withers at another's joy." Thomson Spring. Also, "Safe pursuits and *creeping cares*." Liberty p. 17. *Luke.*

Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II. RECITATIVE.

From yonder realms of empyrear day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they:
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy

V. 13. "From your empyreal bowers, and from the realms of everlasting day." G. West's Poems.

V. 15. *There sit*] Surely a better word than this, "sit," in pronounciation and imagery could have been found.

V. 17. "*Nations unborn* your mighty name shall sound,
And *worlds* applaud that must not yet *be found.*"
Pope. Essay on Criticism, 193. *W.*

V. 26. "E'en mitred Rochester would *nod the head.*"
Pope. Prol. to the Sat. 143. *W.* See Warton. Milt. p. 4.

V. 27. "To *arched* walks of twilight *groves*,
And shadows *brown* that Sylvan loves."
Il Penser. 133. *W.*

And so Pope, in his Transl. of the Odyssey: "Brown with o'erarching shades."

This stanza, supposed to be sung by Milton, is very judiciously written in the metre which he fixed upon for the stanza of his Christmas Hymn: "'Twas in the winter wild," &c. *Mason.*

"Nought have we here but *willow-shaded shore*,
To tell our *Grant* his banks are left forlore."
Hall. Sat. b. i. sat. i.

V 30. Wakefield has justly remarked that this stanza is indebted to the following passage in the Il Pens of Milton, ver. 61

To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III. AIR.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of *folly*,
Most musical, most *melancholy*!"*

V. 31. "In long excursion skims the *level lawn*."
Thomson. Spring. *Luke*

V. 32. "With silver-bright who moon enamels."

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* Gaw. Douglas, in his Transl. of Virgil, Prolog to bk. xiii. p. 450, describes the notes of the nightingale as *mery*:

"— The *mery* nyghtyngale Philomene,
That on the thorne sat syngand fro the splene,
Quhais *myrthfull* nottis langing for to here," &c.

"Ah! far unlike the nightingale!—she sings
Unceasing thro' the balmy nights of May;
She sings from *love and joy*." Thomson. Agamem. p. 63.

"Him will I *cheare* with chanting all this night
And with that word she 'gan to clear her throate:
But such a *lively song*, now by this light,
Yet never hearde I such another note."
Gascoigne. Complaynt of Phylomene

Mr. Fox has, I think, given no authority but that of *Chaucer*, for the *merry* notes of the nightingale, see his letter to Lord Grey, p. 12. But see Todd. Ill. of Gower

In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV. RECITATIVE.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

Drummond, son. xii. *Luke.* "Their arrow that marched hence so *silver-bright.*" K. John. *Rogers.*

V. 33. Scared in *cloisters dim* the superstitious herd." Thomson. Liberty, pt. iii. *Luke.*

V. 34. "And sensible *soft Melancholy,*" Pope. On a certain Lady at Court, ver. 8. *W.* V. Pope. Prol. to Satires, v. 286. *Luke.*

V. 36. "With wand'ring *steps and slow,*" Par. Lost, b. xii. ver. 648. *W.* — And Pope. Odys. b. x. ver. 286. Dunc. b. iv. ver. 465, as quoted by Mr. Todd. "At every step solemn and slow," Thomson. Summer. *Luke.*

V. 38. "In long order stand," Dryd. Æn. iii. 533. "In long order come," v. 133. *Rogers.*

"Unde omnes *longo ordine* possit
Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus."
Virg. Æn. vi. 754. *W.*

V. 39. Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College. See Philips, in "Cyder," ii. 592:

"*Great Edward* thus array'd,
With *golden Iris* his broad shield emboss'd."

"Great Edward and thy greater son,
He that the lilies wore, and he that won." *Denham.*

V. 41. Mary de Valentia, countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, was

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,

---

of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia. *Gray.* But consult a letter to Tom from Gough in Nichols' Lit. Anec. vol. vi. *Luke.* Fotheringay Castle was her property.

V. 42. Elizabeth de Burg, countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall. *Gray.*

V. 43. Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in "The *Bard*," epode 2d, line 13th.

Elizabeth Widvile, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou. *Gray.*

V. 45. Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College. *Gray.*

V. 49. "One human *tear* shall drop, and be forgiven."
Pope. Eloisa, 358. W.

V. 50. "Charity never faileth," St. *Paul*, 1 Corinth. xiii 8. W.

And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

V. QUARTETTO.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

V. 56. "—— Cui *liquidam* Pater
Vocem." Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 3. *W.*

And so Lucret. v. 1378: "Liquidas voces." And Ovid. Amor I. xiii. 8.

V. 61. Milton. Ep. on M. of Winchest. "Shot up from *vernal shower.*" Thomson. Spring, "With vernal showers distent." *Luke.*

V. 62. This comparison we find also in Theocr. Id. viii. 83: *Κρέσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀκουέμεν, ἢ μέλι λείχειν.* And in Calphurn. Eclog. iv. ver. 150. These four verses, as Wakefield remarks, were suggested by Milton's Par. Lost, b. iv. ver 641: "Sweet is the breath of morn," &c.: but see also Theocr. Idyll. ϑ. ver. 33:

—— οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος,
Οὔτ' ἔαρ ἐξαπίνας γλυκερώτερον, οὔτε μελίσσαις
Ἄνθεα, ὅσσον ἐμὶν Μῶσαι φίλαι.

"Opes congestas apium," A. Marcellini. Hist. xviii. 3.

V. 63. "And melt away, in a dying, dying fall," Pope Ode on St. Cecilia. *Luke.*

V. 64. "After the fire, a *still small voice,*" 1 Kings, xix. 12 And in a rejected stanza of the Elegy:

"Hark how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;

VI. RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret see!
"Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

AIR.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head;
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

In *still small accents* whisp'ring from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace." *Ib.*

"Now in a *still small tone*
Your dying accents fall." Dryd. Œdip. act ii.

V. 65. "A voice from midst a *golden cloud* thus mild was heard." Milt. P. L. vi. 27. *Luke.*

V. 66. Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges. *Gray.*

V. 70. The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families. *Gray.*

V. 71. "Dryden alone escaped his *judging eye*."
Pope. Prol. to the Sat. 248.
Also "A face untaught to feign, a *judging eye*." Pope. Epist. to Craggs, p. 253. "A liberal heart and free from gall." Fuller. Abel Red. p. 314.

V. 72. This allusion to the *flower* and the *gem* we meet with again in the Elegy.

V. 73. "Delubra, et *aras colitum*," Senec. Agam. v. 392. "*Cœlo*que educitur ara," Sil. Ital. xv. 355. "Araque Divarum," Manil. Astr. v. 18.

VII. RECITATIVE.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand,

V. 78. "*Not obvious, not obtrusive*, but retired."
Par. L. viii. 504. *W.*

V. 79. "No hireling she, no *prostitute for praise.*"
Pope. Epist. to Lord Oxford, v. 36. *W.*

V. 82. Πάντων δὲ *μάλιστ' αἰσχύνεο σαυτόν*, Pythag. Aur v. 12. *W.*—And so Galen. "De Curatione Morb. Animi:" Σὺ δὲ *σαυτὸν αἰδοῦ μάλιστα.*

V. 83. "Yielded with coy submission, *modest pride.*"
Par. Lost, iv. 310.

V. 84. Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. *Gray.* Milt. Son. xvi. 9: "And Worcester's *laureate wreath.*" *Luke.*

V. 85. Par. Lost, b. iv. 308, "gentle sway," from Horace, "lenibus imperiis," Epist. I. xviii. 44. *W.*—But the sentiment, as well as expression, was taken from Dryden. Thr August. 284:

"And with a *willing hand* restores
The fasces of the main."

Add Milton. Eleg. i. 67: "Vos etiam Danaæ *fasces submittite* nymphæ." *Luke.* "With the *submitted fasces* of the main." Dryden. Astræa. Red.

V. 88. See Par. Lost, vii 559.

V. 89. "Well knows to still the *wild waves* when *they roar.*" Comus, v. 87. *W.* "The *wild waves* mastered him." Dryden An. Mirabilis.

V. 92. "Neque altum
Semper urguendo, neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Littus iniquum."

Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay

VIII. GRAND CHORUS.

"Thro' the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

Hor. Od. II. x. v. 1. W. "Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore." Prior. Ode.

V. 93. Pope, in his Essay on Criticism, has a similarly beautiful image, v. 645:

"The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star."

Young, in his "Universal Passion," Sat. vii. v. 163:

"And outwatch every *star, for Brunswick's sake.*"

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus, p. 617, lib. iii. c. 1. 4to (The song of the Weird Sisters, translated from the Norwegian, written about 1029. Wharton, MS.)

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the Silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian* their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness in Scotland, of the name of Darrud, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, Parcæ Militares, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain.* They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale: their numbers are not agreed upon, some authors representing them as *six*, some as *four.* See Magni Beronii diss. de Eddis Islandicis, p. 115, in Ælrichs Dan. et Sued. lit. opuscula, vol. i.

Now the storm begins to lower,
   (Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
   Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
   Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom.
   Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

Var. V. 5. Lances. MS.

V. 3.
"How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot
Sharp *sleet of arrowy show'r.*" Par Reg. iii. 324. *Gray.*

[illegible]

Thick *storms* of bullets ran like winter's *hail*,
And shiver'd lances *dark the troubled air.*"
Spanish Trag. Vid. Hawkins. Ant. Drama.

V 4 "The noise of battle hurtled in the air."
Julius Cæsar, act ii. s. 2. *Gray*

V. 7. In Thomson. Masque of Alfred, p 126, the weaving of the enchanted standard is thus described·

"——— 'Tis the same
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar, in a midnight hour,
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd thro' the clouds
The *demons of destruction* then, (they say,)
Were all abroad, and mixing with the *woof*
Their baleful power, the sisters even sung,
'Shake, standard, shake, his ruin on our foes' "

See the grisly texture grow!
  ('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
  Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
  Shoot the trembling cords along.
Swords, that once a monarch bore,
  Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
  Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
  'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
  Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
  Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
  Let us go, and let us fly,

Var. V. 15. *Sword*] Blade. MS.
V. 17. *Mista, black*] Sangrida, terrific. MS.
V. 19. *Sangrida and*] Mista black, and. MS.
V. 23. *Blade*] Sword. *W.* MS.

V. 11. Dr. Warton, in his *Notes on Pope* (vol. ii. p. 227) has compared this passage of Gray to some lines in the Thebais of Statius, i. 720.

V. 17. The names of the Sisters, in the original, are Hilda, Hiorthrimula, Sangrida, and Swipula.

Where our friends the conflict share,
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geira, spread
  O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
  Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
  Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
  O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
  Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
  Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
  Ne'er again his likeness see

Var. V. 31. *Gondula and Geira*] Gunna and Gondula. MS.
V. 44. *Shall*] Must. MS.

V. 40. "Insult the plenty of the vales below."
Essay on the Alliance, &c. *Lake*

V. 44. (Shall bite the ground) "*Θνητοὶ ὀδὰξ ἕλον οὖδας*" Hom. —

V. 45. *Eirin*] Ireland

Long her strains in sorrow steep;
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, thro' each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Var. V. 49. Heath! MS.
V. 50. *Blot*] Veil. MS.
V. 50 Sun! MS.
V. 59. *Winding*] Echoing. MS.

V. 49. This stanza, as it appears in the original, Mr. Herbert has translated without the insertion or omission of a word:

"'Tis horrid now to gaze around,
While clouds thro' heaven gore-dropping sail;
Air must be stain'd with blood of men,
Ere all our oracles shall fail."

Select Icelandic Poetry, p. 50

V. 59. This and the following line are not in the original Indeed, this poem is not so much a translation, as a loose though highly-spirited paraphrase; and, as Herbert observes, inferior to the "Descent of Odin."

V. 61. "Bear me hence on wheels of speed."
V Philips (Pind. I. Æn. 3

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
  Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
  Hurry, hurry to the field!

V. 61—64.

> "Sisters, hence, 'tis time to ride:
>   Now your thundering faulchion wield;
> Now your sable steed bestride.
>   Hurry, hurry to the field." MS.

THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA;

OR, THE DESCENT OF ODIN.* AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

[illegible]

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

[illegible] by Hoder, at the instigation of Lok After the execution of this commission. Odin, still alarmed for the life of his son

Long her strains in sorrow steep;
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
 Sisters, cease; the work is done.

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THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA;

OR, THE DESCENT OF ODIN.* AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

The original is to be found in Saemund's Edda, and in Bartholinus, De Causis contemnendæ Mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto, Lib. III. c ii p. 632. (See Warton. Hist. of E. Poetry, vol. i. p. xii. And Warton's Pope, vol. ii. p. 70. "This Ode, I think with Lord Orford, equal to any of Gray's"]

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed,
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
(While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:)
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)

Var. V. 7. (So MS. Wh.)
V. 11. *Fruitless*] Ceaseless. MS.

---

called another council; and hearing nothing but divided opinions among the gods, to consult the Prophetess, "he uprose with speed." Vali, or Ali, the son of Rinda, afterwards avenged the death of Balder, by slaying Hoder, and is called a "wondrous boy, because he killed his enemy, before he was a day old; before he had washed his face, combed his hair, or seen one setting-sun." See Herbert's Icelandic Translations, p. 45; to which I am indebted for part of this note. And the Edda of Saemund, translated by Cottle. See also the Introduction to the Descent of Frea, in Sayer. Dramatic Sketches of H. Mythology, 1792

V. 1. "When straight uprose the king of men."
Chapman. Homer. Il. xiii. p. 43.

V. 2. Sleipner was the horse of Odin, which had eight legs *Vide* Edda. *Mason*. "And *coal black steeds* yborne of hellish brood." Spens. F. Q. I. v. xx. *Luke*.

V. 4. Vid. Cottle's Edda. "Song of Vafthrudnes," p. 29 Note Niflheliar, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted

Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead:
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

V. 14. *Shakes*] Quakes MS.
V. 23. *Accents*] Murmurs MS.

[illegible]

V. 5. The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. *He fed upon the lives of those that were to die.* *Mason.*

V. 17. " Right against the eastern gate
When the great sun begins his state "
L'Alleg v 60. Warton. note.

[illegible] disconcert them with a single look, [illegible] their enterprize "

V. 24 The original word is *Valgalldr*, from *Valr* mortuus and *Galldr* incantatio *Gray*

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know
Tell me what is done below,

Var. V. 27. *What call unknown*] What voice unknown. MS.
V. 29. *My troubled*] A weary. MS.
V. 35. *He*] This. MS.

V. 27. "What power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise." Dryd. K. Arth. VI.

V. 33. "Till cold December comes with *driving rain*."
Dryden. Virg. G. i. 301. *Luke.*

V. 34. This and the two following verses are not in the original, and therefore Gray probably borrowed them from the Thessalian Incantation in Lucan. Ph. vi. 820: "Sic postquam fata peregit, stat vultu mœstus tacito, *mortemque reposcit*." See Quart. Rev. No. xxii. p. 314. "Let me, let me rest." Pope. "Let me, let me drop my freight." Dryden. Sec. Mag. *Rogers.* "Let me, let me freeze again to death." Dryden. K. Arth.

V. 40. Odin was anxious about the fate of his son, Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder, who was himself slain by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. See the Edda

For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey:
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

VAR. V. 41. *Yon*] The MS.
V. 48. *Reach*] Touch. MS.
V. 51, 52. *Once again*, &c.]
"Prophetess, my call obey,
Once again arise and say." MS.

V. 42. "Non movet *aurea* pompa *thori*" Prudent. π. Στ[illegible] 51. v. iii. "Aurato lecto." Juv. Sat. vi.
V. 43. "The spiced *goblets mantled* high."
T. Warton. Works, ii. 74.

p 314.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey:
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,

Var. V. 59, 60 *Prophetess*, &c.]
"Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise and say." MS.
V. 61, 62. *Who th' avenger*, &c.] These verses are transposed in MS.

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of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu, (apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.) "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*, i. e. Multi-scia; and *Visindakona*, i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ. *Gray.*

V. 58. "When my weary lips I close
And slumber, 'tis without repose."
N. Tate. Poems, p. 90.

V. 66. King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn vow never to *clip or comb his hair* till he should have extended his sway over the whole country

A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey:
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,

Var. V. 65. *Wond'rous*] Giant. MS.
V. 74. *Awake*] Arise. MS.

Herbert. Iceland Translat. p 39 In the Dying Song of Asbiorn, p 52·

"Know, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt *not comb my flowing hair*,
When summer sweets return,
In Denmark's vallies, Svanvhide fair!"

V. 75. "It is not certain," says Mr Herbert, "what Odin

he reason why salmons, ever after, have had their tails so fine

That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine

Var. V. 77. *That, flaxen*] Who, flowing. MS.
V. 79. Say from whence. MS.
V. 83. The mightiest of the mighty line. MS

---

and thin. They bound him with chains, and suspended the serpent Skada over his head, whose venom falls upon his face drop by drop. His wife Siguna sits by his side, catches the drops as they fall from his face in a basin, which she empties as often as it is filled. He will remain in chains till the end of the world, or, as the Icelanders call it, the Twilight of the Gods. To this the prophetess alludes in the last stanza. See Butler. Hor. Bibl. ii. 191.

V. 76. This and the following verse are not in the Latin translation.

V. 82. "Great Love! I know thee now,
Eldest of the Gods, art thou."
Dryden. K. Arth. *Rogers.*

V. 86. In the Latin, "mater trium gigantum:" probably Angerbode, who from her name seems to be "no prophetess of good;" and who bore to Loke, as the Edda says, three children, the wolf Fenris, the great serpent of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants in that system of mythology. *Mason.* Sams. Agon. 1247, "I dread him not, nor all his *giant-brood.* *Luke.*

V. 88. In the original, this and the three following lines are represented by this couplet:

Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

Var. V. 87. Hie thee, Odin, boast MS.
V. 90. *Has*] Have. MS.
V. 92. *Has reassum'd*] Reassumes her. MS.

"Et deorum crepusculum
Dissolventes aderunt."

[illegible]

hair;" "*Thrice* he trac'd the Runic rhyme;" "The portals nine of hell," "Foam and *human* gore."

V. 83. "χάλκεος ὕπνος," Hom. "*Ferreus* somnus," Virg. Æn. xii 309. "Iron sleep," Dryden. And "An iron slumber shuts my sleeping eyes," Dryden. Georg iv 717.

V. 90. Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till [illegible]

in which some mistakes in the originals are judiciously corrected Mason

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.*

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.

[From Evans. Spec. of the Welsh Poetry, 1764, quarto, p. 25 where is a Prose version of this Poem, and p. 127. Owen succeeded his father Griffith app Cynan in the principality of N. Wales, A.D. 1137. This battle was fought in the year 1157. Jones. Relics, vol. ii. p. 36.]

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Compare with this poem, "Hermode's Journey to Hell," in Dr. Percy's Translation of Mallet's Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 149. See Beronii Diss. de Eddis Island. p. 153. Mundi credita ἐκπύρωσις in qua solem nigrescere, tellurem in mari submersam iri, stellas de cœlo lapsuras, ignem in vetustam orbis molem et fabricam disævituram, v. Sibyll. Velusp. Stroph. liii.

* The original Welsh of the above poem was the composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, immediately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea. There is likewise another poem which describes this famous battle, written by Prince Howel, the son of Owen Gwynedd; a literal translation of which may be seen in Jones. Relics, vol. ii. p. 36. In Mason's edition, and in all the subsequent editions, it is said that Owen succeeded his

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

---

father, A.D. 1120. The date I have altered, agreeably to the text of Mr. Jones, to A.D. 1137.

V. 4. *Gwyneth*] North Wales.

V. 8. "With open heart and bounteous hand."
Swift. Cad. and Van.

V. 10. "A battle round of *squadrons three* they shew." Fairfax. Tasso, xviii. 55.

V. 13. "And on her shadow rides in floating gold."
Dryden. A. Mir. *G. Steevens.*

V. 14. *Lochlin*] Denmark.

"Watery way," Dryden. Æn. iii. 333. *Rogers.*

V. 20. The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners. *Mason.*

V. 23. "It seems (says Dr. Evans, p. 27.) that the fleet landed in some part of the Frith of Menai, and that it was a kind of mixt engagement, some fighting from the shore, others from the ships, and probably the great slaughter was owing

Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * *

---

to its being low water, and that they could not sail. This will doubtless remind many of the spirited account delivered by the noblest historian of ancient Greece, of a similar conflict on the shore of Pylus, between the Athenians and the Spartans under the gallant Brasidas. Thucyd. Bel. Pelop. lib. iv. cap. 12."

V. 25. "Tal Moelvre." *Jones.*

V. 27. This and the three following lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MS. *Mason.*

V. 31. From this line to the conclusion, the translation is indebted to the genius of Gray, very little of it being in the original, which closes with a sentiment omitted by the translator: "And the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him his merited praise."

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE. SELECTED FROM THE GODODIN.*

[See S. Turner's Vindication of Ancient British Poems, p. 60.
Warton's Engl. Poetry, vol. i. p. lxiii]

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

n a battle with the Saxons at Cattraeth, on the eastern coast

V. 3 The kingdom of Deira included the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. See Jones. Relics, vol. i. p. 17.

* Mr. Jones, in his Relics, vol i p 17, says, that Aneurin flourished about A D 510.

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's extatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,

V. 7. *Cian*] In Jones. Relics, it is spelt 'Kian.'

V. 11. In the rival poem of Taliessin mentioned before, this circumstance is thus expressed: "Three, and threescore, and three hundred heroes flocked to the variegated banners of Cattraeth; but of those who hastened from the flowing mead-goblet, save three, returned not. Cynon and Cattraeth with hymns they commemorate, and me for my blood they mutually lament." See Jones. Relics, vol. ii. p. 14.—"The great topic perpetually recurring in the Gododin is, that the Britons lost the battle of Cattraeth, and suffered so severely, because they had drunk their mead too profusely. The passages in the Gododin are numerous on this point." See Sharon Turner's Vindication of the Anc. British Poems, p. 51.

V. 14. See Sayer's War Song, from the Gaelic, in his Poems, p. 174.

V. 17. See Fr. Goldsmith. Transl. of Grotius. Joseph Sophompaneas. p. 9. "Nectar of the Bees," and Euripid Bacchæ. v. 143. *ῥεῖ δὲ μελισσᾶν νέκταρι.*

Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng,)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

Have ye seen the tusky boar,*
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc bore his lance.

Conan's name,† my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;

V. 20. In the Latin translation "Ex iis autem, qui *nimis potu madidi* ad bellum properabant, non evasere nisi tres."

V. 21. Properly 'Conon,' or, as in the Welsh, 'Cynon.'

V. 23. In the Latin translation "Et egomet ipse sanguine rubens, aliter ad hoc carmen compingendum non superstes fuissem." *M.* — "Gray has given a kind of sentimental modesty to his Bard which is quite out of place" *Quarterly Review.*

[illegible]

vol. i p. 17.

† In Jones. Relics, vol i. p. 17, it is '*Vedel's* name;' and in turning to the original I see 'Rhudd Fedel,' as well as in the Latin translation of Dr Evans, p. 75

V 2 "He knew himself to sing, and build *the lofty rhyme*" Milt. Lycidas *Luke*

As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

[See W. S. Landori Poemata, p. 186.]

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
  And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
  Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
  A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
  And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.

V. 9. "Primosque et extremos metendo stravit humum, sine clade victor." Hor. Od. iv. 14, 31.

V. 1 Milt. P. L. v. 168, "That crown'st the *smiling morn*." *Luke.*

V. 2. Lucret. vi. 204, "Devolet in terram liquidi color *aureus ignis*." *Luke.*

V. 3. Milt. P. L. iv. 602, "She all night long her *amorous descant* sung." *Luke.*

V. 8. "And in my ear the imperfect accent dies."
Dryden. Ovid. *Rogers.*

V. 12. Spens. B. Id. cant. iii. st. 5: "On these Cupids winged armies led, of *little loves*." *Luke.*

V. 14. A line similar to this occurs in Cibber's Alteration of Richard the Third, act ii. sc. 2:

Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
  And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
  To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
  And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

EPITAPH ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.

[See Woty's Poetical Calendar, part viii p 121. Nicoll's Select Poems, vol. vii. p 331.]

This lady, the wife of Dr. John Clerke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and was buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.

"Oh! therefore do we plaine,
And therefore weepe, because we weepe in vaine."
See also Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. x p 139, and Bamfylde's

Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

Var. V 7—10. *In agony, &c.*]
"To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasure, pleasures to impart,
In ling'ring pain, in death resign'd,
Her latest agony of mind
Was felt for him who could not save
His all from an untimely grave." MS.

V. 6. "And *soft humanity* that from rebellion fled," Dryden. Thr. Aug. s. xii. "Bred to the rules of *soft humanity*," ditto All for Love, act. ii. sc. i. "Oh! *soft humanity* in age beloved," Pope. Epitaph ix. "The *soft* virtue of *humanity*," A. Smith. Mor. Seat. v. i. p. 310.

EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.*

" [illegible] recklessness of a desponding mind, he approached too near the enemy's sentinels, and was shot through the body."

" Valiant in arms, courteous and gay in peace,
See Williams match'd to an untimely tomb."
Hall Stevenson's Poems, ii. p. 43.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor envy dar'd to view him with a frown.

---

* Sir William Peere Williams, bart. a captain in Burgoyne's dragoons.

V. 3. [illegible], ἦν ὁ μελιχρὸς [illegible] Μουσέων, ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.
Sophoc. Epit. ed. Brunck. vol. i. p. 10.

Τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νύμφαισιν ἀπεχθῆ.
Theocr. Idyll. a. 141.

I recollect also the same expression in Gregory Nazianzen's Epitaph on Euphemius. [illegible]

" A thousand Graces round her person play
And all the Muses mark'd her [illegible] way."
A. Hill. Poems, vol. iii. p. 66.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
  There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
  And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
  Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps —
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
  Where melancholy friendship bends, and weeps.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The manuscript variations in this poem, in the Wharton papers, agree generally with those published by Mr. Mathias, vol. i. p. 65, in his edition of Gray's Works. See Barrington on the Statutes, p. 154. British Bibliog. vol. iii. p. viii.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

V. 5. Sir William Williams, in the expedition to Aix, was on board the Magnanime with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation. This expression has been adopted by Scott:

"Since riding side by side, our hand
First *drew the voluntary brand.*"
Marmion, Introd. to Cant. iv

V. 1. —— "squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."
Dante, Purgat. l. 8. *Gray*

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Var. V. 8. *And*] Or. MS. *M.* and *W.*

"The curfew tolls! — the knell of parting day."
So I read, says Dr. Warton, Notes on Pope, vol. i. p. 82. Dryden has a line resembling this:
"That *tolls the knell of their departed sense.*"
See Prol. to Troilus and Cressida, ver. 22. And not dissimilar is Shakes. Henry IV. pt. ii. act i. sc. 2.
—— "a sullen *bell*
Remember'd *knolling a departed friend*."

And so Dionys. in his Perieg. ver. 190:
Κείνους δ' ὁππότε τερπνὸς ἀκοίεται ὄλβος ἁμάξης,
Οὐ δὲ βοῶν μυκηθμὸς ἐς αἴλιον ἐρχομενάων
See also Hom. Odyss. xvii. 170, pointed out by Wakefield. Add Petrarch, "Veggio la sera, i buoi tornare sciolte, de la campagne e de solcate colli."
V. 3. Spens. F. Q. b. vi. st. 7. c. 39:
"And now she was upon the *weary way*." Luke.
V. 4. A similar expression occurs in Petrarch, p. 124:
"Quando 'l sol bagna in mar l' aurato cerco,
E'l aer nostro, e la mia mente imbruna."
"Has paid his debt to justice and to me." Dryd. Ovid.
Rogers.
"E lascia il Mundo al Foscoombra." Ariosto. *Rogers.*
V. 7. —— "Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne *beetle with his drowsy hum*
Hath rung night's yawning peal." Macb. act iii. sc. 2.
And so Collins, in his Ode to Evening:
"Or where the *beetle winds*
His small but sullen horn."

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum." *W.*

V. 10. The "ignavus bubo" of Ovid. Met. v. 550. The two following passages might supply the images in the Elegy:

"Assiduous in his *bower* the *wailing owl*
Plies his sad song." Thoms. Winter, 114.

And "the *wailing owl*
Screams solitary to the mournful *moon*."
Mallett. Excursion, p. 244.

V. 12. "Desertaque regna pastorum," Virg. Georg. iii. 476. *W.*

V. 13. De Lille, in his "Jardins," has imitated these stanzas of the Elegy, cant. iv. p. 86.

V. 14. "Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless *heave* the *crumbled* ground."
Parnell. Night Piece, 29. *W*

V. 15. See Hor. Od. i. iv. 17: "Domus exilis Plutonia." The word *domus*, which answers to our poet's *cell*, is often in Latin authors put for *sepulchrum;* as may be seen by referring to Burmann's Petronius, cap. 71; and Markland's Statius, p. 255: the reason of which is given in Barthelemy Travels in Italy, p. 349.

V. 17. "And o'er the *odorous breath of morn*."
Arcades, ver. 56

"In Eden, on the humid flowers that breath'd
Their *morning incense*" Par. L. b. ix. 192. *W.*

And so Pope. Messiah, ver. 24:
"With all the *incense* of the *breathing* spring."

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

Var. V. 19. Or] And. MS. M. and W.

V. 18. "Mane jam clarum reserat fenestras,
  Jam *strepit nidis vigilax hirundo*."
Auson. ed Tollii, p. 94.

Hesiod gives the swallow a very appropriate epithet: χελιδὼν ὀρθρογόη Εργ. 567. Wakefield quotes Thomson. Autumn. ver. 835. "The swallow-people; — there they *twitter* cheerful." "Evandrum ex *humili tecto* lux suscitat alma, et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus." v. Virg Æn. viii. 455.

V. 19. "When *chanticleer* with *clarion shrill* recalls
  The tardy day." Philips. Cyder, i. 753.

Wakefield *cites* Par. Lost, b. vii. 443

"The crested *cock*, whose *clarion* sounds
The silent hours."

And Hamlet, act i. sc. 1. L'Allegro, ver 53. To which add Quarles. Argalus and Parthenia, p. 22

"I slept not, till the early *bugle-horn*
Of *chaunticlere* had summon'd to the morn."

Thomas Kyd has also joined the two images (England's Parnassus, p. 325):

"The cheerful *cock*, the sad night's *trumpeter*,
  Wayting upon the rising of the sunne.
The wandering *swallow* with her broken song."

V. 21. Compare Apoll. Rhod. iv. 1062.

"Nam jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere." Lucretius, iii. 907.

Horace has added to the picture an image copied by Gray·

"Quod si pudica mulier, in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Var. V. 24. *Or*] Nor. MS. *W.*
V. 25. *Sickle*] Sickles. MS. *W.*

Sacrum et vetustis exstruat lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri."

See also Thomson. Winter, 311:

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence."

V. 21. "Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati."
Virg. Georg. ii. v. 523. *W*

So Dryden. ed. Warton, vol. ii. p. 565:

"Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste."

See also Thomson. Liberty, iii. 171, and Ovid. Heroid. Ep viii. 93. Hom. Il. E. 408.

V. 26. "'Tis mine to tame the *stubborn glebe.*"
Gay. Fabl. p. ii. xv. *Luke*

V. 27. "He drove afield." Lycidas, 27. *W.* Add Dryden. Virg. Eclog. ii. 38. "With me to drive *afield.*" *Luke* "To drive *afield* by morn the fattening ewes." A. Philips.

V 28. "But to the roote bent his *sturdie stroake*,
And made many woundes in the waste oake"

Spenser. February. *W.* See also Dryden. Georg. iii. 639

"Labour him with many a *sturdy stroke.*"

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Var. V. 35. *Await*] Awaits MS. *M.* and *W.*
V. 37, 38. "Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
If memory to these no trophies raise."
MS. *M.* and *W.*

V. 33. "Very like," says the editor, (in a note to the following passage of Cowley,) "in the expression as well as sentiment, to that fine stanza in Gray's Elegy, vol. ii. p. 213, Hurd's ed.

"'*Beauty*, and strength, and wit, and *wealth*, and *power*,
  Have their short flourishing *hour*;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence a while:
  E'en so in the same land
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers together stand.
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.'"

Gray's stanza is, however, chiefly indebted to some verses in his friend West's *Monody* on Queen Caroline

"Ah me! what boots us all our *boasted power*,
  Our golden treasure, and our *purple state*;
They cannot ward the *inevitable hour*,
  Nor stay the fearful violence of fate."
Dodsley. Misc. ii. 279.

V. 36. In Kippis. Biographia Britannica, vol iv p. 429, in the Life of Crashaw, written by Hayley, it is said that this line is "literally translated from the Latin prose of Bartholinus in his Danish Antiquities." See Hagthorpe. Poems, p. 47. "Glory doth thousands to the grave betray."

V. 39. —— "the roof o' the chamber
  With golden cherubins is *fretted*."
Cymbel act ii sc 4 *W.*

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre:

Var V. 47. *Rod*] Reins. MS. M.

"This majestical roof *fretted* with golden fire." Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2

V. 40. "There let the *pealing* organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and *anthem* clear" Il Pens. 163. W.

V. 41. "Heroes in *animated marble* frown," Temple of Fame, 73. W. Add Virg. Æn. vi. 849. "*vivos* ducent de marmore *vultus*." *Luke*.

V. 43. "But when our country's cause *provokes* to arms." Pope. Ode.

V. 44. "And sleep in *dull cold* marble." Hen. VIII. act iii. sc. 2.

V. 47. "Sunt mihi quas possint sceptra decere manus," Ovid. Ep. v. ver. 86. "Proud names that once *the reins of empire* held," Tickell. Poem to E. of Warwick, ver. 37.

V. 48. "*Waken* raptures high," Par. Lost, iii. 369. And Lucret. ii. 412. "Mobilibus digitis *expergefacta* figurant." "Begin the song, and strike the *living lyre*." Cowley. And Pope. Winds. For. 281:
—— "where Cowley strung
His *living harp*, and lofty Denham sung." W.

V. 50. "Rich with the spoils of nature." Brown. Rel. Med. p. 2*

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
  Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

V. 51. "So just thy skill, so regular my *rage*."
Pope to Jervas.

"Be justly warm'd with your own native *rage*."
Pope. Prol. to Cato, 43. *W.*

And, "How hard the task! how rare the *godlike rage*."
Tickell. Prol. (Steele. Misc. p. 70.)

V. 53. "That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep."
Comus, ver. 22.

And see Young. "Ocean," st. xxiv.

"There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowells of the earth, many a *fair pearle in the bosome of the sea*, that never was seene, nor never shall bee." Bishop Hall. Contemplations, l. vi. p. 872. See Quart. Rev. No. xxii. p. 314. ad Fr. Barberini Poem, p. 143. [illegible] and see T. Warton. Milton, p. 224.

V. 54. [illegible] Lycophr. Cass. 1277.
Malone.

V. 55. "Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."
Pope. Rape of the Lock, iv. 157. W.

Also Chamberlayne. Pharonida, part ii. b. iv. p. 94.

"Like beauteous flowers which vainly waste their scent
Of odours in unhaunted deserts."

And Young. Univ. Passion, Sat. v. p. 123.

"In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their [illegible] on the savage race."

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd

Var. V. 58. *Fields*] Lands, erased in MS. *M.*

Add Philip. Thule:

"Like woodland flowers, which paint the *desert* glades,
And *waste their sweets in unfrequented* shades."

For the expression "desert air," Wakefield refers to Pindar Ol. i. 10: Ερήμας δἰ αἰθέρος. Also Fragm. Incert. cxvi. "Howl'd out into the desert air." Macbeth, act iv. sc. 3 *Rogers.*

V. 58. "With open freedom *little tyrants* rag'd."
Thoms. Winter. *Luke*

"The tyrants of villages." Johnson. Debates, i. 268.

V. 59. So Philips, in his animated and eloquent preface to his Theatrum Poetarum, p. xiv. ed. Brydges: "Even the very names of some who having perhaps been comparable to Homer for heroic poesy, or to Euripides for tragedy, yet nevertheless *sleep inglorious in the crowd of the forgotten vulgar.*"

V. 60. Edwards, the author of "The Canons of Criticism," here added the two following stanzas, to supply what he deemed a defect in the poem:

"Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone with attraction to herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have bless'd a monarch's arms,
Whose virtue cast a lustre on a throne.

Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Var. V. 68. *And*] Or. MS. *M.* and *W.*
V. 71. *Shrine*] Shrines. MS. *W.*
V. 72. After this verse, in Gray's first MS. of the poem, were the four following stanzas·

"The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;

V. 61. "Tho' *wond'ring senates* hung on all he spoke"
Pope. Mor. Essays, I. 184

V. 63. "To scatter blessings o'er the British land."
Tickell.

"Is scattering plenty over all the land."
Behn. Epilogue.

V. 64. "For in their eyes I read a soldier's love."
Beau. and Fletch. vi 135 *Rogers.*

V. 67. "And swam to empire thro' the purple flood"
Temple of Fame, 347. IF

V. 68. "The *gates of mercy* shall be all *shut* up," Hen V. act iii. sc. 3 Also in Hen. VI part iii. · "Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord." And so says an obscure poet

"His humble eyes, sighs, cries, and bruised breast,
Forc'd ope the gates of mercy, gave him rest."

Nath. Richards. Poems, Sacred and Satyrical, 12mo 1641 p. 145. "Lætitiæ janua clausa meæ est," Ovid Pont. ii 7 38.

V. 70 "Quench your blushes." Wint Tale, act iv. sc. 3
Rogers.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than pow'r or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

"Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

"No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom."

And here the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed swain, &c. suggested itself to him. Mason thinks the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole elegy.

V. 73. "Far from the madding wordling's hoarse discords.' Drummond. *Rogers.*

V. 75. "Foe to *loud* praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science, *in the vale of peace.*"
Pope. Ep. to Fenton, 6. *W.*
"Mollia per placidam delectant otia vitam."
Manil. Astr. iv. 512.

V. 87. "*Dias* in luminis *oras*," Lucretius, i. 23. *W.* "E lascio mesta l'aure soave della vita e i giorni," Tasso G. L. t. ix. st. xxxiii.

V. 88. So Petrarch. Tr. l'Amore, iv. ver. ult.
"Che 'l piè va innanzi, e l' occhio torna indietro."
Wakefield quotes a passage in the Alcestis of Euripides ver. 201.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
    deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
    Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

Var. V. 82. *Elegy*] Epitaph. [illegible] M.

V. 83. So Drayton in his "Moses," p. 1564, vol. iv. ed. 1753:

> "It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
>   (If there be comfort in the way of death)
> To have some friend, or kind alliance by,
>   To be officious at the parting breath."

V. 90. "pia lacrimae." Ovid. Trist. iv. 3. 41.

> "No friend's complaint, no *kind domestic tear*
> Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier,
> By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd."
>
> Pope, Elegy, 51.

And, "Then from his *closing eyes* thy form shall part." v. 32. And so S[illegible], ver. 5, ed. Brunck.

> [illegible]
> [illegible] W.

H

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

Var. V. 92. *E'en, live*] And, glow. MS. *M.* and *W.*
V. 92. "Awake and faithful to her wonted fires."
First and second editions

V. 91. Some lines in the Anthologia Latina, p. 600. Ep. cliii. have a strong resemblance to those in the text:
"Credo mihi vires aliquas natura sepulchris
Adtribuit, tumulos vindicat umbra suos."
So also Auson. (Parentalia), ed. Tollii, p. 109:
"Gaudent compositi cineres sua nomina dici."
V. 92. "Ch' i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
Petr. Son. clxix. *Gray*
"Yet in our ashen cold, is fire yreken."
Chaucer. Reve. Prol. ver. 3880
"Quamvis in cinerem corpus mutaverit ignis,
Sentiet officium mœsta favilla pium."
Ovid. Trist. iii. 3. 23.
"Interea cave, sis nos adspernata sepultos,
Non nihil ad verum conscia terra sapit."
Propert. ii. 13. 41
Wakefield cites Pope. Ep. to M. Blount, ver. 72:
"By this e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and *their flame still warm.*"
V. 98. "The nice *morn* on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole *peep.*"
Comus, 140. see Todd. note

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by. 104

Var. V. 100.
"On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn."
After which, in his first MS., followed this stanza:

[illegible]

"I rather wonder (says Mason) that he rejected this [illegible]

V. 99. —— "From off the ground, each morn,
We *brush* mellifluous *dews*." Par. Lost, v. 429.
So also Arcades, ver. 50.
"And from the boughs *brush* off the evil *dew*."
Add Tempest, act i. sc. 4.
V. 100. So Petrarch:
"Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume
Che 'n contra'l sol, quando e ne mena il giorno."
And Tasso, in his Sonnet to Camoëns
"Vasco, le cui felicè ardite antenne
Incontro al sol che ne riporta il giorno," &c.
And in another Sonnet.
"Come va *innanzi a l' altro sol* l'aurora," &c.
V. 100. "Ere the *high lawns* appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn."
Lycidas, 25. W.
V. 102. Spenser. R. of Rome, s. xxviii.
"Shewing her *wreathed rootes* and naked armes." *Luke.*
V. 103. "His goodly length stretched on a lily bed."
Spens. B. Ida, c. 3. s. 2. *Luke.*
V. 104. "Unde *loquaces lymphæ* desiliunt tuæ."
Hor. Od. iii. 13. 15.
"He lay along
Under an oak, whose *antique root peep'd out*

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw
  him borne:—

Var. V. 106. *He would*] Would he. MS. *M.* and *W.*
 V. 109. *On*] From. MS. *M.*

"Upon the *brook*, that brawls along this wood."
As You Like It, act ii. sc. 1. *W.*

V. 105. "Yet at my parting sweetly did she *smile*
In scorn." Shakespeare Sonnets.

—— "*smylynge halfe in scorne*
At our foly." Skelton. Prol. to the Bouge of Courte, p. 59

"It makes me smile in scorn." App. and Virg. (Old Plays, vol. v. p. 363.) "Laughing in scorn." Massinger. B. Lover. *Rogers.* Milt. P. L. iv. 903. "Disdainfully half smiling."

V. 107. "For pale and *wanne* he was, alas! the while
May seeme he *lov'd* or else some *care* he tooke."
Spenser. January 8. *W*

V. 109. "Simul *assueta* sidetque sub ulmo."
Milt. Ep. Damonis. *G. Steevens.*

V. 114. "In the *church-way paths* to glide."
Mids. N. Dr. act v. sc. 2. *W*

V. 115. "Tell, (for you can,) what is it to be wise."
Pope. Ep. iv. 260. *W*

"And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire." Young.
Scrutare tu causas (potes enim.)" Plin. Ep. iv 30.

Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

[illegible]
servation:

" 'There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found,
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.' "

V. 117. —— "How glad would lay me down,
As in my *mother's lap.*" Par. Lost, x. 777.

Also Spens. F. Qu. v. 7 9

—— "On their *mother earth's* dear *lap* did lie "

"Redditur enim terræ corpus, et ita locatum ac situm quasi *operimento matris* obducetur " Cicero de Legibus, ii 22 Lucr. i. 291. "gremium matris terrai."

I cannot help adding to this note, the short and pathetic sentence of Plin. Hist. Nat ii. 63 "Nam terra novissime complexa gremio jam a *reliquâ naturâ abnegatos, tum maxime, ut mater, operit.*"

V. 119. "Quem tu, Melpomene. semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris."
Hor. Od iv 3 1 W.

V. 121 "*Large was his soul*, as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here "
Cowley, vol 1. p 119.

"A passage which," says the editor "Gray seemed to have had his eye on "

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

V. 123. "Has lacrymas memori quas ictus amore, fundo quod possum." Lucr. ii. 27. "His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live." Pope. Hom. xvi. 556.

V. 127. —— "paventosa speme," Petr. Son. cxiv. *Gray.* "Spe trepido," Lucan. vii. 297. *W.* And Mallet:

"With *trembling* tenderness of *hope* and fear."
Funeral Hymn, ver. 473.

"Divided here twixt *trembling hope* and fear."
Beaum. Psyche, c. xv. 314.

Hooker has defined '*hope*' to be a "*trembling* expectation of things far removed," Eccl. Pol. B. I. cited in Quart. Rev. No. xxii. p. 315.

In the Gentleman's Magaz. vol. lii. p. 20, it is asserted that Gray's Elegy was taken from Collins's Ode to Evening; while in the Monthly Rev. vol. liii. p. 102, it is said to be indebted to an Elegy by Gay. I see, however, no reason for assenting to these opinions. The passages from 'Celio Magno,' produced in the Edinb. Rev. vol. v. p. 51, are very curious, and form an interesting comparison. It is well known how much the Italian poet Pignotti is indebted to the works of Gray: some passages would have been given, but the editor was unwilling to increase the number of the notes, already perhaps occupying too much space.

A LONG STORY.*

See Mason's Memoirs, vol. III. p. 132, and Pennant's Life p. 23.]

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, previous to its publication, was handed about in manuscript; and had amongst other admirers the Lady Cobham, who resided at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance bore some appearance of romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled "A Long Story." Printed in 1753 with Mr. Bentley's designs, and repeated in a second edition. — MS.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
  An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
  Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands

---

* This Poem was rejected by Gray in the Collection published by himself; and though published afterwards by Mason in his Memoirs of Gray, he placed it amongst the Letters, together with the Posthumous Pieces; yet thinking himself authorized to insert among the Poems what the author had rejected.

V. 2. The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogeis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The house formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. — Mason. Sir Edmond Coke's mansion at Stoke-Pogeis, now the seat of Mr. Penn, was the scene of Gray's Long Story. The antique chimneys have been allowed to remain as vestiges of the Poet's

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
  Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
  And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
  When he had fifty winters o'er him
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
  The seals and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
  His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
  Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
  Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your hist'ry whither are you spinning?
  Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
  From whence one fatal morning issues

---

fancy, and a column with a statue of Coke marks the former abode of its illustrious inhabitant. D'Israeli. Cur. of Lit. (New Ser.) i. 182. Coke married Lady Hatton, relict of Sir William Hatton, sister of Lord Burlington.

V. 7. "And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light." Il Pens. 159.

And Pope. Eloisa, 142:

"Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light." *W.*

V. 11. Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. *Gray.* See Hume's England, vol. v. p. 330. Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, and Acklandi Elizabetha u i. Barrington on the Statutes, p. 405

A brace of warriors, not in buff,
  But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
  Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye a-skance,
  And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heav'n
  Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
  And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air —
  Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
  Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
  And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons, bright and keen,
  In pity to the country farmer.

V. 11. Brawls were a sort of French figure-dance, then in vogue. See England's Helicon, p 101, Browne's Poems, vol. iii p. 149, ed Thompson; and the note by Steevens to Love's Lab. Lost, act iii sc. 1 And [illegible] in a Masque, [illegible]

[illegible] Marston Malcontent, act iv sc 2, where it is described.

"We have forgot the brawl," &c.

See Dodsley Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 210

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,
  (By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
  A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
  Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
  And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
  Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
  To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
  Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,

V. 41. It has been said, that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Gray's in the country, was much displeased with the liberty here taken with his name: yet, surely, without any great reason. *Mason.* Mr. Robert Purt was Fellow of King's Coll. Cant. 1738. A.B. 1742, A.M. 1746; was an assistant at Eton school, tutor to Lord Baltimore's son there, and afterwards to the Duke of Bridgewater; in 1749 he was presented to the rectory of Settrington in Yorkshire, which he held with Dorrington in the same county: he died in Ap. 1752 of the small pox. *Isaac Reed.*

V. 51. Henry the Fourth, in the fourth year of his reign, issued out the following *commission* against this species of *vermin:* — "And it is enacted, that no *master-rimour*, minstrel, or other *vagabond*, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths, or gatherings upon the people there." — "*Vagabond*," says Ritson, "was a title to which the profession had been long accustomed.

"Beggars they are with one consent,
  And rogues by act of parliament."

Pref. to Anc. Songs, p. [illegible]

Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
  But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
  Papers and books, a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
  Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

There are still stronger Scotch statutes against them, some condemning them and "such like fules" to lose their ears, and others their lives. By a law of Elizabeth, the English minstrels were pronounced "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," xxxix. Eliz. c. 4, s. 2. See Ritson's Engl. Songs, I. liii. Barrington on the Statutes, p. 360. Dodsley. Old Plays, xii. p. 361. Strutt. Sports and Pastimes, p. 182—195. Puttenham. Art of Engl. Poesie. (1589) Lib. ii. c. 9.

V. 67. There is a very great similarity between the style of part of this poem, and Prior. Tale of the "Dove:" as for instance in the following stanzas, which Gray, I think, must have had in his mind at the time:

"With one great peal they rap the door,
  Like footmen on a visiting day.
Folks at her house at such an hour,
  Lord! what will all the neighbours say!
  * * * * *
"Her keys he takes, her door unlocks,
  Thro' wardrobe and thro' closet bounces,

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
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  But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
  And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
  Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
  And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

[illegible]

  Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

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  Like footmen on a visiting day
Folks at her house at such an hour,
  Lord ! what will all the neighbours say!
* * * * *
" Her keys he takes, her door unlocks,
  Thro' wardrobe and thro' closet bounces,

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will, believe.)
  But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The pow'r of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
  But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
  The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
  He went, as if the devil drove him.

Peeps into every chest and box,
  Turns all her furbelows and flounces.
* * * * *
"I marvel much, she smiling said,
  Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
  Or may be in the tea-pot drown'd."

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
  For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
  And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
  But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
  'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
  Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
  And from the gallery stand peeping.

Such as in silence of the night
  Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack has often seen the sight)
  Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
  Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
  The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
  And doff their hats with due submission.
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
  To all the people of condition.

V 103 *Styack*] The housekeeper *G*

On the first marching of the troops,
  The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
  To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will, believe.)
  But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
  He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
  The pow'r of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
  But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
  The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
  And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
  The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the great house
  He went, as if the devil drove him.

Peeps into every chest and box,
  Turns all her furbelows and flounces.
* * * * *
"I marvel much, she smiling said,
  Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
  Or may be in the tea-pot drown'd."

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
  For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
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  Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
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  Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack has often seen the sight)
  Or at the chapel-door stand sentry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
  Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
  The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
  And doff their hats with due submission.
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
  To all the people of condition.

V. 113. *Styack*] The housekeeper. *G.*

The bard, with many an artful fib,
  Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,
  And all that Groom could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
  When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
  He stood as mute as poor Macleane.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
  "How in the park beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
  Or any malice to the poultry,)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
  Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
  He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

Var. V. 116. Might. MS.

V. 115. *Squib*] Groom of the chamber. *G.*

James Squibb was the son of Dr. Arthur Squibb, the descendant of an ancient and respectable family, whose pedigree is traced in the herald's visitations of Dorsetshire, to John Squibb of Whitchurch in that county, in the 17th Edw. IV. 1477. Dr. Squibb matriculated at Oxford in 1656, took his degree of M.A. in November, 1662; was chaplain to Colonel Bellasis's regiment about 1685, and died in 1697. As he was in distressed circumstances towards the end of his life, his son, James Squibb, was left almost destitute, and was consequently apprenticed to an upholder in 1712. In that situation he attracted the notice of Lord Cobham, in whose service he con-

The ghostly prudes with hagged face
  Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace —
  She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
  Why, what can the Viscountess mean?"
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
  "The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
  Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
  Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my lady from her rubbers.

[illegible] branch of the family. *Nicolas.*

V. 116. *Groom*] The steward. *G.*

V. 120. *Macleane*] A famous highwayman hanged the week before. *G.*

See a *Sequel* to the Long Story in Hakewill's History of Windsor, by John Penn, Esq. and a farther Sequel to that, by the late Laureate, H. J. Pye, Esq

POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Left unfinished by Gray. With additions by Mason, distinguished by inverted commas. (I have read something that Mason has done in finishing a half-written ode of Gray I find he will never get the better of that glare of colouring ' that dazzling blaze of song,' an expression of his own, and ridiculous enough, which disfigures half his writings. V Langhorne's Lett. to H. More, i. 23.) See Musæ Etonenses, ii. p. 176.

Now the golden morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,

V. 1. Sophocl. Antig. v. 103, χρυσέας ἁμέρας βλέφαρον; and Dyer. Fleece, lib. iii. "Grey dawn appears, the *golden morn* ascends." *Luke.*

V. 3. "Vermeil cheek," see Milton. Comus, v. 749. *Luke.*

V. 4. "Rorifera mulcens aura, Zephyrus vernas evocat herbas." Senec. Hipp. i. 11. *Luke.*

V. 8. "Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge,
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays."
Warton. First of April, l. 180

See Mant's note on the passage. Add Buchan. Psalm xxiii p. 36. "Quæ *Veris teneri* pingit amœnitas."

V. 9. —— "Hinc *nova proles*,
Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas
Ludit." Lucret. i. 260.

With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She wooes the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene,
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
  The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling extasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapt'rous choir among;

"O'er the broad downs a novel race,
  Frisk the *lambs with faltering pace*"
T Warton, I 185.

[illegible]

"Mon âme, trop long tems flétrie
  Va de nouveau s' épanouir;
  Et loin de toute rêverie
    Voltiger avec le Zéphire,
  Occupé tout entier du sein du plaisir d'être," &c

...ucret. v. 282, "liquidi fons luminis." Milt. P L vii. 362
drink the *liquid light*." *Luke*

Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
  And leads the gen'ral song:
'Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
  Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
  The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
  Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
  A melancholy grace;

V. 25. Milt. Son. xx. 3. "Help waste a *sullen* day."
Luke

V. 31. "Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after." Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4

"Imperat, *ante videt*, perpendit, praecavit, infit."
Prudent. p. 374. ed. Delph

V. 41. "Where *Pleasure's roses* void of serpents grow."
Thomson. C. of Ind. c ii. st. lvii. *Luke*

V. 43. Dr. Warton refers to Pope. Essay on Man, ii. 270

"See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply:
Hope travels on, nor quits us till we die."

While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
  See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
  Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
  On the thorny bed of pain,

See Casimir Od.:

"Alterno redeunt choro
Risus et gemitus, et madidis prope
Saepe cum lacrymis jocus
Nascuntur mediis gaudia luctibus." ——

V. 45. "Here sweet, or strong, may every colour flow;
Here let the pencil warm, the colours glow;
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life."
Brown. Essay on Satire, ii. 358

V. 49. "O! Jours de la convalescence!
Jours d'une pure volupté
C'est une nouvelle naissance,
Un rayon d'immortalité.
Quel feu! tous les plaisirs ont volé dans mon âme,
J'adore avec transport et le céleste flambeau;
Tout m'intéresse, tout m'enflamme —
Pour moi, l'univers est nouveau.
. . . . . .
Les plus simples objets, le chant d'une Fauvette,

At length repair his vigour lost,
  And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
  Near the source whence pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
  And tastes it as it goes.
While' far below the 'madding' crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,'
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And' perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence and pride,
  'Sooth'd by flattery's tinkling sound,'
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
  Their dull but daily round:

Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
  La fraicheur d'une violette;
Milles spectacles, qu'autrefois
  On voyoit avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
  Inconnus à l' indifférence,
Et que la foule ne voit pas." Gresset. tom. i. p. 145.

V. 55. "Communemque prius, ceu lumina solis." Ovid. Met. i. 135. "Nec *solem proprium* natura, nec aera fecit." Ovid. Met. vi. 350. "Ne *lucem*, quoque hanc quæ *communis est*." Cicero. "Sol omnibus lucet." Pet. Arb. c. 100. "Communis cunctis viventibus aura." Prudent. Sym. ii. 80. "The common benefit of vital air." Dryden.

To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

'Mark ambition's march sublime
  Up to power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed envy sees him climb,
  And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,
Float hourly round ambition's head;
While spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

'Happier he, the peasant, far,
  From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
  Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

V. 56. "Balm from *open'd Paradise*." v. Fairfax Tasso, iv. 75. *Luke*. "And Paradise was open'd in the wild" Pope. "And *paradise* was *open'd* in his face." Dryden. Absalom, ed. Derrick, vol. I, p. 116.

V. 69. So Milton accents the word.

"On the crystálline sky, in sapphire thron'd."
Par. Lost, b. vi. ver. 772

V. 65. "Tout s'émousse dans l'habitude,
L'amour s'endort sans volupté:
Las des mêmes plaisirs, las de leur multitude,
Le sentiment n'est plus flatté."

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
  Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
  Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.'

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.*

THEB. LIB. VI. VER. 704—724.

Third in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;

* This translation, written at the age of twenty, which Gray sent to West, consisted of about a hundred and ten lines. Mason selected twenty-seven lines, which he published, as Gray's first attempt at English verse; and to show how much he had imbibed of Dryden's spirited manner at that early period of his life.

The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

V. 12. v. Milt. P. L. iv. 181, "At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound." *Lake.*

V. 14. v. Milt. P. L. iv. 140, "As the ranks ascend shade above shade, a woody theatre of stateliest view." *Lake.*

THE FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY ON THE SUBJECT OF THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.*

"The Britannicus of Racine, I know, was one of Gray's most favourite plays; and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say that he saw it represented at Paris, seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrippina for his first and only effort in the drama. The execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in Racine's taste, that I suspect, if that great poet had been born an Englishman, he would have written precisely in the same style and manner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general prejudice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, prevent me from withholding from the few, who I expect will relish it, so great a curiosity (to call it nothing more) as part of a tragedy written by Gray. These persons well know, that till style and sentiment be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will never secure reputation to the author, whatever they may do to the actor. It is the business of the one 'to strut and fret his hour upon the stage;' and if he frets and struts enough, he is sure to find his reward in the plaudit of an upper gallery; but the other ought to have some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet: for I will be bold to say that if Shakespeare himself had not written a multitude of passages which please there as much as they do on the stage, his reputation would not stand so universally high as it does at present Many of these passages, to the shame of our theatrical taste, are omitted constantly in the representation: but I say not this from conviction that the mode of writing, which Gray pursued, is the best for dramatic purposes. I think myself, what

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* See Tacitus's Annals, book xiii. xiv. *Mason.*

[illegible]

AGRIPPINA, A TRAGEDY.

[illegible]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Agrippina, the Empress-mother.
Nero, the Emperor.
Poppaea, believed to be in love with Otho.
Otho, a young man of quality, in love with Poppaea.
Seneca, the Emperor's Preceptor.
Anicetus, Captain of the Guards.
Demetrius, the Cynic, friend to Seneca.
Aceronia, Confidante to Agrippina.

Scene — The Emperor's villa at Baiae.

[illegible]

[illegible]

having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd; or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baiæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly: but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to her honours. In the mean while, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been intrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho, hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse, who resolves immediately on his mother's death, and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which, she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her: she escapes by accident, and returns to Baiæ. In this interval, Otho has an interview with Poppæa; and being duped a second time by Anicetus and her, determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she then encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baiæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama." *Mason.*

ACT I SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA

AGRIP. 'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd, [*Speaks as to* Anicetus *entering.*
The message needs no comment. Tell your master,
His mother shall obey him. Say you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retir'd to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employment.
What if you add, how she turn'd pale and trembled:
You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not aconite.

V. 13. So in the Britannicus of Racine, act. iv sc 2, Agrippina says:

"*Vous êtes un ingrat, vous le fûtes toujours.*
Dès vos plus jeunes ans, mes soins et mes tendresses
N'ont arraché de vous, que de *feintes caresses*"

ACER. He's gone: and much I hope these
walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIP. And dost thou talk to me, to me of dan-
Of haughty youth and irritated power, [ger
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its bright-
ness?
'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
To fame or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dar'd
On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade

V. 29.

"Il mêle avec l'orgueil qu'il a pris dans leur sang,
La fierté des Nerons, *qu'il puisa dans mon flanc.*"

Britannicus, act I. sc. 1.

V. 38. So Elegy (Epitaph): "A youth, *to fortune and to fame unknown.*"

V. 45.

"Ce jour, ce triste jour, frappe encor ma mémoire;
Où Néron fut lui-même *ébloui de sa gloire.*"

Britannicus, act I. sc. 1

Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Shew'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him
strike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous
honour. [steps,

ACER. Thro' various life I have pursued your
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate

"Hæc (exclamat) mihi pro tanto
Munere reddis præmia, gnate!
Hac sum, fateor, digna carinâ
Quæ te genui, quæ tibi lucem
Atque imperium, nomenque dedi
Cæsaris, amens."
Agrippina's Speech in Seneca's Octavia, ver 331.

V. 64. On Nero's *Magical* studies, consult Plinii. Nat. Hist. lib. xxx. cap. 5.

Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother! reign the son!
He reigns, the rest is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulg'd
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway:
These were your gift, and with them you bestow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIP. * Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent,
And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: tell him too, that one
Who had such liberal power to give, may still

* In Gray's MS. Agrippina's was one continued speech from this line to the end of the scene. Mr. Mason informs us, that he has altered it to the state in which it now stands.

V. 91. "Et c'est trop respecter l' ouvrage de mes mains." Britannicus, act iii. sc. 3.

V. 98. "And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies."
Hen. V. act ii. Chor. *Rogers*

With equal power resume that gift, and raise
A tempest that shall shake her own creation
To its original atoms — tell me I say
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
The silken son of dalliance, nurs'd in ease
And pleasure's flow'ry lap? — Rubellius lives,
And *Sylla* has his friends, though school'd by fear
To bow the supple knee, and court the times
With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
Like mine, might serve belike to wake pretensions
Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house. [passion,
ACER. Did I not wish to check this dangerous
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,

V. 93 v. Senecæ Octav. 437. Nero enters, "Perage imperata, mitte qui *Plauti* mihi, Syllæque caput referat abscissum caput." i.e. Plauti Rubellii.
V. 110. But Tacitus says "Sed Corbuloni plus molis ad retinendam militum, quam contra perfidiam hostium, erat." v. Annales, xiii 35.

Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp, have long rever'd,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.
AGRIP. Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of liberty; there will not want.
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause

V. 118.
"Et moi, qui sur le trône ai suivi mes ancêtres.
Moi, fille, femme, sœur, et mere de vos maîtres."
Britannicus, act I. sc. 2

V. 124. "The *spirit-stirring* drum, the ear-piercing fife."
Othello, act iii. sc. 3

—— "the *spirit-stirring* form
Of Cæsar, raptur'd with the charms of rule." Dyer. Rome

V. 147. "The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born
Bard

To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried Genius of old Rome
Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
Rous'd by the shout of millions: there before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
In threats unexecuted? Haste thee, fly
These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACER. 'Tis time to go, the sun is high advanc'd,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

V. 143. "Hi rectores imperatoriæ juventæ, et pari in societate potentiæ, concordes, diversâ arte, ex æquo pollebant. Burrus militaribus curis, et severitate morum: Seneca præceptis eloquentiæ, et comitate honestâ." Taciti Annales, xiii c. 2.

V. 149. See Senecæ Octav. v. 377.

V. 150. So in the speech of Burrhus in the Britannicus of Racine, act i. sc. 2

"Je répondrai, madame, avec la liberte
D'un soldat, que sait mal farder la vérité."

And again, act i. sc. 2
"Burrhus pour le mensonge, eut toujours trop d'horreur."

AGRIP. My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
More deadly to the sight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
Before he sees me.
ACER. Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may —
AGRIP. Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium — all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but whisper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful extasy: no matter
What; so't be strange and dreadful. — Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings — the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)

V. 169. "Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the *arch'd eyebrow*, or Parnassian sneer?"
Pope. Prol. to the Satires, ver. 95.

"To *arch the brows* which on them gaz'd."
V. Marvell. Poems, i. 45.

V. 172. "Pour rendre sa puissance, et la vôtre odieuses,
J' avoûrai les rumeurs les plus injurieuses,
Je confesserai tout, exils, assassinâts,
Poison même." Britannicus, act iii. sc. 3

See also Taciti Annales, lib. xiii. c. 15.

V. 176. "Prô facinus ingens! fœminæ est munus datu

If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO. Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely;
Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclin'd, so was she borne

Silenus, et cruore fœdavit suo
Patrios Penates, criminis ficti reus."
Senecæ Octavia, ver. 148

And see Taciti Annales, xii. c. 3, 4.

V. 195. "Obstipum caput et *tereti cervice reflexum.*"
Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. 44

"Et caput inflexâ lentum cervice recumbit
Marmoreâ." Virgilii Ciris, 443.

"*Niveâ cervice reclinis*
Molliter ipsa." Manil. Astron. 5 v. 555

This particular beauty is also given to Helen by Constantinus

By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.
* * * * * * *

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 75. Supposed to be written about the year 1742, when Gray returned to Cambridge.]

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:

Manasses, in his "Annales," (see Meursii Opera, vol. vii p. 390):

> *Δειρὴ μακρὰ καταλευκος, ὅθεν ἐμυθουργήθη*
> *Κυκνογενῆ τὴν εὐόπτον Ἑλένην χρηματίζειν.*

And so also in the Antehomerica of Tzetzes, ed. Jacobs. p. 116 (though the passage is corrupted).

> "That soft cheek springing to the *marble neck*,
> Which *bends aside* in vain."
> Akenside. Pl. of Imag. b. i. p. 112. ed. Park.

V. 197. See Milton. Par. L. iv. 310:

> "*Yielded* with coy submission, *modest* pride,
> And sweet, *reluctant* amorous delay." *Luke*

V. 1. "Hail, horrors, hail!" Milton. Par. L. i. 205.

V. 3. "Jam nec *arundiferum* mihi cura revisere *Camum*," Miltoni Eleg. i. 11. and 89. "*juncosas* Cami remeare *paludes*. *Luke*.

Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.

V. 4. —— "Where rivers now
Stream, and *perpetual draw their humid train.*"
Milton. Par. Lost, vii. 310.

V. 14. "To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead."
Pope Dunciad, i. 28.

And so in the speech of Ignorance in "Henry and Minerva," by I. B. 1729 (one among the poetical pieces bound up by Pope in his library, and now in my possession):

"Myself behind this *ample shield of lead*,
Will to the field my daring squadrons head."

V. 17. "Let Fancy still my sense in Lethe steep."
Shakesp. T Night. act iv. sc. 1. *Lotus*

V. 22. "Here *Ignorance* in steel was arm'd, and there
Cloath'd in a cow', dissembled fast and pray'r;

Goddess! awake, arise! alas, my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
  Oh! sacred age! Oh! times for ever lost!
(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's
    boast.)
For ever gone — yet still to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
  High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;
* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend
* * * * * *

Against my sway her pious hand stretch'd out,
And *fenc'd* with *double fogs* her idiot rout."
Henry and Minerva

And so in the Dunciad, b. i. ver. 80:
"All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds thro' *fogs* that magnify the scene."

V. 25. Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"
Milt. P. L. i. 330. *Luke*

V. 37. "*Sesostris*-like, such charioteers as these
May drive *six harness'd monarchs* if they please.'
Young. Love of Fame, Sat. v

"High on his car, Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew."
Pope. T. of Fame. *Luke*

And so S. Philips. Blenheim, v. 16:
"As curst Sesostris, proud Egyptian king,
That *monarchs harness'd* to his chariot yok'd."

THE ALLIANCE OF

EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.*

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 93; and Musæ Etonenses, vol. ii. p. 152.]

ESSAY I.

——— Πόταγ' ὦ 'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ ἀοιδὰν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Ἀΐδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.
Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:

Var. V. 2. *Barren*] Flinty. MS.

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* In a note to his Roman history, Gibbon says, "Instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?" Vol. iii. p. 248. 4to. — Would it not have been more philosophical in Gibbon to have lamented the situation in which Gray was placed; which was not only not favourable to the cultivation of poetry, but which naturally directed his thoughts to those learned inquiries, that formed the amusement or business of all around him!

So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart, [heart:
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
How rude so e'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er *opinion tinge the varied mind,*
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heav'n
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n:

Var. V. 19. *But tyranny has*] Gloomy sway have MS.
V. 21. *Blooming*] Vernal. MS.

V. 9. "Vitales auras carpis," Virg. Æn. i. 387. *Luke.*

V. 14. "And *lavish nature* laughs and throws her *stores* around," Dryden. Virgil, vii. 76. *Luke.*

V. 21. "*Destroy the promise of the youthful year.*"
Pope. Vert. and Pomona, 108. *Luke*

V. 36. "On mutual wants, build mutual happiness."
Pope. Ep. iii. 112

V 47. "Bellica nubes," Claudiani Laus Seren. 196. *Luke*

V. 48. So Claudian calls it, Bell. Getico, 641 "Cimbric

With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Say then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.

— tempestas." Pope Hom. Od. 5, 303. "And next a wedge to drive with sweepy sway." See note on Bard, v. 75.

V. 50. So Thomson. Liberty, iv. 803.
"Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the North
To Libyan deserts, swarm protruding swarm."
And Winter, 840.
"Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled South."

V. 51. So Pope. Dunciad, iii. 89.
"The North by myriads pours her mighty sons."

The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening
    lands;
And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground

Var. V. 55. *Heav'ns*] Skies. MS.
V. 56. *Scent*] Catch. MS.

"The fair complexion of the *blue-eyed warriors of Germany* formed a singular contrast with the swarthy or olive hue, which is derived from the neighbourhood of the torrid zone." Gibbon. Rom. Hist. iii. 337. Ausonius gives them this distinguished feature: "*Oculos cærula*, flava comas," De Bissula. 17. p. 341. ed. Tollii. "*Cærula* quis stupuit Germani *lumina*," Juv. Sat. xiii. 164.

V. 54. "Mirantur nemora et rorantes Sole racemos." Statius. v. Plin. Nat. H. l. xiii. c. ii. 1.

V. 56. Milton. Arcades. 32, "And ye, ye *breathing roses* o' the wood" *Luke.*

Unmanly thought! what seasons can control,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she
springs,
By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth:
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,

V. 57. Claudian, in his poem De Bello Getico, ver. 504, makes the Gothic warriors mention the vines of Italy. "Quid palmitis uber Etrusci," &c. "Et dulces rapuit de collibus uvas," Statii Silv. ii.; and "Carpite de plenis *pendentes* vitibus uvas," Ovid. Am. I. x. 55. "*Pendet* vindemia," Virg. Georg. ii. 89.

V. 66. "And as these mighty tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere."
Dryd. Rel. Laici. *Rogers.*

V. 91. "And side-long lays the glebe."
Thomson. Spring. *Lane.*

To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder if to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit, what by strength they
gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;

"Or drives his venturous *ploughshare* to the steep,
Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling *savage* into day."
Goldsmith. Traveller.

V. 101. "Gaudet aquis, quas ipsa vehit *Niloque redundant.*" Claudiani Nilus, ver. 7. "The *broad redundant Nile.*" Young. Busiris, act v. sc. 1.

V. 103. —— "On the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread."
Milt. P. L. vii. 235

"O'er which he kindly *spreads his spacious wing*,
And *hatches* plenty for th' ensuing spring."
Denham. Cooper's Hill. W.

V. 105. "Cepheam hic *Meroën, fuscaque regna* canat," Propert. iv. vi. 78. "*Fuscis* Ægyptus alumnis," ii. xxiv. 15.

"Jam proprior tellusque natans Ægyptia Nilo;
Lenius irriguis *infuscat* corpora campis."
Manil iv. 727

And so Dryden's version of Virg. Georg. iv. 409, pointed out by Wakefield:

"And where in pomp the *sun-burnt people* ride
On painted barges o'er the *teeming tide.*"

V. Martial. Ep. iv. 42. "Marcotide fuscâ." "Spread the

Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost. Mason, vol. iii. p. 114.]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,*
And gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.

Var. V. 106. *Neighb'ring*] Distant. MS.

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thin oar, and catch the *driving gale.*" Pope. Ess. on Man, iii. 178. See Gifford's Juvenal Sat. xv. 175. p. 460.

V. 106. Lucan will explain the meaning of the *frail* float:

—— "Sic cum tenet omnia *Nilus*,
Conseritur *bibula Memphitis cymba papyro* "
Pharsal. iv. 135.

But Gilpin gives another explanation in his Western Tour, see p. 34. Add Brown's Travels in Africa, p 66. 4to. Arbuthnot on Coins, p. 215. 4to. Denon. Trav ii. p 224

* The last couplet of this poem "*When love could teach,*" &c. has been imitated by H Walpole, in an inscription on a Gothic column to Queen Katharine; but with a loss of the metaphorical beauty in the original:

"From Katharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed "

"If (says Dryden) Conscience had any part in moving the king to sue for a divorce, she had taken a long nap of almost [illegible]

p. 522.

COMMENTARY.

THE author's subject being (as we have seen) *the necessary alliance between a good form of government and a good mode of education, in order to produce the happiness of mankind*, the Poem opens with two similes; an uncommon kind of exordium, but which I suppose the poet intentionally chose, to intimate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings. 1st, He asserts that men without education are like sickly plants in a cold or barren soil (line 1 to 5, and 8 to 12); and, 2dly, he compares them, when unblest with a just and well-regulated government, to plants that will not blossom or bear fruit in an unkindly and inclement air (l. 5 to 9, and l. 13 to 22). Having thus laid down the two propositions he means to prove, he begins by examining into the characteristics which (taking a general view of mankind) all men have in common one with another (l. 22 to 39); they covet pleasure and avoid pain (l. 31); they feel gratitude for benefits (l. 34); they desire to avenge wrongs, which they effect either by force or cunning (l. 35); they are linked to each other by their common feelings, and participate in sorrow and in joy (l. 36, 37). If then all the human species agree in so many moral particulars, whence arises the diversity of national characters? This question the poet puts at line 38, and dilates upon to l. 64. Why, says he, have some nations shewn a propensity to commerce and industry; others to war and rapine; others to ease and pleasure? (l. 42 to 46). Why have the northern people overspread, in all ages, and prevailed over the southern? (l. 46 to 58). Why has Asia been, time out of mind, the seat of despotism, and Europe that of freedom? (l. 59 to 64). Are we from these instances to imagine men necessarily enslaved to the inconveniences of the climate where they were born? (l. 64 to 72). Or are we not rather to suppose there is a natural strength in the human mind, that is able to vanquish and break through them? (l. 72 to 84). It is confest, however, that men receive an early tincture from the situation they are placed in, and the climate which produces them (l. 84 to 88). Thus the inhabitants of the mountains, inured to labour and patience, are naturally trained to war (l. 88 to 96); while those of the plain are more open to any attack, and softened by ease and plenty (l. 96 to 99). Again, the Ægyptians, from the nature of their situation, might be the inventors of home navigation, from a necessity of keeping up

[illegible] or were drove to take refuge on some shoals, like the Venetian and Hollanders: their discovery of some rich island, in the infancy of the world, described. The Tartar hardened to war by his rigorous climate and pastoral life, and by his disputes [illegible] valour may not exist in southern climes, since the Syrians and Carthaginians gave noble instances of both; and the Arabians carried their conquests as far as the Tartars. Rome also (for many centuries) repulsed those very nations, which, when she grew weak, at length demolished † her extensive empire.****

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† The reader will perceive that the Commentary goes further than the text. The reason for which is, that the Editor found it so on the paper from which he formed that comment; and as the thoughts seemed to be those which Gray would have next graced with the harmony of his numbers, he held it best to give them in continuation. There are other maxims on different papers, all apparently relating to the same subject, which are too excellent to be lost, these, therefore, (as the place in which he meant to employ them cannot be ascertained) I shall subjoin to this note, under the title of detached Sentiments

"Man is a creature not capable of cultivating his mind but in society, and in that only where he is not a slave to the necessities of life.

"Want is the mother of the inferior arts, but Ease that of the finer; as eloquence, policy, morality, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, which are the improvements of the former.

"The climate inclines some nations to contemplation and pleasure others to hardship, action, and war, but not so as to incapacitate the former for courage and discipline, or the latter for civility, politeness, and works of genius

"It is the proper work of education and government united to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air

"The principal drift of education should be to make men think in the northern climates, and act in the southern.

"The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer's operations upon marble, it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it, to give it

gloss and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shap it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

"To a native of free and happy governments his country is always dear:

'He loves his old hereditary trees. (COWLEY.)

while the subject of a tyrant has no country; he is therefore selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, nc desire of fame; or, if he has, of one that turns not on its proper object.

"Any nation that wants public spirit, neglects education, ridicules the desire of fame, and even of virtue and reason, must be ill governed

"Commerce changes entirely the fate and genius of nations, by communicating arts and opinions, circulating money, and introducing the materials of luxury; she first opens and polishes the mind, then corrupts and enervates both that and the body.

"Those invasions of effeminate southern nations by the warlike northern people, seem (in spite of all the terror, mischief, and ignorance which they brought with them) to be necessary evils; in order to revive the spirit of mankind, softened and broken by the arts of commerce, to restore them to their native liberty and equality, and to give them again the power of supporting danger and hardship; so a comet, with all the horrors that attend it as t passes through our system, brings a supply of warmth and light to the sun, and of moisture to the air.

"The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society; it had its rise when Greece was declining, and perhaps hastened its dissolution, as also hat of Rome; it is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effect in both.

"One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

"Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short-lived as our frame; and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

Thus, with all the attention that a connoisseur in painting employs in collecting every slight outline as well as finished drawing which led to the completion of some capital picture, I have endeavoured to preserve every fragment of this great poetical design. It surely deserved this care, as it was one of

the noblest which Mr. Gray ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished. That he carried it no further is, and must ever be, a most sensible loss to the republic of letters. Mason.

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 148.]

These were in compliment to Bentley, who drew a set of designs for Gray's poems, particularly a head-piece to the Long Story. The original drawings are in the library at Strawberry Hill. See H. Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 447.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
  Half pleas'd, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
  And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
  Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
  To local symmetry and life awake!

V. 3. So Pope. Epist. to Jervas, 13:
"Smit with the love of *sister-arts* we came;
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame."
V. Dryden to Kneller, "Our arts are sisters," "Long time the *sister-arts* in iron sleep."

V. 7. "Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike on the sketch, or in the picture glow."
Pope. Epist. to Jervas, ver. 42.

V. 8. "When *life awakes* and dawns at every line." Pope Ep. to Jervas, v. 4. See also Hurd's note to Hor. A. P. v. 34, from Plato.

The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
  To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
  And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
  His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
  And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
  Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
  The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
  The meaner gems that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
  And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
  My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'
And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
  A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.' †

* * * * * *

V. 20. "Heaven, that but once was *prodigal* before,
To Shakspear gave as much, she could not give him more." Dryden to Congreve. *Luke.*

† The words within the inverted commas were supplied by Mason, a corner of the old manuscript copy being torn: with all due respect to his memory, I do not consider that he has been successful in the selection of the few words which he has added

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761, AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd
No very great wit, he believed in a God.
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

---

to supply the imperfect lines my own opinion is, that Gray had in his mind Dryden's Epistle to Kneller, from which he partly took his expressions under the shelter of that supposition, I shall venture to give another reading.

" Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy 'convey;'
And as their pleasing influence 'is exprest,'
A sigh of soft reflection 'dies away'"

V. 1. This is similar to a passage in one of Swift's letters to Gay, speaking of poets: "I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court. They are too libertine to haunt ante-chambers, too *poor* to *bribe* porters, and too *proud* to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family." See Pope. Works, xi. 36. ed Warton

V. 4. "I pay my debts, *believe*, and say my prayers"
Pope Prol. to Satires, ver 268

V. 6. Squire] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St David's. Dr S. Squire died 1766, see Nicholl. Poems, vol vii. p 231 Bishop Warburton one day met Dean Tucker, who said that he hoped his Lordship liked his situation at Gloucester, on which the sarcastic Bishop replied, that never bishopric was so *be-deaned*, for that his predecessor Dr Squire had made religion his trade

AMATORY LINES.

The following lines by Gray first appeared in Warton's* edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 285.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish —
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning —
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;

Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected —
Words that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
Ah! say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell me!

---

and that he Dr. Tucker had made *trade his religion*. See Cradock. Mem. iv. 335.

Perhaps these lines of Gray gave a hint to Goldsmith for his character of Burke in the 'Retaliation:'

'Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.'

* As Dr. Warton has here favoured us with some manuscript lines by Gray, it will be a species of poetical justice to give the reader some lines from a manuscript of Dr. Warton, which he intended to insert in his Ode to Fancy, and which are placed within the inverted commas:

In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove,
'Or seem by powerful Dante led
To the dark chambers of the dead.

SONG.*

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
  Ere the spring he would return —
Ah! what means yon violet flower,
  And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Var. V. 1. *Thyrsis, when we parted*] In Mr. Park's edition, for "when *we parted*," it is printed "when *he left me*." And, for "*Ere* the spring," "*In* the spring."

Var. V. 3. *Yon violet flower*] In Mr. Park's edition, "*the opening flower*."

V. 5. '*Twas the lark*] In Mr. Park's edition, this and the following line are transposed.

Or to the [illegible] towers where pine
The sons of famish'd Ugoline;
Or by the Tuscan wizard's power
Am wafted to Alcina's bower'
Till suddenly, &c.

And after the couplet —

On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave —

Add, from the MS. —

'To whom came trooping at thy call
Thy spirits from their airy hall,
From sea and earth, from heaven and hell
Stern Hecate, and sweet Ariel '

[illegible]

at her castle in Savoy, where she died in 1783. Admiral Sir T. Duckworth, whose father was vicar of Stoke from 1756 to 1794, remembers Gray and Miss Speed at that place. Gray left Stoke about the year 1758, on the death of his aunt Mrs. Rogers; when his acquaintance with Miss Speed probably [illegible].

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
  Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

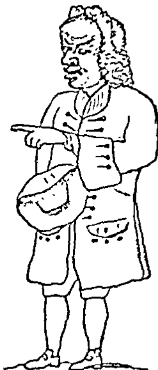
[This Song is in this edition printed from the copy as it appears in H. Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Ailesbury. See his Works, vol. v. p. 561.]

Var. V. 8. *Why* this] In Mr. Park's edition, "why *such*."
V. 9. *Western*, &c.] In Mr. Park's edition, these lines are printed thus:

" *Gentle* gales and *sky* serene
Prove not always winrer past."

TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.



Thus Tophet look'd, so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him
friend.

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
  Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

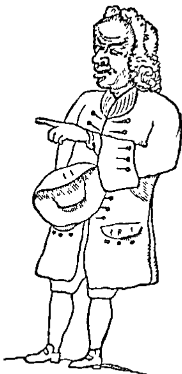
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TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.



Thus Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him
friend.

Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung thro' hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.[a]

---

* The Rev. Henry Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearance. Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Gray, who embellished it with the above lines. Information respecting Mr. Etough, (who was rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire, and patronized by Sir Robert Walpole,) may be found in the Gentleman's Magaz. vol. lvi. p. 25. 281; and in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the xviiith Century, vol. viii. p. 261, and Brydges' Restituta, vol. iv. p. 246, and Polwhele's Recollect. i. 212. "Etough was originally a Jew, but renounced his religion for the sake of a valuable living. To understand the second line, it is necessary to inform you, that Tophet kept the conscience of the minister." See Neville. Imit. of Horace, p 59. "The slanderous pests, the ETOUGHS of the age." See an account of Dr. Etough in Coxe's Life of Sir R. Walpole, vol. i. p. xxvi "Etough was a man of great research and eager curiosity, replete with prejudice, but idolizing Sir R. Walpole, &c"

IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT KINGSGATE, KENT.*

[Written at Denton in the spring of 1766. See Nichols' Select Poems, vol. vii. p. 350, and W. S. Landori Poemata, p. 196.]

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
  Here H——d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
  A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
  Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
  And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
  No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;

Var. V. 2. *Form'd*] Took. MS.
V. 3. *A*] Some. MS.
V. 9. *Dread*] Fear. Nichols.

* Dallaway, in his Anecdotes of the Arts, p. 385, says, that this house was built by Lord Holland as a correct imitation of Cicero's Formian villa, at Baiæ, under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Wynne, Bart. afterwards Lord Newborough See Gent. Mag. vol. lxxvii. p. 1116.

Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
  Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
  Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
  And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been true,
  Nor M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
  And realiz'd the beauties which we feign:

"Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
  Then had we seen proud London's hated walls
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
  And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

Var. V. 11. *Could*] Cannot. MS.
V. 12. *Horrors*] Terrors. Nich.
V. 13. *Here*] Now. MS.
V. 14. *Turrets and arches*] Arches and turrets. MS.
V. 15. *Monast'ries, our*] Palaces, his. MS.
V. 17. *B—te*] Bute. MS.
V. 18. *M—'s, R—'s, B—'s*] Shelburne's, Rigby's, Calcraft's. MS.
Nor C—'s nor B—d's promises been vain. Nich.
V. 19. *Better*] Other. MS. Grac'd our view. N.
V. 20. *Beauties which*] Ruins that. MS. Horrors which. N.
V. 21. *Purified*] Beautified. MS.
V. 23. *Would*] Might. MS. Should. N.

V. 18. These initials stand for "Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's. See Heroic Epistle, v. 95; and Verses by Lord Holland in returning from Italy, 1767, in Asylum for Fug. Pieces II. p 10:

THE CANDIDATE:

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.*

on, Jemmy Twitcher, 1764."]

WHEN sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugg'd up his
    face,
With a lick of court whitewash, and pious grimace,
A wooing he went, where three sisters of old
In harmless society guttle and scold.
  "Lord! sister," says Physic to Law, "I declare,
Such a sheep-biting look, such a pick-pocket air!
Not I for the Indies: — you know I'm no prude, —
But his nose is a shame, — and his eyes are so
    lewd!

---

* These verses were written a short time previous to the election of a high-steward of the University of Cambridge, for which office the noble lord alluded to (Lord Sandwich) made an active canvass.

V. 8. *Nose*] In all editions printed by mistake "Name"

Then he shambles and straddles so oddly — I fear —
No — at our time of life 'twould be silly, my dear."
"I don't know," says Law, "but methinks for his look,
'Tis just like the picture in Rochester's book;
Then his character, Phyzzy, — his morals — his life —
When she died, I can't tell, but he once had a wife.
They say he's no Christian, loves drinking and w——g,
And all the town rings of his *swearing and roaring!*
His lying and filching, and *Newgate-bird tricks*; —
Not I — *for* a coronet, chariot and six."
Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing:
From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
She strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her band —
"What a pother is here about wenching and roaring!
Why, David lov'd catches, and Solomon w—g:
Did not Israel filch from th' Egyptians of old
Their jewels of silver and jewels of *gold?*
The prophet of Bethel, we read, told a lie:
He drinks — so did Noah; — he swears — so do I:

V. 9. —— "That babe of grace
Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
See *Jemmy Twitcher shambles.*" ——
Heroic Epistle, 125, note
See Hurd. Obs. on this word, in Cradock. Memoirs, vol. i. 117 and Anecdote, p. 161.

V. 16. But see Cradock. Memoirs, vol. iv. 166.

To reject him for such peccadillos, were odd,
Besides, he repents—for he talks about G**—
[*To* Jemmy]
Never hang down your head, you poor penitent elf,
Come buss me—I'll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.'"

* * * * * * *

[The concluding couplet is too gross to give. Ed.]

"From recollection I am sure Lord Sandwich was aware of Gray; for about the time he offered himself as high-steward, contrary to his usual maxim of not seeing an enemy on public occasions, he once said to me, 'I have my private reasons for knowing his absolute inveteracy.'" Cradock, iv. 223.

EXTRACTS.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. III. ELEG. V. v. 19.

"Me juvat in primâ coluisse Helicona juventâ," &c.

IMITATED.

Long as of youth the joyous hours remain,
Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses dance.
Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride;

And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
Age step 'twixt Love and me, and intercept the joy;
When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
And all its jetty honours turn to snow;
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways;
To Providence, to HIM my thoughts I'd raise,
Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first, eternal, universal cause;
Search to what regions yonder star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night:
How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain;
How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
What *colours* paint the vivid arch of Jove;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads;
Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-liv'd night;
Whence the Seven Sisters' congregated fires,
And what Bootes' lazy waggon tires;
How the rude surge its sandy bounds control;
Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll;

If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream;
Or are our fears the enthusiast's empty dream,
And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
But pictured horror and poetic woes.
These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown
my age.

* 1738. Æt. 22.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. II. ELEG. I. v. 17.

"Quod mihi si tantum, Mæcenas, fata dedissent," &c.

Yet would the tyrant Love permit me raise
My feeble voice, to sound the victor's praise,
To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
The laurell'd triumph, and the sculptured car;
No giant race, no tumult of the skies,
No mountain-structures in my verse should rise
Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there should be,
Nor how the Persian trod the indignant sea;
Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
Nor lofty Carthage struggling with her fate.

Here should Augustus great in arms appear,
And thou, Mæcenas, be my second care;
Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
And there the ensanguined wave of Sicily,
And scepter'd Alexandria's captive shore,
And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore:
Then, while the vaulted skies loud ïos rend,
In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
Move through the sacred way and vainly threat,
Thee too the Muse should consecrate to fame,
And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful name.
But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain;
Nor I with unaccustomed vigour trace
Back to its source divine the Julian race.
Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
The shepherd of his flocks, the soldier of the fight,
A milder warfare I in verse display;
Each in his proper art should waste the day:
Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of Love.
Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine!
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine;
Or if, alas! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die.

But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confest,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole;
Ah! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill, but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the slow chief, and send again to war;
To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost sight,
And Phœbus' son recall'd Androgeon to the light.
Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
The powerful mixture and the midnight spell;
The hand that can my captive heart release,
And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
For ills unseen what remedy is found?
Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound?
The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
'Tis hard th' elusive symptoms to explore:
To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more;
A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
And wonder at the sudden funeral.
When then the fates that breath they gave shall claim,
And the short marble but preserve a name,

A little verse my all that shall remain;
Thy passing courser's slacken'd speed restrain;
(Thou envied honour of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise!)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er that place you drop the tear
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride;
He lived, while she was kind; and when she
frown'd, he died.

April, 1742. Æt. 26.

TASSO GERUS. LIB. CANT. XIV. ST. 32.

"Preser commiato, e sì 'l desio gli sprona," &c.

DISMISS'D at length, they break through all delay
To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,
Whose walls along the neighbouring sea extend,
Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore;
Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to
roar,
When thwart the road a river roll'd its flood
Tempestuous, and all further course withstood;
The torrent stream his ancient bounds disdains,
Swoll'n with new force, and late-descending rains.
Irresolute they stand; when lo, appears
The wondrous Sage: vigorous he seem'd in years,
Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows
A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fall'n
snows;

Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a rod.
  As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.
  So mov'd the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the
    main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care:
  "Vast, oh my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your hero in a distant soil!
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than winged speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable sands!
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world:
Great things and full of wonder in your ears
I shall unfold; but first dismiss your fears;
Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
That to the grotto leads, my dark abode."
  Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes
When mountain-high the waves disparted rise;
The flood on either hand its billows rears,
And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed;

The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way;
As when athwart the dusky woods by night
The uncertain crescent gleams a sickly light.
Through subterraneous passages they went,
Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent;
Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
The birth of rivers rising to their course,
Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills;
The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.
Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
And embryon metals undigested glow,
Sulphureous veins and living silver shine,
Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
In one rich mass unite the precious store,
The parts combine and harden into ore:
Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
And paint the margin of the costly stream,
All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
And mix attemper'd in a various day;
Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
Proud of its thousand dyes and luxury of light.

1738. Æt 22

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus;
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:
  Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;

V. 1. "Heu, vatum ignaræ mentes!" Virg Æn iv 65. "Teucrûm mirantur inertia corda," Æn ix. 55

V. 2. "Sortemque animo miseratus iniquam," Æn. vi. 332

V. 4. "Dono divûm gratissima serpit," Æn. il 269

V. 6. "Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris!" Æn iv 33.

V. 7. "Vide Hor. Od. iv. i 35. And Pope Homer, b xiv ver. 252:

"Silence that spoke, and *eloquence* of eyes."

And Fairfax. Tasso, iv 85

"*Dumb eloquence*, persuading more than speech"

Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
ela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque Oh! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine captus
Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem,
Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque

V. 10. "Bis *flumine* corpora *tingat*," Ovid. Met. xii. 413.

V. 11. "Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli," Juv. Sat. xiii. 83.

V. 12. This line, which is unmetrical, is so printed in the Cambridge Collection; and in Park's edition, without remark. The fault is probably in the author, and not in the printer; as the line is composed of two hemistichs of Virgil; Æn. xii. 336, "Iræque, Insidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur;" and Æn. iv. 67, "Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus." Or perhaps a line is omitted, which should intervene.

V. 14. This line is from Virgil, Æn. vi. 274:
"Luctus et ultrices posuêre cubilia Curæ."

V 18 "Quos *dura* premit *custodia* matrum," Hor. Ep. I i. 22.

Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese Augusta Britanne
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam;
Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sed enim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventos, atque auribus aera captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;
Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Britanno
Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit,

V. 22. "Atque animum picturâ pascit inani," Æn. i. 464.

V. 23. "Nec longum tempus et ingens," &c. Virg. Georg. ii. 80.

V. 30. "*Magnus* ab integro sæclorum *nascitur* ordo," Virg. Ecl. iv. 5.

V. 31. "Commisit pelago ratem," Hor. Od. i. iii. 11

V. 33. "Subitoque accensa furore," Æn. iv. 697.

V. 35. "Virum qui sic comitatur euntem?" Æn. vi. 863

V. 36. This line is from Virgil, Æn. iii 514
"Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat"

V. 37. From Virg. Georg. iv. 495 "Crudelia retro Fata vocant." Æn. v. 138: "Laudumque arrecta cupido"

V. 41. "Nascere, præque diem veniens age, Lucifer, almum," Virg. Ecl. viii. 118.

V. 42 "Connubio jungam stabili, *propriamque dicabo*," Virg. Æn. i. 73.

At citius (precor) *Oh! cedas melioribus astris;*
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent;
Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera nar-
rat;
Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
Fœmineam *inspirans animam; quæ* gaudia sur-
gunt,
Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos

V. 41. So in Gray's Epistle from Sophonisba:
"Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi."

V. 46. "On the position of the 'que,' see Burman. Virgil, Æn. vi. 395.

V. 47. "Prô Venus, et tenerâ volucer cum matre Cupido," Ov. Met. ix. 481.

V. 50. "*Veros exponit amores,*" *Ovid. Met* x. 439. "Veros parce profitemur amores," Ovid. Art. Am. ii. 639

V. 51 is from Ovid. Met. x. 247:

"Interea niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpit ebur; formamque dedit, qua fœmina nasci
Nulla potest: operisque sui concepit amorem:
Virginis est veræ facies, quam vivere credas;
Et, si non obstet reverentia, velle moveri:
Ars adeo latet arte suâ. Miratur, et haurit
Pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes"

V. 56. "Sed parvæ murmura linguæ," *Ov. Met. xii. 49*

Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburneæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.

LUNA HABITABILIS.*

Dum Nox rorantes, non incomitata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;

V. 59. "Excipis amplexu, feliciaque oscula jungis," Ov. Ep. xviii. 101. And Met. x. 256 "Oscula dat, reddique putat; loquiturque tenetque."

V. 61. "Sit conjux opto, (non ausus, eburnea virgo,
Dicere Pygmalion,) similis mea, dixit eburneæ."
Ov. Met. x. 275.

[illegible]

same work. See also in V. Bourne's Poems, p. 261, 4to.

V. 2. "Tacito lapsu," Claudian, xxii 430 And xxxi 40 "*Tacito* defluxit fistula *lapsu*."

V. 4. "Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis."
Virg Æn. vi 127

V. 7. —— "*Ver* inde serenum
Protinus, et *liquidi* clementior aura favoni."
Claudian, i 272

Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelidâ spatiere sub umbrâ.
Scilicèt hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putandum est,
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virûmque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?
Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hìc, supera ut simul illa petamus.
Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
Visa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.

And Virg. Georg. i. 43:
"*Vere* novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
Liquitur."

V. 13. "Vel *scena* ut versis discedat frontibus; utque
Purpurea intexti tollant *aulæa* Britanni."
Virg. Georg. iii. 24.

V. 14. This and the following line are from Virg. Georg. ii. 169; and Æn. iv. 451.

V. 20. "Disce, puer," Æn. xii. 435. "Vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam," Eclog. viii. 69.

V. 21. "Magicas invitam adcingier artes," Æn. iv. 493.

V. 22. "Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala
Lunamque cœlo deripit." Hor. Epod. v. 45

V. 24 This line is from Virgil, Æn. ii. 773:
"Visa *mihi* ante oculos, et notâ major imago."

V 29. "Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."
Virg. Æn. iv. 17"

Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas),
Compositum tubulo; simul imum invade canalem
Sic intentà acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingrediêre solo, et caput inter nubila condes.
Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris.
Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustri; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes:
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque

V. 31. "Et crebris legimus freta consita terris." Virg. Æn. iii. 127.

[illegible]

the notes of the commentators, on Gratii Cyneg. 60 Burm. Poet. Lat. Minor vol. i. p. 60.

[illegible] It may be [illegible] "Extemple [illegible] manuscripta [illegible]

V. 39 —— "*Natura* videtur *Libera*" ——. Lucret. ii. 1090

Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.
Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes;
Montes queîs Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
Vertice: tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorum umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber;
His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.
Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos
Victores: sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

V. 40. "Lucida tela diei," Lucret. i. 148. "Luciferique pavent letalia tela diei," Ausonii Mosell. 260.

V. 45. "Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum," Virg. Æn. i. 166.

V. 48. "Quum ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ." Virg. Eclog. viii. 15

V. 49. "Roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est," Virg. Æn. ix. 5. "In terram *pictos* delapsa per *arcus*," Ov. Met. xiv. 838.

V. 53. "Invadunt Martem clypeis," Æn. xii. 712.

V. 54. —— "Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.'
Æn. i. 461

V. 56. Scaliger, like Gray, uses the final vowel in 'uti short; and a short vowel at the end of the first form of the Elegiac verse. V. Bibl. Parriana, p 322.

Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum;
Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;
Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
Tollit, et albescens pater Appeninus ad auras;

Invisunt crebri Proceres, serùmque tuendo
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
Se dominum vocat, et nostrâ se jactat in aulâ.
Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queìs parcior usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Ni meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.
Non tamen hos proprias laudes, nec facta silebo

V. 63. "Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes
Pervigilat." Virg Georg. 1 292.

V. 65. "Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras." Æn. xii. 703.

V 72. "Illâ se jactat in aulâ," Æn 1. 140.

V. 75. So Virgil. Georg 1. 424 "Lunasque sequentes."

V. 75. This expression "Penuria Phœbi" is not, I believe, warranted by the authority of any of the Latin poets There would have been less objection, if the plain term, instead of the figurative, had been used.

Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.
Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus
Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
Fœdera mox icta, et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperát undæ;
Aëris attollet fasces, veteresque triumphos
Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.

V. 79. "Esse quoque *in fatis* reminiscitur," Ov. Met. i. 256.

V. 83. "Obtutu tacito stetit," Æn. xii. 666.

V. 84. "Innumeræ comitantur aves, stipantque volantem," Claud. Phœnix, 76.

V. 85. "Campique natantes," Georg. iii. 198.

V. 89. "Fœta armis," Æn. ii. 238. "Non imitabile fulmen," Æn. vi. 590.

V. 90. "Geminoque facis commercia mundo," Claud. xxxiii 90.

V. 92. *Æquoreas habenas*," *Claud.* viii. 422.

V. 95. "Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis," Æn. i. 285.

SAPPHIC ODE: TO MR. WEST.*

See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 42; on a version of Gray's Latin Odes by Green, in English, see H. Walpole's Letters to Cole, p 116]

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen;

Dulcius quanto, patulis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temerè jacentem

* Mason considered this as the first original production of Gray's Muse; the two former poems being imposed as exercises by the College.

V. 1. Comp. Hor. Od. ii. vi. 1. "Septimi, Gades aditure mecum," &c. *Luke*

V. 3. "*Lis* nunquam, *toga* rara," Martial, Ep. x. 47

V. 4. So Claudian, xi 24.

"Quot *æstuantes* ancipiti gradu
Furtiva carpent oscula *Naides*."

V. 5. "Platanus ... patulis est diffusa ramis," Cic. de Oratore, Lib. I. cap. vii. "Hospita umbra," Ovid. Trist. III. iii. 64. Hor. Od. ii. iii. 9.

V. 6. There is no authority for the *last* syllable of "temere" being made *long*. See Burmannl. Anth. Lat. vol ii 458, and Class Journal, No. xviii. p. 340. Yet Casimir Sarbievus has erred in the quantity of this word, as well as Gray.

"Te sibilantis lenior halitus
Perflabit Euri; me juvet interim
Collum reclinasse; et virenti
Sic temere jacuisse ripa." Ad. Testudinem.

Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro;

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris; amœniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Usque dum, fulgore magìs magìs jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

V. 34. V. Lucret. v. 402, "Solque * * *recreavit* cuncta gubernans." *Luke.*

V. 41. See Tate in the Class. Journ. No. ix. p. 120. "Horace makes the division after the 5th, 6th, or 7th foot, never after the 3rd, as the Moderns do."

V. 45. The last syllable of *ego* is short, and so used by the best writers; nor will the example of Ausonius, or an instance or two of its being found *long* in Plautus and Catullus, authorize a modern poet in this license. See the note by Heinsius on Ovid. Ep. xiii. 135, vol. i. p. 180, and Burmann on Propertii Eleg. I. viii. 41. "Recte Heinsius, qui nunquam a Nasone, p. 93, 94, 733, hujus voculæ ultimam *produci* notat; et falsos esse illos qui ab ullo Augustei ævi poetâ id factum contendunt, dicit ad Albinov. Epiced. Drusi. x. 193." See also Vossius de Arte Grammaticâ, lib. ii. cap. 27. Drakenborch, in his note on Sil. Italicus xvii. 358, p. 865, (where the last syllable of *ego* is long), relies on the authorities produced by Vossius; and thinks that it may be lengthened, even without the power of the cæsura.

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 43.]

O LACRYMARUM fons,* tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

V. 47. See Stewart's Moral Philosophy, vol. iii. p. 201

V. 48. "Natus moriensque fefellit," Hor. Ep. I. xvii. 10

V. 49. Mason has improperly accented this word, as if it were an adverb (multà). All the other editions have followed him. It is the "nomen pro adverbio," as Hor. Od. iv. ii. 25.

V. 52. Virg. Æn. x. 206, "Phœbe medium pulsabat Olympum." *Luke.*

* *So Sophocles, Antigone, ver. 803:*

—— ἴσχειν
δ' οὐκ ἔτι πηγὰς δύναμαι δακρύων.

V. Chariton. ed. Dorville, p. 6, and Chrysostom in laud Pauli ed. Heraüterh p. xxvi. καὶ πηγὰς δακρύων ἡ φιει

LATIN LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 94.]

Horridos tractus, Boreæque linquens
Regna Taurini fera, molliorem *
Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
Litora soles.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 104.]

Qua Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

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* Sc in the Sapphic Ode, "Mollior æstas." Ovid in his Epist ex Ponto, i. ii. 62: "Litora mollia."

V. 1. I do not know on what authority Gray has used the word "Trebie" with the final *e*. The word which is used in the Classic authors is *Trebia*, Τρεβίας. See Sil. Ital. iv. 661. xi. 140, &c. sæpe. Lucan, ii. 46. Livy, xxi. c. 48. Pliny N. H. 3. 20, &c. Claudian, xxiv. 145. Manilius, iv. 661.—It is most probable that Gray thought that the final syllable of Trebia could not be lengthened; therefore used the word

CARMEN AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.*

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 120.]

Mater rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!

Trebie, as Libya, Libye. But in Ovid the words Leda, Rhea, Hybla, Phædra, Andromeda, Amalthea, &c. lengthen the final syllable. "Mittit Hypermnestra de tot modo fratribus uni," Ov. Ep. xiv. 1. In Propertius, ii. xi. 5. the a in Electra is long; also in Ovid. Fast. iv. 177. See on this point D'Orville, Misc. Obs. ii. 202, and Burmann. notes to Anthol Latin. i. 215. ii. 78. Jortin. Tracts. vol ii. 421. Burmann. Propert. iv. 7. 63. p. 844. In the Herc. Fur. of Seneca, 203 "Megarā parvum comitata gregem." Gray therefore would have had sufficient authority for the use of Trebia in this place. So Sil. Italicus, iv. 661, describing the appearance of Trebia.

"Tum madidos crines, et *glauca* † *fronde* revinctum
Attollit cum voce caput."

Virg. Georg. iv. 182: "Et glaucas salices." *Luke.*

V. 5. Sil. Ital. describes the army of Hannibal, iii. 407·

"Talia Sidonius per *campos* agmina doctor
Pulvere *migrantes* raptat."

* Written by Gray immediately after his journey to Frascati and the cascades of Tivoli, which he had described in a preceding letter to his friend West.

V. 1. "Et reserata *viget* genitalis *aura Favonî*."
Lucret. i. 2.

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† When the epithet *glauca* is applied to the foliage of a tree, and the tree itself not particularized, as in the passage of Sil Italicus; we must refer it to the "salix," the "populus," or the "oliva;" according to situation, and other circumstances; as "Cæruleus" is generally applied to the Pine, Fir, and Cypress.

Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audîsse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naisin ingeminâsse rupes;

V. 6. "Et te sonantem plenius *aureo*,
Alcæe, *plectro*." Hor. Od. ii. xiii. 28.

V. 8. "Pierio recreatis antro," Hor. Od. iii. iv. 40.

V. 14. "Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus," Hor. Od. i. vii. 13. "Preceps Anien," Stat. Silv. i. v. 25.

V. 20. In Mason's, and all the subsequent editions, the word "Naiasin" is here placed; which would make the line unmetrical. Gray indeed might have written "Naïasin geminâsse rupes." But the word "Naides" in the following line, which has also the same error in the editions as the former word, would make an objection to that reading. I have therefore restored the metre, by reading "Naisin" and "Naides." See Gronovius on Senecæ Hippol. 778. Jortin. Tracts, vol. i. p. 321.

V. 20. See Propert. i. xx. 12: "Non minor Ausonius est amor ah! Dryasin." And i. xx. 32: "Ah! dolor ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin." And Ov. Art. Am. iii. 672. See Burmann. note to Ovid, Ep. xiii. 137, and Trist. v. 5. 43. V Lotichii. Poem. i. p. 226. ed Burm. and Burm. Anthol. Lat vol. ii. p. 508. Burm. ad Virg. Eclog. x. 10. Salmasii Ling Helen. p. 142.

Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;

V. 23. In this, the following, and the last stanza, the third line of the Alcaic stanza ends with two dissyllables; which can be defended but by very few examples of Horace. See the *Libanus* ode, lib. i. 40. ad Librum suum, (published by Wilkinson in Long. Past.) v. 11. "Huic ara stabat, fama cantu." Another error in this verse is the absence of the *accent* on the *fifth* or sixth syllable.

V. 26. "Κρήνης ἱερὸν ῥόον," Apoll. Rhod. i. 1208. iv. 134. Theocr. Idyll. ii. l. 69. "Ad *aquæ* lene caput *sacræ*," Hor. Od. i. i. 22. "Nec *sacros* pollue *fontes*," Ovid. Metam. ii. 464. "Fonte sacro," Virg. Æn. vii. 84. and Jortin's remarks on Spenser, vol. i. p. 62.

V. 30. This is the only instance in this ode in which Gray has not conformed to the rule of the "divisio versûs post quintam syllabam." In the other Alcaic Ode on the Chartreuse, there is also one instance similar to this:

"Per invias rupes, fera per juga"

The practice of Horace certainly seems to authorize this case. Three exceptions are to be found: Od. lib. i. xxxvii. 5, i. xxxvii. 14, and Od. iv. xiv. 16. I do not know that there are any more; of course, the case of an *elided syllable* being excepted.

V. 31. In Horace there are but nine instances of an amphibrachys, as "Amœna," beginning the third line of the Alcaic stanza. As the places where it occurs in that poet have not, I believe, been ever pointed out, I will set them down here

Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM* ON THE GAURUS.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 145.]

NEC procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri desuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;

---

to save any trouble to those desirous of seeing them: i. xvii. 7, i. xxix. 7, i. xxxv. 15, i. xxxvii. 15, ii. iii. 3, ii. xvii. 3, ii. xx. 11, iii. iiv. 71, iii. xxix. 11.

V. 31, 32. There is no instance in Horace of a *broken word* ending the third line of the Alcaic stanza, or, indeed, of its being used at all; and therefore it must be considered as not defended by authority; though it may be found ending the third line of the Sapphic stanza, in Horace, i. xxv. 11. i. ii. 19, ii. xvi. 7, iii. xxvii. 60, but, I believe, that no example even of this can be found in the Sapphics of Seneca. It ends the first line, in Hor. Od. iv. ii. 1, and the second line in ii. ii. 18, and iv. ii. 22, in which latter passage it is to be observed, that the "divisio vocis" takes place in two successive lines.

V. 33. —— "Quam sedem Somnia vulgò
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent."
Virg. Æn. vi. 283.

* Sent by Gray to his friend West, with a reference to Sandys's Travels, book iv. pag. 275, 277, and 278. A translation of this poem may be seen in the Gent. Mag. for July, 1775.

V. 2. "Vitreo ponto," Hor. Od. iv. ii. 3. "Vitrea unda," Virg. Æn. vii. 759. Georg. iv. 350.

V 4. "Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri," Statii Silv. iii. v. 99. "Icario nemorosus palmite Gaurus," Silv. iii. i. 147.

Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt: tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subitò se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigràque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos

V. 5 "Vicinia Persidis urget," Georg. iv 290. "Pampineas invidit collibus umbras," Virg. Ec vii. 58.

V. 9. "Immania ponti æquora," Lucret. vi. 624.

V. 10. "Curvisque immugiit Ætna cavernis." Æn. iii. 674.

V. 11. "Tum *sonitu* Prochyta alta *tremit*."
Virg. Æn ix. 715. *Luke*

V 15. "Piceâ crassam caligine nubem," Virg. Georg. ii 309. "Vorago, pestiferas aperit fauces," Æn. vii. 569.

V 17. "Terra tremit fugere feræ," Virg Georg i. 330.

V 24. —— "tum longo limite sulcus
Dat *lucem*, et latè circum loca *sulphure* fumant."
Virg Æn ii 697

Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea luci (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

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to save any trouble to those desirous of seeing them: i. xvii. 7, i. xxix. 7, i. xxxv. 15, i. xxxvii. 15, ii. iii. 3, ii. xvii. 3, ii. xx. 11, iii. iii. 71, iii. xxix. 11.

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(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura vide-
Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat; [bunt.
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeo undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aspera saxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

V. 41. "Res antiquæ laudis," Virg. Georg. ii. 174.
V. 43. "Matutini cantus," Æn. viii. 456 Par. Lost, v. 7.
V. 45. "Longe saltus, lateque vacantes."
Virg. Georg. iii 476 Lucr
V. 47. "Indice monstraret digito," Hor. Sat ii. viii 26 And Pers. i. 28
V. 56. "Sparsosque recolligit ignes," Lucan. i 157 "Dum actas vires, et flammam colligit ignis," Sil Ital iv 307.

Fumumque, flammasque, rotataque turbine saxa
  Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
Unà colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum

And, "*Sulphurei* cum per juga consita *Gauri*," Ausonii Mosell p. 387, ed. Tollii. "Anhelantem cœlesti sulfure campum," v. Stat. Theb. xi. 17.

V. 25. In the modern Latin poetry, this license of lengthening the "que" before the mute and liquid, even with the power of the cæsura, ought to be avoided, as it is supported by so few examples. See Virg. Æn. vii. 186. Georg. i. 164. And see also Æn. iii. 91. Ov. Met. v. 484, and Class. Journal, No. xxi. p. 174, xxii. 364.

V. 26. This is not a common expression in Latin poetry. Val. Flaccus has, "Dum detonet ira:" iv. 294. See also Quintilian (Gesn. xii. ix. 4): "Cum illa dicendi vitiosa jactatio inter plausores sero detonuit." Petron. Sat. c. xvii. p. 37. Sid. Apollin. c. xiv. 24.

V. 31. See Virg. Georg. i. 397: "Tenuia nec lanæ," &c — ii. 121: "Depectant tenuia Seres." Lucret. iv. 747. And Terent. Maur. ver. 474.

V. 31. —— "Solatia luctûs
Exigua ingentis misero sed debita patri."
Æn. xi. 62.

V. 32. I should conceive the proper phrase to be "Colligere in unum," and not *unà*. Virg. Ecl. vii. 2: "Compuleruntque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum." Cicero de Inventione, i. 56: "*Colligere* et conferre *in unum*." Again, "Militibus in unum conductis." And Philip. ix.: "Si omnes juris consulti in unum conferantur." Ovidii Met. iii. 716 See the note on Ovid. Metam. xiii. 910.

V 33. —— "Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."
Thomson. Winter, 315

(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura vide-
Quippe ubi planities campí diffusa jacebat; [bunt.
Mons novus: ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
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Virg. Georg. iii. 476. *Lake.*
V. 47. "Indice monstraret digito," Hor. Sat ii viii 26
And Pers. i. 28
V. 56. "Sparsosque recolligit ignes," Lucan. i 157. "Dum *sutas* vires, et flammam colligit ignis," Sil Ital iv 307;

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 157.]

* * Oh Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucâque suà canescere sylvâ!
Non ego vos posthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

---

and Virg. Georg. i 427. The position of "que" is wrong. See note to Burm. Ovid. Metam. xiv. 30; but also consult Class. Journal. No. xxii. p. 22.

V. 58. "Fœtum canentis olivæ," Ov. Met. vi. 81.

V. 60. "Jam modò cœruleo nitidum caput exsere ponto," Ov. Met. xiii. 838. And Fast. i. 458.

V. 61. "Pennis ausus se credere cœlo," Virg. Æn. vi. 15.

V. 1. In Sil. Ital. Pun. viii. 478, the second syllable of this word is short: "Fæsula, et antiquus Romanis mœnibus horror." Polybius also (lib. ii. cap. 9,) writes Φαίσολα. In other authors, as Appian. Civ. Bell. ii. c. 2. Dion. xxxvii. it

IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 158.]

SPESSO Amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto;
Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli, è l' istesso Amor.

LUSIT amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu, 1
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.

---

is written Φισουλαί, which appears to be the more ancient orthography. See Cluver. Ital. Antiq. vol. i. p. 509.

[illegible]

V. 8. "Præferimus manibus vittas," Æn. vii. 237.

V. 9. "Talia despectant longo per cœrula tractu
Pendentes saxis instanti culmine, *villæ*."
Ausonii Mosell. ver. 283.

And, "Culmina *villarum pendentibus* edita ripis." v. 20

V. 1. "Intrat amicitiæ nomine, tectus Amor."
Ovid. Ar. Am. i. 720.

"Ut mihi prætextæ pudor exvelatus amictu."
Propert. iii. xxiii. 3

V. 2. "At me compositâ pace fefellit amor," Propert. El. ii. ii. 6. "Cum bene compositis," Manil. iv. 58.

Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
  Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti
  Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,*

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST 1741.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 160, and W. S. Landor Poemata, p. 195. An imitation of this ode appeared by Mr Seward in Europ. Mag. 1791, and it is translated in E. Cartwright's Poems, 1803, p. 91.]

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
  Nativa nam certè fluenta
    Numen habet, veteresque sylvas;

V. 5. So Moschus, Idyll. i. 25:

Κῆν ποτ' ἴδῃς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μή σε πλανήσῃ.
Κῆν γελάᾳ, τὺ νιν ἕλκε, καὶ ἢν ἐθέλῃ σε φιλᾶσαι
Φεῦγε.

This little poem has been translated into English verse by Mr. Walpole; see his works, vol. iv. p. 454; and also by the author of "The Pleasures of Memory:" see Rogers's Poems, p. 165.

* In Heron's [Pinkerton] "Letters of Literature," p. 299, is a translation of this ode; and, after that, a most extraordinary assertion, which I wish the author of that book had not given me an opportunity of producing: as, to say no worse, it is erroneous in every instance. "This exquisite ode," says he "*is by no means in the Alcaic measure, whic Mr. Gray seems to*

Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.

[illegible]

"Quid sit litera, quid duæ,
Junctæ quid sibi syllabæ
Dumos inter, et aspera
Scruposis sequimur vadis.
Fronte exile negotium
Et dignum pueris putes.
Aggressis labor arduus
Nec tractabile pondus est."
Terent. Maur. Præf. 6. ed. Brissæo.

V. 2. "Neque enim leve nomen Amatæ," Æn. vii. 581. V. Cas. Sarb Carm. p. 216. ed. Barbou.

V. 6. This verse would be reckoned faulty, from the absence of the cæsura in its right place. See the note to the "Carmen ad Favonium," ver. 30.

V. 8. "Veteris sub *nocte cupressi*," Val. Flac. i. 774. "Nox propria luco est," Senecæ Thyestes, ver. 678.

"Each tree whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a *night* between the boughs than shade"
Davenant. v Dryden. Misc. vi. 318

V. 9. "Ponit marmoream sub *trabe citrea*."
Hor. Od. iv. i. 20

V. 10 "Phidiacâ manu," Martial. vi. 73. x. 89

V. 11. "Mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti." Hor. Od i xxxii 15

Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 46, "I thank him (Mason) for one, thinking, as I do, many of the lines fully equal to Ovid's." MS. note of Bennett, Bishop of Cloyne.]

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unâ;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.

V. 14. "Utrumque sacro digna silentio." Hor. Od. ii. xiii. 29. "Resorbens," Hor. Od. ii. vii. 15.

V. 4. "Quamvis ista mihi mors est *inhonesta* futura,
Mors *inhonesta* quidem." Propert. El. ii. vii. 89.

V. 5. "Virgineo nullum corpore passa virum," Ovid. Fast. v. 146. Virg. Georg. iii. 60.

Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphi
  Detractum, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputet, atque uxor quòd non tua pressa catenis,
  Objecta et sævæ plausibus orbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
  Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si, tardius utar
  Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit:
  Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
  Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
  Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,

[illegible]
Sil. Ital. xvi 117:
"Cultuque Aeneadum nomen Masinissa superbum."
[illegible]
vol. i. p. 112. Cellarii Orthog. Lat. i. p 255.
V. 12 "I liber absentis pignus amicitiæ"
Martial. ix cii
V. 15 "Parva mora est," Ovid. Met. i 671 Ep. ii 144
V. 16. See Sil. Italicus. ii 239, vi 346, xiv 257.
V. 20. "[illegible], et nimius credit adesse manus," Ov Fast
i. 468.
V. 21 "Non annis revocare tuis," Ov Met vii 177

Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.

V. 26. "Aut ubi cessaras, *causa ruboris eram.*"
Ov. Trist. iii. vii. 26.

V. 27. Here the last syllable of *ego* is again made long. See the note to the Sapphic Ode to West, ver. 45, p. 186. I have only to add to that note, that *ego is said to be found with* this quantity in the 'Diræ Catonis,' ver. 156; but which line is thus given by Wernsdorf, vol. iii. p. 19:

"Ausus egon' primus custos violare pudores?"

and by all the other editors prior to him. See Pithœi Catul. p. 219. Scaligeri Collect. p. 61. Boxhornii Poet. Sat. p. 117. Burmanni Anthol. ii. 674; but erroneously: see Bentley's Canon, Heavt. Terentii, act v. sc. 1. and Clas. Journ. No. lxii. p. 352.

V. 30. "Turba salutantum," Claudian. iii. 213, p. 30. ed. Gesn. Virgil. Georg. ii. 462.

V. 31. "Omnia fœmineis quare dilecta catervis," Martial. xi. 48. "Venit in exsequias tota caterva meas," Prop. iv. xi. 68. And "aspectu hæsit," Virg. Æn. iii. 597.

V. 34. "Et enim *fusco* grata *colore* Venus," Ov. Amor. ii. 440. And Propert. El. ii. xix. 78.

V. 35 Ov. Medicam. ver. 1. "Quæ faciem commendat cura." And ad Liv. 259.

Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
  Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
  (Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certè visum est) conversa morari
  Sensi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
  Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
  Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
  Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi,
  Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
  Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.†

\- * * * * *

V. 37. "Ora puer *prima signans* intonsa *juventa*," Virg. Æn. ix. 181. Also Ovid. Met. xiii. 754. Virg. Æn. vii. 162. viii. 160.

V. 39. "*Facilesque oculos* fert omnia circum," Virg. Æn. viii. 310.

V. 40. "Ad fratrem *casu* lumina flexa tulit," Ov. Trist. iii. ix. 22.

V. 43. Gray has in this instance preserved a metrical canon, which has been broken through by many of the modern Latin poets;—repeatedly by Milton, Addison, Buchanan, and T Warton. See the Classical Journal, 1 71 253, xxi. 174. xxii. 364. and Barthius and Burman on Nemesian Eclog ii 32. see Poet. Lat. Minor. vol. i p. 570. and Dawes. Misc. Crit ed Kidd p. 3.

V. 46. "Sæpe oculos etiam detinuisse tuos," Ov. Trist. ii. 120.

V. 49. "Infelix *tibi* quicumque *quiescere nocte*," Ovid. Amor. ii. 9. 39.

V. 50. "*Lumina* cum placido *victa sopore* jacent," Ov. Ep xvi. 100.

, Ellis, in his Historical Sketch of English Poetry, (p 314.)

Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad auras,
Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior usus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,
Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:
Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque

V. 12. *Naturæ* primus portarum *claustra* cupiret," Lucret. l. 72. "Cæcas causas," Ibid iii. 317 Virg Æn. vii. 15 "portarum ingentia claustra." *Luke*

V. 13. "*Amnemque severum*," Virg. Æn. vi. 374. And Georg. iii. 7: *Amnemque severum* Cocyti metuet."

V. 15. "Mentis penetralia nudat," Claud. Rap. Pros I. 213.

V. 16. "*Faciles* habuit *aures*," Quintil. Inst. Orat. vi. v p. 576. "Vacuas aures adhibe," Lucret. 1 45

V. 21. "Eventusque secundet," Virg Georg iv 397.

V. 24. "Rubens accendit lumina Vesper," Virg Georg 1 251.

V. 26. Hor Epod xiii 18, "Deformis ægrimoniæ " *Luke*

V. 27. "Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma " Georg ii. 534.

Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamq e sequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.
  Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem
Noluit æthercam longo torpere veterno:
Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia *flammæ*.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens
Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
Perfluit; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.

V. 31. "At non *Venus aurea* contra," Virg. Æn. x. 16. "Qui nunc te fruitur credulus *aurea*," Hor. Od. i. v. 9.

V. 32 Rerum *natura creatrix*," Lucret. i. 623.

V. 33. See note at p. 176, on the position of "que," and Burman on Antholog. Lat. vol. i. p. 607.

V. 35. "Nec *torpere* gravi passus sua regna *veterno*," Virg Georg. i. 124.

V. 45. "*Sequenti concita plaga*," Lucret. iv. 189. "Externis plagis," Ibid. ii. 1140.

V. 48. —— "Stetit unis in *arcem*
Erectus *capitis*." Manil. Astron. iv. 905.
—— "Penitusque supremum,
In cerebrum." Claud. xviii. 53.

Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, densoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamisis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientûm, ultròque serenat

v. Macrob. S. Scipionis, l. p. 46. v. Gronovii Not. Apuleii Apolog. "Verticem hominis velut arcem et regiam." Cripp. de Laud. Justini. ii. 145. Claudian Cons. Honor. iv. "Summa capitis pendant in arce." Sid. Apoll. v. 222, "Arce cerebri." Prudent. Ham. 312, "Mediaque ex arce cerebri," and many other examples. Roscommon has the "Caverns of the Brain," on Poetry, v. 77, and see Sprat. Plague of Athens, st. 11.

—— "Tum vapor ipsam,
Corporis arcem flammis urit." Senecæ Œd. p. 185

See also Shakespeare —— "And his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house"
K. John, act v. sc. 7

And see ver. 135 of this poem.

V. 51. So Lucret. iii. 744

"Quæ nec mobilius quidquam neque tenuius exstat."

And Virg. Georg. i. 395

"Tenuia nec lanæ per cœlum vellera ferri."

V. 51. "Rerum simulacra feruntur," Lucret. iv. 165
"Gentibusque 'acta commercia mundo," Claud. xxxvi. 91.

V. 59. "Te tenet Oceanus natali gurgite lassum Excipit." Claud. vii. 176

V. 60. "Dona recognoscit populorum," Virg. Æn. viii. 722

Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: amplius ille
Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellîsque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.

V. 61. "Diffuso lumine ridet," Lucret. iii. 22.

V. 69. So Pope. Essay on Man, i. 217:

"The spider's touch, so exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

V. 70. "Tum porro puer.—*Nixibus ex alvo matris* natura profudit," Lucret. v. 223. "Cum veteres ponunt tunicas," Ibid. iv. 56.

V. 80. "Cupidisque *amplectitur ulnis*," Ovid. Met. xi. 63

Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.
At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius Angor.

V. 81. "Nam simul ac *species patefacta est* verna diei!" Lucret. I. x.

V. 84. "*Editus ex utero cæcus nova lumina sensit,*
Et stupet ignotum se meruisse diem."
Claud. xcix. 10

V. 85. —— "Dignissima cœli,
Progenies." Achill. Statii, ii. 372

V. 86. Lucret. ii. 319, "Invitant herbæ *gemmantes rore* recenti." *Lake.*

V. 87. Virg. Georg. iv. 109, "Croceis *halantes floribus* horti." *Lake.*

V. 88. "Hic ver purpureum," Virg. Eclog. ix. 41.

V. 89. "Umbriferum nemus," Lucret. vi. 703. "Cærulea regna," Virg. Ciris. 483.

V. 91. "Quove color? decens
Quo motus?" Hor. Od. iv. xiii. 17

V. 92. "Invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara," Æn. ix 476. "Stygiis tenebris," Georg. iii. 551.

V. 93. "Subit horrida mentem *formido*," Sil. Ital. x. 544, Lucret. vi. 253. "Curarum fluctuat æstu," Virg. Æn. viii 19. xii. 335.

V. 94. Lucret. iii 1006, "Exest anxius angor." *Lake.*

Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo?
Altior huic verò sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.

V. 96. "Improviso vibratus ab Æthere fulgor," Virg. Æn. viii. 524.

V. 102. "Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti," Virg Georg. i. 413.

V. 104. "Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras," Virg. Æn. iii. 152.

V. 105. "Lucida tela diei," Lucret i. 128.

V. 108. "*Expleri mentem* nequit, ardescitque *tuendo*," Virg Æn. i. 713.

V. 113. "Tantum series, *juncturaque pollet*," Horat. Art. Poet. 242. "Ita *res accendent* lumina *rebus*," Lucret. i. 1110

Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurret:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versusque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, quà se insinuet jucunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaia quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant,

V. 115. On this use of the indicative, "conjurant," "fulgent," for the subjunctive mood, see Parr's Letter to Dr Gabell, in the Class. Journ. xxix. Sept. 1824, p. 45, and Parr's Correspond. vol. i. p. 476.

V. 119. "Puniceis invecta rotis," Virg. Æn. xii. 77.

V. 122. "Nec numeris nectere verba juvat," Ovid. Pont. iii. 30.

V. 123. "Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides," Virg. Eclog. vii. 21. Pomp. Mela, ii. 3.

V. 126. "Mobilibus digitis expergefacta figurant." Lucret. ii. 412.

V. 128. "Jucundus saporis," Tibull. I. vii. 34.

V. 130. "Odora canum vis," Lucret. vi. 778. Virg. Æn. iv. 132.

V. 132. Compare Par. Lost, b. v. 16: "Then with voice mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes." Virg. Georg. i. 43: "Vere novo gelidus canis cum montibus humor." *Lucr.*

Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud solas: namque intus agit vivata facultas,
Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repentè
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet,
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.

V. 134. "Votis respondet avari," Georg. i. 47. "Divinum adspirat amorem," Virg. Æn. viii. 373.

V. 137. "Vivata potestas," Lucret. iii. 410. 557. 680.

V. 139. —— "*Animus* vario labefactus vulnere nutat
Huc levis, atque illùc; *momentaque* sumit utroque."
Ovid. Met. x. 375

V. 144. "Mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans."
Lucret. ii. 355. *Luke.*

V. 147. "Lympharum, in speculo," Phædrus, i. iv. 3.

V. 149. The same synæresis is found in Propert. iv. vii. 7
"*Eosdem* habuit secum quibus est eiata capillos."
And, "*Eosdem* oculos; lateri vestis adusta fuit."

Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt
Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
Passim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propin
quant.
Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Diffusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu.
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua du-[plex,
Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporro sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni
Nec vario minus introitu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circum
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire

V. 154 "Nec *ratio solis simplex*," Lucret v 613 "Constat imago," iv 108 "Privas auras," iv 570

V. 157. Virg Æn i 83. "Qua data porta ruunt"

Luke

V 161. "Ea gratia formæ," Ovid Met vii 44

V 167 "Radiis inter quasi rumpere lucis," Lucret v 285 "Radiis ardentem lucis," Virg Æn vii 142

V 171 "Terribiles visu formæ," [illegible] vi 277

V. 173. "At *facere, et fungi* [illegible]
[illegible] 444

Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
  Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimìs spatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet.
Hæc conjuncta adeò totâ compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
  Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles:
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,

V. 175. "*Perpetuo* possint *ævi labentia* tractu."
Lucret. v. 1215

V. 177. "Viamque adfectat Olympo," Georg. iv. 562
Tentare latebras," Æn. ii. 38.

V. 185. "Extima membrorum *circumcæsura coercet*."
Lucret. iv. 651

V. 189. —— "Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat." Virg. Georg. i. 463

V. 190. 'At si tantula pars *oculi* media illa peresa est,
Incolumis quamvis alioqui *splendidus orbis*."
Lucret. iii. 415

V. 191. "Densior hinc soboles," Virg. Georg. iii. 308.

V. 192. "Quæ *feriunt oculorum acies*, visumque lacessunt,'
Lucret. iv. 329.

Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammas.

V. 193. "Nare bibis." Is this expression warranted by the authority of any of the Latin poets? Horace has "*Bibit aure*," Od. ii. xiii 32, and Statius, in Ach. ii 120, "Aure bibentem." "Naso videt," Plautus. See Martini Var Lect p 10 Shake

[illegible]

V. 196. "Multorum semina rerum," Lucret. ii 676. *Luke.*

V. 197. "Oculos qui pascere possunt," Lucret ii 419. *Luke*

"Consulit ardentes radios, et *luce magistra*"
Claud Cons Honor vi. 7

[illegible]

... anis" v Propert El ii 14 7

V 200 "Faciunt ignem *se vertere* in auras"
Lucret i 183.

Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Cominùs interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

Hactenus haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram.
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;

V. 207. "*Sensiferos motus* quæ dedit prima per artus," Lucret. ii. 246, and iii. 937. "Longe ab *sensiferis* primordia *motibus* errant."

V. 2. See Lucret. i. 95; iv. 5. And Columella de Cult Hort. 435:

"Qui primus veteres ausus recludere fontes,
Ascræum cecinit Romana per oppida carmen."

Virg. Georg. ii. 175. And iii. 12:

"Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas."

And see note to Ennius, ed. Hesselii. p. 10.

V. 8. "Languescent lumina morte," Catull. lxiv. 189 Vultus amatos," Ov. Fast. vi. 579.

Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles:
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desìderia, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olìm miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus;

V. 9. "Incorrupta *fides*, nudaque *veritas*" Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 7

V. 11. "Rapit inclementia mortis," Virg. Georg. iii. 68. *Luke*

V. 14. "Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles." Pers. Sat. v. 41. Virg Eclog. ix. 51.

V. 17. "*Questus* ad nubila rumpit *manes*," Claud. xxxv. 249. "Questu volvebat inani," Ciris v. 401.

V. 18. "*Sancta* ad vos *anima*," Virg. Æn xii 648
"Opisque haud indiga nostræ," Georg ii. 428.

V. 21. "Oh! sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores!" Æn. i. 597 "Tenuisque piget cognoscere curas," Georg i. 177

V. 21. ——"Si quid pietas antiqua *labores*
Respicit humanos." Æn. v 688

V 24. "Et stimulos acres sub pectore vertit," Æn ix 718

Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod possum, juxtà lugere sepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ. 29

* * * * * * *

GREEK EPIGRAM.

[See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 45.]

Αζόμενος πολύθηρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λεῖπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὑλάγμοι,
'Ανταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῳ.

V. 29 "Tulleque illacrymans *mutæ jace* verba *favillæ.*"
Propert. Eleg. II. l. 77

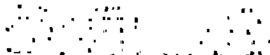
EXTRACTS.

PETRARCA PART I. SONETTO 170

"Lasso ch' I' ardo, ed altri non mel crede;" &c

IMITATED.*

Uror, io; veros at nemo credidit ignes:
  Quin credunt omnes; dura sed illa negat,
Illa negat, soli volumus cui posse probare;
  Quin videt, et visos improba dissimulat.
Ah, durissima mi, sed et, ah, pulcherrima rerum!
  Nonne animam in miserâ, Cynthia, fronte vides?
Omnibus illa pia est; et, si non fata vetâssent,
  Tam longas mentem flecteret ad lacrymas.
Sed tamen has lacrymas, hunc tu, quem spreveris, ignem,
  Carminaque auctori non bene culta suo,
Turba futurorum non ignorabit amantûm:
  Nos duo, cumque erimus parvus uterque cinis,
Jamque faces, eheu! oculorum, et frigida lingua,
  Hæ sine luce jacent, *immemor illa loqui*,
Infelix musa æternos spirabit amores,
  Ardebitque urnâ multa favilla meâ.



Mr. Gray paid very particular attention to the Anthologia Græca, and he enriched an interleaved edition of it (by Henry Stephens in 1566) with copious notes, with parallel passages from various authors, and with some conjectural emendations of the text. He translated, or imitated, a few of the epigrams; and as the editor thinks that the reader may not be displeased with the terse, elegant, and animated manner in which Mr. Gray transfused their spirit into the Latin language, he is presented with a specimen.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

EDIT. HEN. STEPH. 1566.

IN BACCHÆ FURENTIS STATUAM.[1]

Credite, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:
  Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

IN ALEXANDRUM, ÆRE EFFICTUM.[2]

Quantum audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære
  Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:
Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:
  Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

IN MEDEÆ IMAGINEM, NOBILE TIMOMACHI OPUS.[3]

En ubi Medeæ varius dolor æstuat ore,
  Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent

---

[1] Anthol. p. 296. [2] Ib. p. 314. [3] Ib. p. 317.

Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
  Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris
  Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

IN NIOBES STATUAM.*

Fecerat e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter; at me
  Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

A NYMPH OFFERING A STATUE OF HERSELF TO VENUS.

Te tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa
  Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

IN AMOREM DORMIENTEM.†

Docte puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,
  Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?
Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quiescit,
  Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;
Longè mater abest; longè Cythereïa turba.
  Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,
Non ego: nam metui valde, mihi, perfide, quiddam
  Forsan et in somnis ne meditere mali.

---

* Anthol. p. 315.
† Ib. p. 332. Catullianam illam spirat mollitiem. *Grey.*

FROM A FRAGMENT* OF PLATO.[6]

Itur in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
  Fundit ubi densam *myrtea sylva comam*,
Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,
  Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;
Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
  Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,
Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella
  Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apis.

IN FONTEM AQUÆ CALIDÆ.[7]

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
  Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.
Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una
  Tempus adest, ultra quid dubitamus? ait.
Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque
  Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis:
Demens! nam nequiit sævam restinguere flam-
    mam
  Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
  Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?
Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,
  O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

---

* "Elegantissimum hercle fragmentum, quod sic Latino nostro modo adumbravimus." *Gray.*

[6] The second of the name. Anthol. p. 332.

[7] Anthol. p. 354. [8] Ib. p. 186.

[9] *Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,*
Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas;
Est viola, est anemone, est suave-rubens hyacynthus,
Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo:
Sume; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ;
Qui pinxit, brevis est, sertaque teque, color.

AD AMOREM.[10]

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,
Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;
Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori
Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!
Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,
Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:
Quod si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,
Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.
Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,
Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;
Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!
Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

---

[9] Anthol. p. 474. [10] Ib. p. 452.

THE END.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE



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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Memoir of Goldsmith which accompanies this edition is taken from the tenth volume of the new edition of the Encyclopædia Brittanica.

The Anecdotes of Goldsmith which follow the Memoir, were collected by the Rev John Mitford, and appended to his Life of Goldsmith. He says: "I should with reluctance have deprived my readers of what information might be collected from them; but I am not sufficiently satisfied of the veracity of all to authorize their reception in the narrative of the Poet's Life. I have, therefore, collected them into an Appendix, where they appear under the sanction of the narrators' names, who are alone responsible for their truth."

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